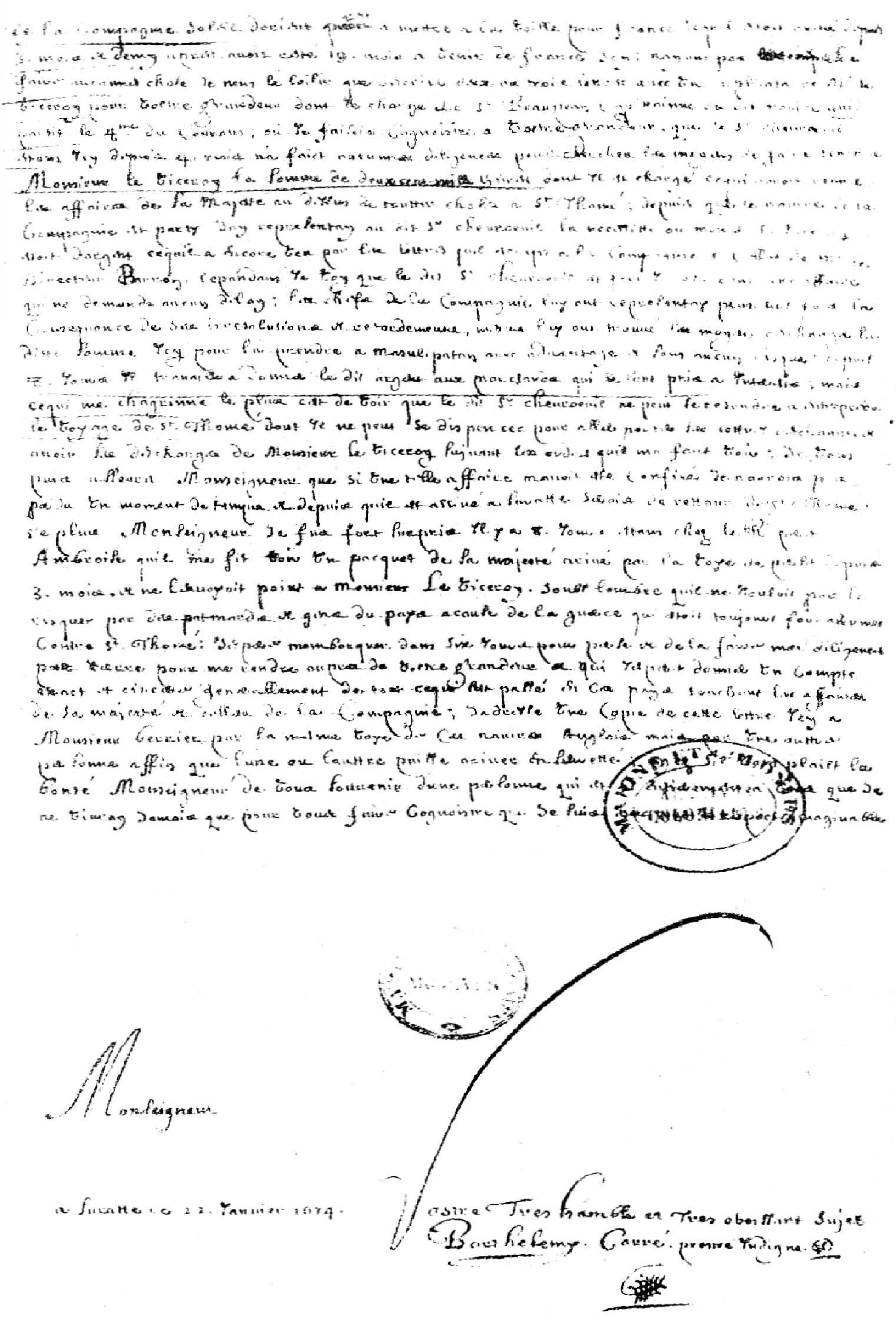
THE TRAVELS OF
THE ABBÉ CARRÉ
IN INDIA AND THE NEAR EAST
1672 TO 1674



Monseigneur

a Surate ce 22. Janvier 1674.

Vostre Tres humble et Tres obeissant Sujet
Barthelemy Carré, prestre indigne.

END OF CARRÉ'S AUTOGRAPH LETTER TO COLBERT

Reduced from the original in Paris

Translated from the manuscript journal of
his travels in the India Office by
LADY FAWCETT
and edited by
SIR CHARLES FAWCETT
with the assistance of
SIR RICHARD BURN

THE TRAVELS OF
THE ABBÉ CARRÉ
IN INDIA AND THE NEAR EAST
1672 TO 1674

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME ONE
From France through Syria, Iraq and the Persian Gulf to Surat, Goa, and Bijapur, with an account of his grave illness

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PREFACE

In editing this work we have had much generous assistance, some of which is acknowledged in notes to the text, but we wish also to record our appreciation here. We are indebted to the authorities of the Bodleian Library, its subsidiaries (especially the Indian Institute), the Taylor Institution, and the India Office Library, for the use of books which have helped us in our editorial work. With the permission of the Superintendent of Records, Mr. R. W. Wright, M.B.E., the records of the East India Company for 1670–77 have also been utilised for notes, especially in the second volume. Sir William Foster, C.I.E., has very kindly placed at our disposal his unrivalled knowledge of this period, and supplied useful criticism and suggestions. Sir Geoffrey Callender, the Director of the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, has given us similar valuable help over the nautical part of the Journal. Others who have assisted us with information on various points are L. D. Barnett, C.B., Litt.D., F.B.A.; H. A. R. Gibb, F.B.A., Laudian Professor of Arabic in the University of Oxford; A. S. Tritton, Professor of Arabic in the University of London; G. Rudler, Dr. és Lettres, Marshal Foch Professor of French Literature in the University of Oxford; Mr. L. G. Carr Laughton, acting Librarian at the Admiralty; Sir Aubrey Metcalfe, K.C.I.E.; Sir Sitaram Patkar of Bombay; Sir Frederick Sayers, C.I.E.; Messrs. R. E. Enthoven, C.I.E., C. A. Kincaid, C.V.O., and C. N. Seddon; Dr. A. Kunst; Father Hislop of Blackfriars, Oxford; and Father Romanus Rios of St. Augustine's Abbey, Ramsgate. Professor (Col.) Mason, M.C., Director of the Oxford School of Geography, has very kindly lent us maps of Syria and Iraq, and helped us in the preparation of the maps for those parts and the Persian Gulf. The Bibliothèque Nationale has given valuable co-operation by sending photographs taken from three of Carré's manuscripts in Paris, and the report of M. Roger Hervé, mentioned on pp. xvii and xviii. We are also grateful to Messrs. Macmillan and Co. and the executors of the late Sir Aurel Stein for permission to make the inset in our map of the Persian Gulf, referred to in n. 1 on p. 104 of this volume; as well as to the Librairie Plon at Paris for allowing us in the second volume to adapt their reproduction of Caron's map of 1672, showing the

French occupation of the Bay of Trincomalee. And finally we wish to express our thanks to the Secretary of State for India (the owner of the copyright in the Abbé's Journal) for the loan of the manuscript and permission to publish this work, as well as to the translator for having laid the foundation for it in such a readable form.

July, 1946.

C. F.
R. B.

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INTRODUCTION

I. History, Contents and Value of the MS.

THE French manuscript, of which this translation has been made, is a Journal written by an Abbé Carré, giving a detailed account of his travels in 1672–74 from France to India, *via* the Syrian desert, Mesopotamia (Iraq), and the Persian Gulf; in India, where he went from Gogha to St. Thomé near Madras *via* Surat, Goa, Bijapur and Golconda; and back to France by sea from Madras to Bombay, as well as from Surat to the Persian Gulf, and thence by his outward route reversed. It records the adventures that befell him, the conversations he had with the people he met, and his observations on the countries he visited, and their inhabitants. In this it follows the usual run of books of travel, but it is distinguished by two special traits. The first is his truly French style, lively and explicit, that draws a vivid picture of what he is describing, praising, or denouncing. The second is the coincidence of his travels with important events in the history of France and India. His journey was made at a time when a French squadron was in Indian waters. It had been sent by Louis XIV and his able minister, Colbert, to support the recently started French trade in India, and possibly to drive the Dutch from Ceylon. Its adventures off Trincomalee in Ceylon (March–July 1672) and its capture and heroic defence of St. Thomé (July 1672–September 1674) happened at a time of special interest, viz. that of the Dutch war of 1672–4, in which France and England were allied against Holland. It was commanded by General Blanquet de la Haye; and Carré called his Journal 'Le Courier de l'Orient', because Colbert sent him with dispatches for de la Haye. He also was evidently a kind of spy on the activities of the French East India Company, and submitted reports to Colbert on its affairs.

At the time that he reached India (October 1672), de la Haye and his force had captured the fort of St. Thomé, two miles south of Madras, and were being besieged by troops of the Golconda state, to which the place belonged. To reach it, Carré had an adventurous journey from Surat, in the course of which he nearly died from malaria at Bijapur. After his arrival in April 1673 he was employed by de la Haye as his agent at Madras for the surrepti-

tious supply of provisions from that place and for any desired negotiations with the English governor. One result of this is that his Journal contains a full account of the operations of the French squadron from its departure in March 1670 to its capture of St. Thomé, including the disastrous attempt to oust the Dutch from Trincomalee in Ceylon, as well as of subsequent events at St. Thomé up to the Abbé's departure from Madras on an English ship in September 1673. It also contains valuable remarks on the weaknesses of the French administrative methods, compared with those of the Dutch and English; on the failure of the aims for which de la Haye's squadron was sent to India; and on the continuance of Portuguese pride and luxury in spite of their fall from power. His contacts with Gerald Aungier, the Governor at Bombay, and with Sir William Langhorn, the Governor at Madras, are interesting: his admiration of the former coincides with similar praise from other contemporaries of Aungier, and he naturally shows strong dissatisfaction with Langhorn, who had a difficult task in steering a middle course between the demands of de la Haye for assistance as an ally of France, and those of Golconda prohibiting this and requiring in its turn assistance against the French. The Journal, moreover, gives useful information as to current stories about other events; and though Carré was frequently misinformed, yet he throws light on some matters hitherto in doubt or unknown. His observations on conditions in Southern India have a special value, because most seventeenth-century European travellers confined themselves to Western and Northern India. We, therefore, agree with Mr. R. E. Gordon George, who, in an appreciative article about the manuscript (published in the *Geographical Journal* for 1921, pt. II, pp. 133–5) remarks that 'as a detailed and often garrulous history of an important errand by the trusted agent of the French statesman, who first gave support to the French enterprise in India, this diligent work of the adventurous Abbé deserves to be rescued from the obscurity in which it has rested for nearly 250 [now 275] years'.

The manuscript was obtained by the directors of the East India Company at London in 1820. It was offered to them by a Mr. John Walker in the following letter to the Chairman, Mr. (afterwards Sir) George Abercrombie Robinson:

'New Exchange Coffee House, Strand.
9th October 1820.

Honorable Sir,

I take the liberty to offer for your inspection an original French manuscript, containing a diary of the transactions that occurred in the East Indies in the years 1672, 73 and 1674.

The Abbé Carré, author of this work, was the person sent thither by the *French* East India Company, not only to watch over the conduct and motions of the English and the Dutch, but also to observe his own countrymen. He entr'd into every particular which he considered meriting his notice, and his Journal does certainly contain many very curious circumstances, with a great deal of interesting intelligence.

Several gentlemen, to whom I have had the honor to shew this work, have advised me to present it to the Honorable East India Company, as a volume worthy of a place in their extensive and valuable library, and at the same time as an extraordinary production, that may yet throw some light on the transactions of the European Powers at that period, who were most connected with British India.

Should this rare compilation of observations and historical facts be deemed after due inspection as important as I have been induced to suppose, I leave all idea of acknowledgement to the discriminative liberality of the Hon'ble Court of Directors, to whom, being a friend of my Country and our vast possessions in the Eastern World, I consider myself bound to offer the manuscript in question as a voluntary tribute of respect to yourself and the Hon'ble Court over which you preside for the common weal of so many millions of people in British India.

I have the honor to be, Honorable Sir,
your most obedient and most humble servant
(Sd.) JOHN WALKER.'

The Company's Librarian, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Charles Wilkins, recommended it for purchase, saying it contained 'abundant matter sufficiently interesting to entitle it to a place in this library'; and the Chairman had an interview with Mr. Walker, who agreed to accept £40 'as an adequate acknowledgement for the work in question'. The Court of Directors on 25 October re-

solved that it be purchased accordingly[1]; and a note on the first flyleaf states that the manuscript was received on 3 November 1820. The identity of this John Walker must, we fear, remain uncertain. Unfortunately his letter gives no information or certain clue as to who he was and how he got the manuscript; also the name, John Walker, was and is a common one. One or two possibilities may be mentioned. A Dr. John Walker (1759–1830), who took a large part in the introduction of vaccination, might have obtained the manuscript, when he was studying in Paris in 1797–9; but as he lived in London and was director of the Vaccine Institution from 1813 to his death in 1830[2], he would surely have given his own address instead of a Coffee House one. A John Walker, who came of a family of map-engravers, was Geographer to the East India Company from 1837 to 1863, and supplied maps to it previously[3]; but it is equally unlikely that he would write from a London Coffee House, or indeed venture to address so august a personage as the Chairman of the Court. The same objections apply to a John Walker, a bookseller at 44 Paternoster Row, London, in 1820[4], though a catalogue of his in 1779, which is in the Bodleian Library, shows that he dealt also in manuscripts, and the words 'Several gentlemen to whom I have had the honor to shew this work' in the letter of 8 October rather point to the writer being someone below the status of a 'gentleman'. Sir William Foster, whom we have consulted, does not, however, think that a bookseller would have been accorded an interview by the Chairman, nor that he would have left the price of the work to the latter. He writes:

'My own guess would be that John Walker was a private individual not resident in London, who, having become possessed of a document which he was advised was likely to be of value to the East India Company, took it to town at his next visit. I

[1] I.O. Records: Misc. Letters Received, 1820, vol. 143, pp. 267–9; Court Minutes of 1820, vol. 128A, pp. 649–50. The payment of the £40, which the Secretary was directed to charge in his cash disbursements, does not appear in the extant accounts.

[2] D.N.B., vol. 59, pp. 75–6; Dr. Epps, *Life of Dr. Walker*, 1831, pp. 27, 132.

[3] East India Registers, 1837–73; Court Minutes, 1836–7, vol. 148, p. 66; C. R. Markham, *Memoir of the Indian Surveys*, 1878, pp. 405–8.

[4] His name appears at that address in Johnstone's *London Commercial Guide*, for 1817, and in Robson's *London Commercial Directory*, 1822.

believe that it was quite usual to have your letters addressed to you at a Coffee House rather than to an inn or lodgings. Not knowing the ropes, he might well address the Chairman; and the latter, not knowing the exact status of his correspondent, might well ask him to call at the East India House. The offer of £40 (which seems to me a high price) may well have come from the Chairman, who, by the way, was Mr. George Abercrombie Robinson (afterwards made a baronet). I note your point that the writer speaks of having "had the honour" of submitting the MS. to several persons; but this may have been part of his rather magniloquent style of writing.'

It is stated on another flyleaf that the manuscript was presented by the Abbé to the French minister (i.e. Colbert) upon his return from the East Indies. This is discussed at p. xxv.

II. Authorship of the MS.

Of the authenticity of the manuscript there can be no doubt. Abbé Carré is shown by other documents, such as his report to Colbert, dated 22 January 1674, in the archives of the Colonial ministry at Paris[1], and references to his presence at Madras, as an agent of General de la Haye, in the India Office records of 1673[2], to have been the person that the Journal represents him to be. The script is undoubtedly a holograph, as is corroborated by the corrections (few in number) which are not such as a copyist would make; they mostly substitute a cognate word for another, in the same handwriting and ink as those of the text. The Abbé's book *Voyage*, etc., referred to at p. xix, mentions his having kept notes of his travels for his own particular use (see p. xxi); and a previous Journal of those in the East is referred to in this one (pp. 74, 86). Indeed several manuscripts relating to his journeys to India are still in Paris (p. xxix), and the three that are in the Bibliothèque Nationale are declared to be decorated with a border of black and red leaves in the same way as appears at various places in the present Journal, including the sample of its text reproduced in this volume. This is confirmed by photographs of a portion of a page taken from each of two of these manuscripts (Nos. Fr. 4018 and 6090), which have been sent from Paris, together with a photograph of the whole of Carré's letter to Colbert, preserved in the

[1] Série C² 62, as mentioned in Kaeppelin's *Bibliographie*, p. vii.

[2] 26 Fort St. George 17, 30, 33a, and (next sec.) 1; *E.F.*, II., Madras, 1673.

Archives du Ministère des Colonies.[1] The handwriting in all of them and in the present Journal is clearly that of the same person; and that he was Carré is shown by the authenticity of his letter to Colbert. The last part of this, with his signature, is reproduced in the frontispiece of this volume, and a comparison of it with the sample of the text of the Journal leaves no doubt that they are by the same hand.

III. Watermarks

Its authenticity is confirmed by the watermarks on the sheets composing it. Its author has himself entered on the first and every consecutive 16th page the running number (or 'signature') of the gathering of folios in eights up to the 40th on p. 645. The largest watermark (though not the most frequent) is a coat of arms, surmounted by a crown and with a griffin on either side as supporters: the whole surrounded by a circle. The arms contain a chevron, having above it what appear to be two palm-leaves, and below it something like the upper half of a starfish: beneath this is a line with lateral protuberances, on which the supporters rest. Mr. Edward Heawood, Treasurer of the Hakluyt Society, who is an expert on the subject, identifies the mark as a rough representation (such as was not unusual with paper-makers) of the arms of the Marquis Arnauld de Pomponne, a French statesman, who lived 1618–99 and was Secretary of State for Foreign Relations in 1671–79[2]. For a counter-mark it has 'B. Colombier', with a heart between B and the following C. Mr. Heawood tells us that this armorial mark was one used in France in the latter decades of the 17th century and early ones of the 18th, apparently only by makers of paper in Auvergne, of whom B. Colombier was one of the foremost. These marks mostly appear in the 40th gathering and subsequent sheets, which (except for the 'Table of Contents') are blank after p. 650. The next in size is a bunch of grapes,

[1] It is marked C^2 62, ff. 286–93, and is cited by Kaeppelin in notes on pp. 79–113 of his book. It is headed as sent from Surat on 22 January 1674, and its dispatch accordingly is mentioned in this Journal (vol. 3, ch. iv).

[2] These arms, in a form closely resembling those of the water-mark, are figured, in Olivier and others, *Manuel de l'Amateur de reliures Armoriées Françaises*, III Sér. deuxième partie, 1925 (planche 294), from a binding done for the Marquis *c.* 1676. The technical description (*blazon*) accompanying the plate reads: D'azur au Chevron d'or accompagné au chef de deux palmes adossées, et en pointe d'une montagne de six coupeaux, le tout du même [?teinture].

below 'B (heart) C' with a crown at the top. Mr. Heawood says that this also is a mark associated with B. Colombier. In the first 24 gatherings a bunch of grapes generally appears alone on one half-sheet, with, as a counter-mark on the corresponding half-sheet, the initials 'M ✣ I' (or in some cases 'I ✣ M'), surmounted by a crown. Another mark used in connection with the grapes is 'AGORB', similarly surmounted. The latter is identified by Mr. Heawood as a mark of A. Gourbeyre (sometimes spelt Gorbier): and C. M. Briquet, *Les Filigranes*, vol. II, p. 256, mentions paper made by him between 1658 and 1677. This fits in with the date of the manuscript, viz. 1672–74. The former counter-mark may signify a variety of names, such as J. Mathias, J. Mathieu, and J. Michaud, papermakers from central France, as well as others from the south-west. Another counter-mark 'V R – P' (or P – R V), which occurs on a few sheets, has not been identified.

IV. Biographical and other notices of Carré

Of Carré himself there are a few biographical notices in French compilations, e.g. a brief one in Larousse's *Grand Dictionnaire*, III. 445, and fuller ones in the *Nouvelle Biographie Générale*, VIII. 858–9, and Michaud's *Biographie Universelle*, VII. 52, of which the last is the best. But none of them gives such details as his parentage, Christian names, the years and places of his birth and death; and they are mostly based on events mentioned in his book, *Voyage des Indes Orientales mêlé de plusieurs Histoires curieuses* (in two volumes published at Paris in 1699), especially the mission entrusted to him by Colbert of accompanying and helping Caron, the director general of the new French East India Company, who left with a fleet in 1666. These notices call Carré merely 'Voyageur français', and make no mention of his prefix 'Abbé'.

That word meant little more than 'the Reverend'. Thus the *Dictionnaire de l'Académie Française* (1814) says, 'on appelle communément Abbé tout homme qui porte un habit ecclésiastique, quoiqu'il n'ait point de l'Abbaye'. There are contemporary references to Carré that show he was an ecclesiastic. Dellon, a French doctor, who travelled in the East in 1668–76, says that at Surat in February 1673 he received letters out of France which had been brought by 'M. Caré Prêtre' (*Relation d'un voyage des Indes Orientales*, II. 93). François Martin in his *Mémoires* (ed. A. Martineau, Paris 1931, I. 461, 496, etc.) calls him

'l'Abbé Carré'. Thirdly the *Journal du Voyage des Grandes Indes*, containing an account of the voyage of de la Haye's fleet to India and his capture of St. Thomé in 1672, etc., mentions (II. 70) Carré's arrival at that place in April 1673 and styles him 'cy devant Aumônier sur l'Aigle d'or', i.e. former chaplain in the *Aigle d'Or*.

V. His previous travels in the East and the Mediterranean

A ship of that name sailed from France in March 1668 and after spending some three months at Madagascar, reached Surat about a year later (Kaeppelin, 19, 49, 56, 57, 653; *E.F.*, 1668–9, 258). Carré did not, however, leave Madagascar in her, for according to his book (I. 6–7) Colbert ordered him to accompany Caron (who left in the *St. Robert*, with five other vessels, in March 1666); he was to go in the same vessel as Caron did; and he promised to comply. That being so, presumably he sailed with Caron and, after a stay at Madagascar during March–October 1667. reached Surat with him in February 1668 (Kaeppelin, 12, 20, 55, 56)[1]. Moreover, Carré's present Journal in relating events at Surat in 1669 (vol. 2, ch. III) says he saw the arrival of the ships, *Aigle d'Or*, *Marie*, and *Force*, at Surat in March of that year. This seems to imply that he was not on board, and merely witnessed their arrival as a spectator on shore; but a later statement by him under date 25 January 1674 (vol. 3, ch. IV) suggests that he served in one of those ships during this voyage. The explanation seems to be that he joined them on the Malabar coast in January or February 1669 and returned to Surat in one of them (p. xxii). His being such a passenger is the more likely, as it solves both the reference to him as a former chaplain in the *Aigle d'Or* and his presence when she arrived at Surat.

The Abbé was not a mere tourist, for his book begins with the

[1] The supposition that he may have stayed in Madagascar, when Caron left the island for Surat, and that he departed only in the following year with the director de Faye and the three ships *Marie*, *Aigle d'Or*, and *Force*, is opposed to his book (I. 7, 8, and 14), where he uses the plural 'nous' in mentioning the arrival at Madagascar, the embarcation there for Surat, and the subsequent arrival at Surat. On p. 7 this word clearly includes Caron, who is mentioned in the preceding paragraph, and presumably it does the same in the statements on the other two pages. This view is confirmed by the summary of Carré's Journal for 1666–71, mentioned at p. xxiii, and by the statement in his book (I. 81) that he went down the west coast of India in 1668.

assertion that he had passed a great part of his life in travelling, and that his natural curiosity, or the orders of persons he was bound to obey, had called him to divers places in the world. His reference to having to travel 'under orders' is confirmed, not only as to his journeys to and from the East, but also as to previous ones, by the two fuller notices mentioned above, both of which say that he was at first 'charged' with visiting the coast of Barbary and divers ports of the Atlantic, and that the memoirs he addressed to Colbert about this mission gained the attention of that minister, who was proposing to start great establishments in the East Indies. This accords with what Carré says in his book (I. 7) as to his having given an account of the coasts of Barbary, the islands of the Mediterranean, and of some ports of the Atlantic Ocean, a few days before he was ordered to leave with Caron. He further mentions (I. 402) that in 1665 he had gone hunting in Sardinia with the Duke of Beaufort[1] and in the woods on that island had found men who hid like foxes in their dens. His book adds (I. 7) that he kept notes of everything remarkable that he saw; and, judging from his lively remarks in this Journal, his powers of observation and description may well have induced Colbert to employ him in the expedition under Caron.

The Journal of his travels in 1666–71 appears from the report mentioned at p. xxix to have survived, though in an incomplete form (MS. 4018 in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris). We have not had an opportunity of inspecting this, but with the aid of statements about them in this one and in his book, supplemented by other sources of information, their general trend can be traced. Assuming for reasons already given that he accompanied Caron in the *St. Robert* on his voyage to India, the first portion of the Journal would be taken up with that voyage, including the stay for over six months in Madagascar. This would

[1] Carré started his voyages in 1662 or 1663, for in this Journal (vol. 2, ch. III) he says, under date 15 April 1673, that he had been at sea for ten years, and under date 9 September 1674 (vol. 3, ch. VIII) that he had wandered all over the world for twelve years. The Duke of Beaufort was a grandson of Henri IV by Gabrielle d'Estrées (*Enc. Br.*, III. 271); and in 1664–5, as head of Louis XIV's fleets, he made several expeditions against the African Corsairs (*Nouvelle Biographie Générale*, IV. 913–4; *Biographie Universelle*, III. 566). In 1669 he was made general of the Pope's forces against the Turks, and he was killed at the siege of Candia (Paul Rycaut, *History of the Turkish Empire*, 1623–77, pp. 263, 267).

cover the years 1666, 1667, and the beginning of 1668. After reaching Surat with Caron in February 1668, he went with two of the French Company's vessels on a voyage down the west coast of India; in the course of this he visited various ports belonging to Shivaji, whose governors treated him and his companions in a friendly manner beyond their best hopes (his book, I. 81). He must have accompanied MM. Faes and Boureau, whom Caron sent from Surat in a ship called the *Rochelle* to get pepper, etc., and to reconnoitre the coast for advantageous openings for French trade, as stated (I. 186, 188–9) by Martin, who met them at Calicut in January 1669 on his way from Madagascar to Surat. The other ship may have been the *St. Jean-Baptiste*, which left Surat in April 1668 for France (Kaeppelin, 55) and might well take the Malabar coast as part of her course to Madagascar. Among the places visited by them were Jaitapur, the roadstead for Rajapur; there (according to Martin, I. 186) Faes and Boureau met Shivaji, who gave them a good reception and conceded full liberty to trade and settle in his dominions[1]. Another place was Mirjan, whose governor, Khwaja Abdullah, was such a good friend to the Abbé in his illness at Bijapur. A third was Cannanore, a port lying between Mangalore and Calicut, which is mentioned in the Journal (p. 213) as having been visited by Carré. He also seems to have gone to Calicut, as the Journal under date 15 November 1673 (vol. 3, ch. 1) states that his first one contained full details of its dependencies. It was there that MM. Faes and Boureau met the three ships, *Aigle d'Or, Marie,* and *Force*, on their way from Madagascar to Surat, Martin being on board the *Marie*. They accompanied the three ships in the *Rochelle* to Jaitapur, but then stayed behind to procure pepper at Rajapur (Martin, I. 185, 191–2). Carré evidently went on ahead to Surat in time to see the arrival there of the three ships, *Aigle d'Or, Marie,* and *Force*, in March 1669, probably as a passenger in one of them (p. xx).

In the following April he accompanied Martin and others with the three vessels (including the *Marie* and the *Force*) which Caron sent to Bandar Abbas in Persia (p. 163; Martin, I. 197, 199–202). Later on he seems to have gone in the *Force* with Frotter to

[1] Advantage was taken of this to found the French factory at Rajapur in 1669 (Kaeppelin, 62; Martin, I. 224).

Bandar-Rig, Kharg, and Basra[1]; and his book (I. 125) mentions that he was at the last place, when it was captured by the Turks in September 1669. Martin (I. 220–2) returned to Surat in November 1669; but Carré remained in the Persian Gulf for some time longer, and probably returned with Frotter from Basra, reaching Surat on 20 January 1670 (Martin i. 243). According to his book (i. 100) he was in Persia again when Shivaji sacked Surat for a second time, i.e. in October 1670, 'being occupied with affairs of the French Company entrusted to him by Caron'; and this agrees with a summary of extant manuscripts of Carré in Paris (p. xxix) showing that Caron sent him back to Persia in March 1670.[2] He may have accompanied the merchants Frotter and Lebel, who left Surat for the Persian Gulf and Basra in the *Aigle de'Or* on 14 April 1670 (Martin, i. 247); but exact details of this second journey to Persia are at present unknown to us, except that he went on to Basra, whence he again returned to Surat. His book (i. 140–1) states that shortly after his arrival Caron sent him back to France. The following is a translation of the reason he gives for this:

Caron, "who wished to send news of the Company to France, in order to do nothing without the Minister's consent, nor without the participation of the directors, proposed my return thither; he had no one with him in whom he had more confidence than in me, and I had a perfect knowledge of the business. Besides he thought that M. Colbert, having sent me to the East himself, would prefer to see me again rather than anyone else. Perhaps also he had other views, and not being beyond suspicion, was not sorry to put me at a distance, and disliked the presence of a Frenchman, intelligent enough and very loyal. If that was the reason of

[1] Martin (I. 207, 212) says that this voyage of Frotter was made on the invitation of a Turkish Pasha, who assured him, and any other merchants with him, of a good welcome at Basra. Carré refers in his book (I. 129–30) to this invitation, and it also describes (pp. 100–30) the troubles between the Turks and the Arabs at Basra in 1668–9, as well as the island of Kharg, where he states (pp. 129–30) 'we' (?Frotter and himself) were at the time of receiving the Turkish Pasha's assurance.

[2] Georges Servant, *Les voyages de l'abbé Carré, agent de Colbert en Orient 1666–74*, a thesis of the École Nationale des Chartes: cf. its résumé in that School's *Positions des Thèses &c.*, 1911 (p. 133), which the Bibliothèque Nationale has kindly made available to us through the National Central Library.

his getting rid of me, it was equally one that obliged me to leave him".

The two fuller notices of Carré mentioned above support this by remarking that Caron undoubtedly wanted to get rid of inconvenient surveillance.

VI. Return journey to France (1671–72)

Carré accordingly left Surat on 21 February 1671 (N.S.)[1], travelling by an English ship to Bandar Abbas, whence he went on horseback to Baghdad, with the assistance of two men 'who knew the ways perfectly and were well instructed in the history and ancient traditions of the country' (I. 143). After many fatigues and the crossing of country devastated by locusts, and of 'desert parts that the children of Israel had so often watered with their tears', he reached Baghdad on 4 June 1671. There he hired an Arab guide of great age (Carré gives it as 120)[2], but 'strong, vigorous, and of good repute' (I. 202–4, 206–7). Continuing his journey on horseback, he arrived at Ana on 20 June, and crossed the Syrian desert to Aleppo (I. 222–76). Thence he went with some merchants to Tripoli, and after staying there a few days, proceeded to the port of Saida, which he reached on 19 July. Three days later he embarked on a French vessel for Marseilles. His ship stopped at Larnaca in Cyrpus from 25 July to 6 August, and owing to bad weather did not reach Marseilles till 9 October 1671. He went at once to the court of Louis XIV, where, after giving Colbert a full report, he had the honour of telling His Majesty 'the most curious things' he had seen (I. 361–75, 386–403). His reception by Colbert also clearly differed from a later one (p. xxxiii) referred to in some remarks he makes in speaking of a Dutch collector of ancient Greek and Syrian manuscripts for King Louis, whom he met at Tripoli. The man had a grudge against Colbert, and Carré says his complaints 'were for me a kind of prophecy of what happened to me afterwards (I. 364)'.

[1] Carré, of course, uses the New Style introduced by Pope Gregory XIII in 1582, and to equate his dates with those of the British calendar, it is necessary to subtract 10 days from them.

[2] Sir Arnold Wilson, *South West Persia*, 1941, pp. 218, 277, mentions meeting men who claimed to be respectively 120 and 130 years old, with a third set of teeth. A reduction of about $3\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. must, however, be made in the case of Moslems, as these count their age by lunar years of 354 days, so that by Christian reckoning Carré's old guide would have been nearer 116.

VII. Journal of travels in 1672–74

His book then says (I. 403) that 'a little time afterwards' he received orders to make a second overland journey to the East. The present Journal takes up the tale with the receipt of his dispatches on 16 March 1672, and continues to 26 October 1674, when he reached Marseilles in a ship from Leghorn. A note on the flyleaf of the Journal, made after the one about its reception on 3 November 1820, says it was presented by its author to 'the French Minister upon his return from the East Indies'; but this seems to conflict with the Journal's preface—a letter to the Directors of the French Company—saying that on its completion he presents it to them as 'a stainless mirror' of the administration of their trade in the East. On the other hand this is probably intended to be a mere 'dedication' of the Journal to the Company, if it were published, as R. E. Gordon George (*Geographical Journal*, 1921, pt. ii. 134) treats it. In any case he probably did not give possession of the Journal to either Colbert or the Directors unless he had another copy of it, for the second volume of his book ends (II. 402–3) with his saying that the contents of the two volumes are only an abridgement of memoirs he had written for his own particular use, and that, if the work pleased the public, he was resolved to publish some more volumes about the most curious and interesting things he had recorded, which would principally deal with affairs of commerce and war. That being so, as Colbert died in 1683, sixteen years prior to the publication of his book, the manuscript is unlikely to have been presented to him. These, however, are mere surmises, and the note was probably based on information then available as to the source from which it came. His final words are, 'I shall await the public judgement, equally satisfied whether my work succeeds, or a contrary destiny gives me good reason to live in repose and silence'. The two volumes bear a note that their printing was finished on 2 May 1699; and as no further work of his was published, he apparently did not get the encouragement he hoped for.

VIII. Biographical details

Carré must have been about 60 years old in 1699. His age is disclosed in two ways. During his journey from Goa to Bijapur he fell ill, and on his losing consciousness at Bijapur his servants took

him for dead. An entry of 16 February 1673 in the Journal (p. 277 of this volume) records that his servants (as he heard afterwards) discussed his age, and one of them said that his master had several times told him he was in his 34th year. Secondly his book (I. 207–8), with reference to the age of his Arab guide, which he gives as 120, remarks that the guide was thus nearly 90 years older than himself. This fits in with the other statement, for if he was 33, so as to be in his 34th year, in February 1673, he would be about 31 or 32 in June 1671. He appears, therefore, to have been born about 1639–40.[1] As to the date of his death, or indeed of any events in his life after 1699, there is no clue or record—at any rate apparently none known to the writers of the notices about him, nor any known to us.[2] The Journal does not even mention his place of origin, though it frequently gives this for other Frenchmen whom he met. And it is only by an incidental reference under date 24 December 1673 (vol. 3, ch. III) that it reveals he owed his education to the Jesuits.

Valuable information as to his family is, however, contained in a report made for us, at the request of the Hakluyt Society, by M. Roger Hervé, Librarian of the department of maps and plans in the Bibliothèque Nationale. This gives his full name as Abbé D. (?Dominus) Barthélemy Carré de Chambon, and says that his elder brother, le Sieur Carré de Chambon, was the 'Chef du Gobelet à l'Hôtel du Roi à Versailles', i.e. Chief of the Goblet (or Buttery) in the King's household at Versailles. That was the first of seven officers who supervised the arrangements for serving the food and drink of the sovereign; and the 'Gobelet' was divided into two departments accordingly[3]. It was, therefore, a high post in the court of Louis XIV, and gave the holder the privilege of 'noblesse', entitling him to wear his sword while serving the King, as well as to have a crest on his coat of arms[4].

[1] G. Servant, in the résumé of his thesis mentioned at p. xxiii, says that the Abbé was born 'vers 1636,' but gives no authority for this statement.

[2] Possibly some further information about Carré may be given in Cardinal Baudrillart's *Dictionnaire de Géographie et d'Histoire Ecclésiastique* (1912–); but unfortunately the part of it available in England at present covers only A—Bz. It is to be presumed that Carré was alive in 169[illegible] as his book contains passages in the first person ('I did', etc.).

[3] Dict. de Trévoux, s.v. Gobelet; Larousse, Dict., VII. [illegible]1, and VIII. 1335.

[4] E.g. *L'État présent de la France* (an annual compilation of the names and duties of the dignitaries and other officers of the realm, including the King's

The report gives no clue to the implication of the appanage 'de Chambon'; and if Chambon is (as is likely) the name of a place in France, there are no less than some thirty to choose from[1]. Fortunately a clear explanation is supplied by J. Bernier, *Histoire de Blois*, a work published at Paris in 1682, to which we have had recourse in connection with some of Carré's references to that town. It contains a list of names and armorial bearings of noble families in the Blois district, and among them at p. 610 appears that of 'Carré, de Chambon' with a description of its coat of arms. The attribution of origin, de Chambon, seems to have been given to distinguish that family from another also contained in the list and shown as 'Carré, de Villebon'. And as there is a village called Chambon, six miles from Blois in the valley of the R. Cisse[2], it seems almost certain that this is the place referred to.

There are indications in the present Journal that the Abbé had some connection with Blois. He was evidently familiar with the town and its life, for

(1) in an entry of 30 May 1674 (vol. 3, ch. VII) he refers to the water-mills on its bridges over the R. Loire as resembling the water-wheels on the Euphrates;

(2) in an entry of 16 March 1674 (vol. 3, ch. VI) he compares the gathering of the townsfolk to pluck grapes 'in our Blois vine-district' with gatherings from nearby villages for the date-harvest in S.W. Persia; and

(3) in another of 9 March 1673 (vol. 2, ch. I) he makes a similar comparison (this time with cotton-pickers in the Deccan) of inhabitants from the town swarming out 'along our river Loire' in September for the grape-harvest.

Contributory, though less cogent, pointers in the same direction, taken from this volume, are that the nunneries of La Guiche, close to Chambon on the R. Cisse, and of Moncé near Amboise in a neighbouring district, appear to be among those specified by the Abbé as places where he used to hear confessions (p. 248); that he knows M. Leons, a man of good family from Blois (p. 185); and

household) for 1669, pp. 34, 207, 374; a translation of another, published at London in 1671, pp. 24, 25, 41. For a general description of these yearbooks and the ceremonial observed in serving food and drink to the King, see Lavisse, *Histoire de France*, VII, pt. 2, pp. 402–3n., 403–4.

[1] Cf. Joanne, *Dict. Geogr. de la France*, II. (1892) 818–20.

[2] Muirhead's *North Western France*, 1932, p. 327; La Hachette, *Les Guides Blancs*, Bords de la Loire et Sud-Ouest, 1934, p. 54.

that the friar, Nicolas from Blois, gave him pressing attentions at Aleppo (p. 47). The town also contained a college founded by Henri III in 1581, and taken over by the Jesuits[1], so he may have been educated there.

That the Abbé's name was Barthélemy is corroborated by his letter of 22 January 1674 to Colbert which (as can be seen from the reproduction of its last portion, *v.* frontispiece) includes that name in the signature to it, as well as by an entry of 24 August (St. Bartholomew's day and that of the famous massacre consequently called after him) 1673 in the Journal, which speaks of St. Barthélemy as his patron Saint, and mentions the receipt of compliments and presents appropriate to its being either his name-day or his birthday (vol. 2, ch. VI). M. Hervé states that Carré appears to have commenced his voyages from about 1660–62; but we think this should be 1662–63, as mentioned in our note on p. xxi. In 1665 he evidently was with the Duke of Beaufort's fleet in the Mediterranean, as shown by the statement in his book cited on the same page. According to the account of him given by E. Bourgeois and L. André, *Les Sources de l'Histoire de France*, 1610–1715, vol. I (Paris, 1913), 199[2], he was in fact chaplain to that fleet. If so, it is possible that the description of the Abbé as 'cy devant Aumônier sur l'Aigle d'or' (p. xx) refers to this period, and that the ship in question was one of the Duke's fleet in which Carré was serving.

IX. Criticism of his book; other extant MSS.

Abbé Prevost, who devotes a part of his *Histoire Générale des Voyages* to the narrative of Carré's first mission given in the first volume of his book, complains (edn. Paris, 1751, ix. 13) that in the second volume he seems to have forgotten his promise to give an account of his later travels, 'in order to entertain his readers' mainly with 'some gay stories [histoires galantes] which merit little attention'. The two biographical notices of Carré mentioned at p. xix follow suit with similar complaints such as that this volume contains nothing as to his return journey from France,

[1] J. Bernier, *Histoire de Blois*, p. 66.

[2] The statement in question appears to be based on G. Servant, *Les voyages de l'abbé Carré, agent de Colbert en Orient*, 1666–74, which is cited as an authority in the book referred to. Its résumé contains a corresponding statement.

save the fact that he was at Bijapur in 1673. Such criticism is based on the statement at the end of the first volume that his second journey might form the subject of 'a second narrative', if he perceived that the public agreed to that step. The second volume does in fact give some information as to his travels in India in 1672: it mentions for instance various places through which he passed on his way from Surat to St. Thomé, such as Daman, Chaul, Afzalpur, Hukeri, and Bijapur, which (or events connected with them) he describes or where he had interviews that he relates; but otherwise it is silent as to his journey and what happened to him after his illness at Bijapur, except that he reached St. Thomé. The omission of a fuller account was, however, due to causes opposed to Carré's own desire, as is evident from the report by M. Roger Hervé already mentioned. This shows that the Abbé prepared no less than eight manuscripts, still extant in France[1], whereby the contents of his two Journals were rearranged in a manner probably considered to be more suitable for publication. This, M. Hervé states, seems to have been intended for issue in six volumes, as follows:

I. 'Le François négotiant en Orient'—history of the first French factories or agencies in the East. (Arsenal, MS. 4070)

II. 'Le François soldat en Orient'—history of the campaign of General de la Haye in Madagascar, Ceylon, and at St. Thomé, 1672–73. (B.N., Fr. MS. 13981, and Laval MS. 99)

III. 'Le Courier du Roy en Orient', divided into four parts, viz.
(*a*) Carré's first journey to the East and back, 1666–71. (B.N. Fr. MSS. 4018, 6090)
(*b*) His journey from France to Surat, 1672. (Chamber of Deputies, MS. 1247)
(*c*) His journey from Surat to St. Thomé, 1672–73. (University of Paris, MS. 997)
(*d*) 'Estat present de l'Orient'—his return to France, 1673–74. (University of Paris, MS. 998)

The first of the two manuscripts dealing with his earlier mission (1666–71) appears from the description of its contents to be a Journal much in the same form as the present one; and in a pre-

[1] One of these manuscripts is in the library of the town of Laval; libraries in Paris contain all the others. In citing the MSS. above, 'B.N.' is used for the Bibliothèque Nationale, and 'Library of' is omitted in other cases.

face to it Carré is reported to state that 'after fifteen years of unrewarded efforts since his return to France in 1674, he deemed it necessary to leave a written record of his travels with the double aim of providing an exact memento of them and of justifying himself in the eyes of public opinion'. This points to an attempt to obtain publication of it in or about 1689; but as this was unsuccessful, he seems to have prepared the second manuscript, which is described as 'a more ample edition' of the text forming the first volume of his book. It is stated to begin with a letter dedicating the work to Louis XIV's son, the young Duke of Bourgogne[1]; but the first volume of his book, published in 1699, was in an abridged form and was dedicated to the Duchess of Montfort. The first of these departures from Carré's draft indicates the restraining hand of a publisher who selected the particular portions to appear in the volume, or of the censor licensing its printing, who would delete anything he considered derogatory to the régime of Louis XIV. The second volume dealing with his later mission (1672–74) was still more restricted, practically omitting all the details of his actual travels, though contained in his drafts. It is clear, therefore, that he has suffered from a wholly undeserved stigma of having 'forgotten his promise', and of desiring only to entertain his readers with 'gay stories'. A little research in Paris would have shown the exact contrary.

X. His literary style and his character

The article on Carré in the *Biographie Universelle* goes on to say that he writes in a manner 'assez interessante', but speaks too much of himself, relates too many insignificant adventures, and does not always fix with exactitude the dates of events. The last defect, at any rate, does not apply to the present Journal; and though he may talk at disproportionate length of himself and of unimportant events, yet his vivacious style, which rivals, if it does not surpass, that of Manucci, almost always makes his stories and reflections good reading. No doubt the Abbé often repeats himself and tends to prolixity; but this was characteristic of the literature of that period, in both France and England. Thus Boileau (1636–1711) criticised 'the interminable descriptions' which abounded in the romances of Madame de Scudéry (1607–1701) and her brother Georges (Larousse, *Grande Encyclopédie*,

[1] The Duke was born in 1682 and died in 1712.

VII. 94; cf. Larousse, *Grand Memento*, I. 738). Carré's style in some respects resembles that of the Earl of Clarendon, the first great historical writer in English literature, namely in his long sentences (mostly broken up in the translation to adapt them to modern taste), and in his writing showing clearly 'the man' underneath, alert and dignified in all vicissitudes; but he surpasses Clarendon in imagination and sense of humour, so that he, more frequently than the latter, enlivens a fondness for details with 'a picturesque turn' and 'a ripple of pleasantry which prevents it from growing tedious' (*Cambridge History of English Literature*, VII. 220). To the historian, antiquary, or psychologist, and indeed the ordinary reader, a detail may be more interesting and important than the actual topic under discussion; and the Abbé's prolixity brings in many details that might otherwise never have been given. Thus his somewhat strained and very lengthy comparison between the (in his opinion happier) lot of a nun in France and the dreary one of a concubine in an oriental King's harem includes a vivid picture of the hardships endured by the poorer peasants and artisans in France (p. 251); and the tediousness of the very extensive account he gives in chapter VII of his illness at Bijapur is relieved by the able telling, in all its details, of his successful struggle against the machinations of the Portuguese fidalgo in whose house he lay, and of his narrow escape from being buried alive. The story's effectiveness is indeed reduced by the absurd way in which it appears to have been 'written up' for publication in his book (see the notes at pp. 278, 287, 299–300, 304 of the text).

In his *Mémoires* Martin makes some comments on Carré, which relate to his conduct at St. Thomé and Madras in 1673; and one of these has a relevance to his overland journey from Alexandretta to Kung. In a passage (I. 513) about negotiations that Carré conducted with the Governor of Madras for supply of provisions to St. Thomé, Martin remarks that a man more moderate than the Abbé would have succeeded better by 'douceur': one of the negotiators speaks too haughtily, the other replies in the same vein, and so comes failure. Carré may have struck Martin as too impetuous; but it must at least be said that he showed the patience of Job in some of the misadventures that befell him on this journey. He was also often able to get out of a tight corner by presence of mind, tact, and suavity. Instances of this will be found at pp. 70–2, 82, 97–102, 303–6; and other examples in vols. 2 and 3 go to show

that he positively revelled in extricating himself from awkward situations. He was helped by his being a 'good mixer' (cf. his statement at p. 128), and by his linguistic abilities: apparently he could speak Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Arabic, Persian, and Urdu, with fluency, and he must have known some Dutch and English to get on with members of those two nations as well as the Journal shows he did. He was evidently well educated, and acquainted with both Greek and Latin classical literature (cf. pp. 177, 310). Though he was highly religious, he showed wordly wisdom in departing from the truth, when necessary for his safety: thus he pretended to be going to Masulipatam, instead of to St. Thomé, when Frenchmen going to, or coming from the latter place were suspect in Golconda territory (vol. 2, ch. I). Again he pretended to be a Dutchman when passing through places where the Dutch were powerful and Frenchmen were liable to be arrested, and to be Portuguese when he was questioned in the Dutch factory at Pulicat, and was for the reason just mentioned anxious not to be taken for a Frenchman (vol. 2, ch. II). He evidently was not averse from occasionally meeting ladies, and could give a good description of their dress, charms, etc. (pp. 56, 57, 191–3, 228, 248). Furthermore, he was a sportsman who could sail a boat (pp. 92–95), and who not only shot light game, as in Sardinia and other Italian islands, but in India killed wild beasts such as a tiger and a wild boar on foot with a matchlock, and at Kung joined a party of Persians in a falconry excursion (pp. 124, 198, 225). He was a fervent Frenchman and courtier of Louis XIV, but this did not prevent him from courageously denouncing the weaknesses shown, and mistakes made, by his countrymen in the East, nor from praising what he saw was better in the conduct or methods of the English and Dutch, the latter of whom he particularly hated. The reader will find unexpected compliments paid to the former country and nation, though the Abbé thoroughly disapproved of the conduct of the English government and inhabitants at Madras in giving inadequate help to his compatriots at St. Thomé.

XI. Entries in the Journal, and its sudden ending

The Journal appears to have been written up, probably some months, after the events to which entries in it relate. This is shown by their neatness and the clear similarity of the ink used for con-

siderable periods, e.g. entries from 23 May to 19 October 1672 on pp. 20–88 of the manuscript are all in the same kind of ink, fainter than that of the entries from 23 October to 21 November 1672 on pp. 89–113 and of those from 27 November 1672 to 31 March 1673 on pp. 116–239. In particular, an entry purporting to have been made at St. Thomé about 15 April 1673 on p. 313 of the MS. tells of Caron's departure from there in the *Jules* on 2 October 1672, and of his death by drowning when she was wrecked near Lisbon. This event occurred in May 1673, and Carré probably did not hear of it till sometime in 1674: thus François Martin first learnt of it at Pondicherry in May 1674 (see his *Mémoires*, I. 617–8). This clearly points to the probability already mentioned. Indeed it is possible that the whole manuscript was written after his return to France in October 1674, when he would have more leisure to do this.

It is remarkable that the Journal says nothing about his reception by Colbert and the French Company, and ends with his arrival at Marseilles. That he was displeased with the treatment he received from Colbert is hinted in his book, in which he says (II. 128) that the latter, when ordering him to make his second journey to the East, had promised him 'a protection which I have never enjoyed' (*une protection que je n'ay jamais ressentie*). In a passage at p. 269 of the manuscript (translated in vol. 2, chap. III) Carré declares that no consideration would turn him from the path of truth in his review of French affairs in the East. It seems likely that he suffered for the freedom of his criticisms on the management of the French Company's business by its chief representatives there, and on the leadership of de la Haye's fleet from which so much was expected. In contrast, his favourable comments on the good management by the English and Dutch of their Companies' affairs must also have been very unpalatable to his compatriots. Moreover circumstances at the court of Louis XIV had changed since Carré's departure, so as to become less conducive to his good reception. The King was engrossed in the war with Holland, and Colbert's predominance was being threatened by a new minister, Louvois, whom that war had brought to the front.[1] Finally, the dispatches lately received from de la Haye and Baron must have shown the probable imminence

[1] E. C. Lodge, *Sully, Colbert, and Turgot*, pp. 136–8; *Biographie Générale*, XI. 107.

of the complete failure of the French fleet to achieve its aims; and the resultant disappointment would tend to vent itself in disparagement of the Abbé, who could only confirm the bad news.

XII. His historical reliability.

Among the 'histoires curieuses' contained in Carré's book is an account of Shivaji's exploits, divided into two portions, one in each volume. Robert Orme (1728–1801), in the sixth note to his *Historical Fragments of the Mogul Empire*, criticises it as confused and of little use. Prof. Surendra Nath Sen of the Calcutta University (now Director of the Imperial Records Department at New Delhi), who has published an English translation of it in his *Foreign Biographies of Shivaji* (1927), differs from this view, saying (p. xxiii) that, though its volume is less than that of an earlier Portuguese biography, yet in accuracy and wealth of detail his work was practically unrivalled at the time of its publication, and adding that Carré shows a fairly good knowledge of the chronology of the events he relates.

His tendency to exaggeration is obvious, especially in dealing with figures. A minor instance of this is the way in which he speaks of 'a thousand' caresses, benedictions, courtesies, etc., to stress the warmth of a welcome or salutation. A more serious instance is his too eulogistic accounts of French valour at St. Thomé and elsewhere (though it was undoubtedly great), and his panegyrics of General de la Haye, tempered though they be by sound and courageous criticism of some of the latter's actions (as appears in the second volume). In view of that we have been careful to check Carré's statements, wherever possible. This has increased the number of notes, but has been well worth while, for the result shows that a large majority of his assertions are corroborated, even though there may be some exaggeration on his part. He was an observant traveller, and (like Bernier and Tavernier) showed an interest not only in the country through which he passed, but also in its inhabitants and history. It is probable that erroneous statements on his part were mostly due to misinformation; and many statements of which there is neither corroboration nor disproof are, especially if they relate to contemporaneous events, likely to be true.

XIII. *Editorial treatment of the text.*

Carré placed side-notes to the manuscript which were useful to him in making his Table of Contents. Ordinarily, however, they contain nothing that adds to the text, and have been omitted: in cases where they give any further information, a reference to this has been given in a note. His headings to accounts of particular journeys or months have also been left out; and the division of the translation into chapters is an addition to the arrangement in the manuscript. Its spacing of paragraphs has not invariably been followed, and lengthy ones have been split up.

In printing foreign names, etc., diacritical marks have been omitted, except where the name, etc., first occurs and in the Index. The spelling of well-known places follows that generally used in England: in regard to places in Arabia, Iraq, and Persia, that recommended by the Royal Geographical Society has been followed, and for Indian place-names that adopted in the *Impérial Gazette of India* (3rd edn.). Carré's spelling of names is also given, at least once, in the text or footnotes, except in regard to well-known places, such as Leghorn, Cyprus, Surat, etc.

The usual extensive summary of the journeys and other main events dealt with in the Journal is omitted. It has been thought better to leave the reader almost entirely to Carré's own recital of his doings and thoughts than to attempt such a summary of them, which (in the absence of the entertaining qualities of the original) would be merely tedious, and would (to use the words of Pope's analogue) 'like a wounded snake, drag its slow length along'. The help that an abridgment sometimes gives to a reader, who wishes to find some passage, but has forgotten its exact place in the text, will (it is hoped) be supplied by an index, enlarged so as to include topics as well as names. We, therefore, confine ourselves to appending only a bare outline of Carré's journeys and other doings, more with a view to drawing attention to points deserving attention than to summarise the record contained in the Journal. We divide this into three sections, partly for want of space in the first volume, and partly because we think it will be more convenient for readers to put the portions relating to the second and third volumes in a separate short introduction to each. As those volumes are to be issued later on, references to them in this one give (instead of pages) only the chapter and in some cases

the date of entry in the Journal, where a citation is to be found. Similarly, since owing to the war the second volume of the new series of *The English Factories in India* (which covers events on the Coromandel coast in 1672–74) has not yet been published, references to it give only the section (Madras or Masulipatam) and, where necessary, the year cited. This, with the help of the index, should identify the exact pages referred to, when the volumes in question are available.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

THE translator of any autobiography or diary enjoys special opportunities of becoming acquainted with the writer, and this knowledge is enhanced, if the work is in his own handwriting. In no other way can his hopes, fears, habits, and very nature be so fully absorbed; the translator becomes, as it were, a personal friend of the author, and leaves him with regret, when the work is finished.

Carré's Journal is written in a fine handwriting, fairly easy to read; but the spelling of the seventeenth century is sometimes erratic. It was written primarily for the information of Louis XIV, 'the greatest monarch the world has ever seen', and Colbert, 'his illustrious Minister', to show, as in a 'stainless mirror', the 'secrets' of the French commerce and administration in the Indies. He was intensely patriotic and proud of his nation, then at the height of its glory. Naturally he admires French valour, and in a passage about an incident in the gallant defence of St. Thomé against the forces of Golconda ('*on n'a jamais ouy parler d'une telle execution en si peu de temps et par un si petit nombre*') he, as it were, anticipates Mr. Winston Churchill's pithy words about 'the Battle of Britain': 'Never has so much been owed by so many to so few.' On the other hand he deplores the grave faults shown by his countrymen in high position, i.e. their thirst for individual power and violent personal quarrels. These weaknesses led to the ruin of French enterprises in the East in 1672–74; and the same faults seem to have contributed in some measure to the downfall of France in 1940.

Carré's own weakness is a liking for high or important society, which he cultivates whenever he can. His meeting at Cannes with a Provençal gentleman rather illustrates this foible. 'He was well dressed, with a suite of six horses', and was evidently 'a person of great position and credit in the neighbourhood', to judge by the respect shown him by the consul. This traveller, with the help of the consul, used his influence to hire a felucca for Carré, who in return gave a 'collation' to 'my gentleman', but did not invite the consul to it, though he thanked him for his assistance. Again Carré is delighted with the civilities and hospitality shown him by

Aungier, the English President at Bombay, who invited him to take part in his evening 'promenade', comprising a palanquin, two carriages, and several fine horses. He also recounts with evident satisfaction the confidence shown him by the President in discussing French and English affairs with him. Traces of this innocent weakness appear in other parts of the Journal.

Carré's character is not a complex one. He is very human, pious, brave, kindly, and generous; he is also fond of sport and society, as befits his age of 34. At the same time he never forgets his high calling; he does not fail to admonish severely any backslider or renegade he meets in his travels, nor does he gloze over the disgraceful immoralities of the Portuguese fidalgos, which shocked him. His temper, however, is easily aroused in a very unclerical way, e.g. 'I was on the point of breaking his head with a pistol-shot' (his treacherous Arab guide, p. 68), and 'My servant implored me incessantly to kill this Arab (his camel-driver, p. 105) and throw his body into the well, but I would not take such a cruel vengeance, though I was much tempted to give this humbug a thousand blows'. Carré indeed wrote freely of all he saw and thought, and he never attempted to hide even his own duplicities, to which he resorted whenever he considered them necessary for his purpose.

It is unfortunate that in all the 650 pages of his Journal he never once mentions his family or birth-place. This is the more noticeable, as he almost always gives the town or province of any Frenchman he meets (e.g. 'les Sieurs Leons et de la Robertierre l'un de Blois et l'autre d'Angers', and 'Simon de Mahy d'Orleans'). He himself is well-mannered and evidently accustomed to good society, yet he exhibits a childish pleasure in his mission to carry letters from Louis XIV and Colbert; and he never fails to impress on his listeners his importance at being entrusted with them.

It appears that he came of a noble family and that his brother held a good appointment at Court. He would thus have had opportunities of seeing Court-life, with which he was evidently very familiar, to judge from his 'discourse' on it and his diatribes against the extravagance and folly of Court ladies (pp. 249–50). He seems also to have been on friendly terms with members of

the nobility, as he dedicates his book to the Duchess of Montfort,[1] and hunts with the Duke of Beaufort in Sardinia. Had he been of lowly birth, he would never have gained admittance into these charmed circles, nor would he have been accepted as a sporting companion of the Duke of Beaufort, a natural but legitimised grandson of Henri IV. He is stated to have occupied the position of 'aumônier' or chaplain, and to have done work for Colbert, during his voyages in the Mediterranean. His adventurous spirit and love of travel sent him on his journeys in his early twenties. Colbert, who began his career under Mazarin at the age of twenty in 1639, probably knew Carré from boyhood and realised his capabilities. Otherwise he would never have entrusted important missions to so young a man.

This note was originally drafted by me in war-time, and I can only hope that in more peaceful days we may discover in the French archives or from other sources more about this mysterious personage, who is worthy of a place with his contemporary, Samuel Pepys, as a writer of another interesting and entertaining diary.

June, 1946. M. E. F.

[1] *Editor's Note.* The Duchess of Montfort was a daughter of Dangeau, a Chevalier d'honneur of the Dauphine and a man of considerable wealth, by his first wife. His second wife was a favourite attendant of Mme. de Maintenon. The Duke of Montfort (1669–1704) was the eldest son of the Duke of Chevreuse (1646–1712), who (as also the duchess, a daughter of Colbert) was a close ally of Mme. de Maintenon. (Larousse, *Grande Encyclopédie*, x. 1170–1; Saint-Simon, *Mémoires*, Collection Nelson, 81–2, 429; Mme. de Caylus, *Souvenirs*, ed. Voltaire, 86–8.)

OUTLINE OF CARRÉ'S TRAVELS (VOL. I)

[All dates are in the 'New Style': see n. 1 at p. xxiv *ante*.]

CHAPTER I. *Journey from Paris to Alexandretta* (pp. 3–37).

LEAVING Paris on 28 March 1672 by *diligence* for Lyons, he went from there, with some naval officers, by boat down the Rhône to Avignon. Thence the party drove to Marseilles, which was reached on 4 April. Here he hoped to find a merchantman to take him to Leghorn, where he heard that some French and English vessels were lading for the Levant; but contrary winds prevented any from sailing. He, therefore, decided to go by land; and here the insecurity and inconveniences of travel in those days, even in France, are illustrated. The Corniche road was not yet built, and there was only a bad mountain-path, impassable for a carriage, along the Riviera. So on 4 April he left Marseilles in a litter, with mules to carry his baggage, and reached Cannes two days later. The litter could go no farther owing to the bad state of the way beyond that place; and a high officer, whom he met at his hotel, advised him not to continue the journey on horseback, as he had himself lost two horses, which fell down precipices, and had with difficulty escaped being ambushed by brigands. With his help, Carré obtained a felucca to take him to Genoa. The voyage took three days, and owing to bad weather he had to shelter on the way at Monaco, Mentone, and San Remo. From Genoa, which he reached on 12 April, he went in another felucca to Lerici, and thence on horseback to Pisa, where he arrived on the morning of 17 April. A three hours' drive brought him to Leghorn in the afternoon. Here the English consul promised him a passage on a ship he was shortly sending to the Levant, and on 25 April Carré embarked in the armed vessel, *Sunflower*, commanded by Capt. William Twisden, a son of Sir Thomas Twisden, Bart.

His voyage to Alexandretta lasted a little over a month, and was one of some peril, as hostilities in the war against Holland had already commenced. There was also the risk of being captured by Barbary or other corsairs in the Mediterranean. Apart, however, from two false alarms and stormy weather on 15–17 May, the only real danger that threatened the ship was when off the south coast of Cyprus on 23 May she got into an awkward

position between two large unknown vessels; here Carré's prudent advice was just in time to deter Capt. Twisden from firing on the larger one, till he had learnt more about them. She turned out to be a Dutch man-of-war, who could easily have sunk the *Sunflower*, and who was escorting a merchantman from the Levant. Fortunately her officers were unaware that war had broken out between Holland and England in the preceding March, so the affair ended in the friendly drinking of healths and gun-salutes. Four days later the *Sunflower* reached Alexandretta, where Carré was put up by the French consul.

CHAPTER II. *Journey from Alexandretta to Baghdad* (pp. 38–76)

HE left the town on 30 May to ride to Aleppo with some twenty Englishmen, including Capt. Twisden. The party followed the usual route by the pass at Beilan, but then seems to have made a deviation to the banks of the Orontes and to the north of Antioch; whence, after a troublesome passage along rocky and precipitous paths, they reached Aleppo on 1 June. Here the Abbé stayed with his friend, M. Joseph Baron, for ten days, before he could make final arrangements to leave. He rejected the idea of travelling to Baghdad with a caravan as involving too slow a journey, and decided to cross the Syrian desert on horseback with an Arab guide. He engaged one who had the advantage of knowing Persian like himself, and who had crossed the desert several times. They left Aleppo about 4 p.m. on 10 June. Carré was dressed as an Arab for the sake of safety, and was well provided with arms, having a musket and four pistols, while the guide had the usual bow and arrows. The route they took to Baghdad is shown approximately on the map facing p. 37; and the journey took sixteen days, including a day's halt at Ana. Roughly speaking they appear to have followed the ordinary caravan route to Basra up to Tayibe, which was reached on 14 June. At 'Sephir' (Sifra) on 11 June Carré luckily came across an Arab from Ana, named 'Assem Farage', who was returning to that place and was allowed to join him. The three men suffered from the great heat and from thirst, as potable water was hard to find in the desert; and the neighbourhood of the Euphrates was dangerous on account of Arab bandits, who came to loot the grain that was being harvested. At midnight on 16 June they reached 'Achera' (Ashara),

where the local sheikh honourably entertained them. This leads the Abbé to expatiate on the courtesy and hospitality with which Arabs receive travellers, and to make a favourable comparison of their customs, simple life, and contentment, with the 'mad and extravagant ambitions for wealth', etc., so common in Europe. He also describes the dress, delicate complexions and occupations of their women. At Ana, which was reached on 19 June, Carré was entertained by Assem Farage at his house, and he left the next day on another horse, which he bought there, as his first one had collapsed from fatigue.

The journey to Baghdad took only six days, but proved far more troublesome to him than that to Ana. He had already begun to lose faith in his guide. He had a quarrel with him on 21 June, and two days later was disgusted at his not having brought sufficient barley for the horses. The Abbé's new horse, unaccustomed to long marches without rest or water, broke down and had to be abandoned on 25 June. That same day he came to an Arab encampment and suspected that the guide intended to betray him to this band of 'veritable desert-robbers'. Though the Sheikh entertained them and gave Carré a horse to take him to Baghdad, the Abbé was convinced that the robbery which befell him three hours after his departure from the camp was committed by his followers. At 11 p.m. fifty Arab horsemen came up and stripped him of his clothes, money, and most of his other belongings, without touching the guide. Fortunately he was able to save his papers and letters, and the robbers left him his horse, a shirt, and an old horse-cloth with which to cover himself. His troubles were not yet ended, for on concealing themselves by the Euphrates they were beset by lions, and each of them had to spend the rest of the night in a tree to escape them. In spite of his woeful position, the Abbé (according to the Journal), instead of bemoaning his misfortune, thanked God for the safety of the royal letters and other papers, against which he treated the loss of his money, etc., as 'a mere bagatelle'. After crossing the river at 'Radouania' (Ridwaniyah) in a coracle, he received kindly help and gifts from Arabs there; and on the 26th he and his guide reached Baghdad (then generally known to Europeans as Babylon), where he stayed (as he had done in 1671) with the Capuchin Fathers. Through their introduction he obtained from a Christian Arab in the town money and other necessaries for continuing his

journey. He decided to travel down the river Tigris, as the land-route was dangerous on account of trouble in Persia and an Arab revolt against the Turks near Basra.

CHAPTER III. *Journey from Baghdad to Kung* (pp. 77–114).

THE ABBÉ, who had resumed his Arab dress, and a Turkish gentleman, whom he allowed to accompany him, left Baghdad on 3 July in a small 'daneque' (danak)—a long narrow boat, resembling the present-day *bellum*—which he had hired with twelve rowers to take him to Basra. The voyage took just a week. On 6 July they reached a part of the Shatt-al-Dijla branch of the river, where it narrowed and there was danger from troops of Arabs on the banks; but Carré's apparent unconcern got them safely through this peril. At 'Houaset' (? Owasa) they got the protection of a large dhow, which carried Turkish soldiers, till the river widened, when they left it and met with no further trouble, except occasional shots at the boat. This source of alarm ceased at 'Sequia' (Zichiyah), where the Turk passed Carré off as a distinguished Frank doctor, and he had to prescribe for a dozen women of the Sheikh's household, before he was allowed to leave. The next day (9 July) he arrived at Basra about 4 p.m. Here Carré, with the help of the Carmelite Fathers, hired a small vessel, known as a trankey (p. 94), to take him to Kung, in the hope of getting a passage there in the Portuguese fleet on its return to Goa. She sailed from Basra on 17 July, but gales, in which she had a narrow escape of being wrecked, delayed her arrival at the mouth of the river till the 19th. From there he set a course for the island of Kharg, taking the tiller himself, as the Arab sailors would otherwise have lost time by following the coastline. Kharg was reached on 21 July and he then passed down the Persian coast to the islands of Nakhilu and Jabrin, where the ship ran on a sand-bank, but luckily a rising tide took her off. This made Carré again take the tiller and he steered by the Pole-star in the open sea. On the 29th to please his frightened crew, he approached the coast, and in the evening at their request stopped at 'Kailo' (probably Nakhilu, off Bu Shu'aib island). As soon as the men had landed, they all fled, abandoning him and the Christian Arab servant he had engaged at Basra.

Here the Abbé was detained for the rest of the day and the

whole of the next one, owing to a dispute with his crew and the machinations of one of the two Sheikhs who ruled the independent tribe inhabiting the place. The crew pretended to be afraid of going to Kung, as they believed him to be a Portuguese, who would get them beheaded there for bad pilotage. The Sheikh demanded half the hire of the ship on their behalf, though the freight was payable only on arrival at Kung. The Journal gives a lively description of the negotiations, which ended in Carré paying 150 abbasis to the Sheikh, to defray the crew's wages and the hire of camels to take him by land to Kung. He left accordingly at midnight on the 30th, and travelling by the valley of Gulshan and Charak, reached Kung on the morning of 5 August.

The same day he succeeded in obtaining from the commander-in-chief of the Portuguese fleet a passage on a small frigate sailing to Goa in two days' time. His conversations there include an interesting account of Portuguese affairs in the Persian Gulf, and of their relations with the King of Muscat, and a characteristic talk with the Shahbandar which evinces the Abbé's solicitude to uphold the high reputation of the French in Persia.

CHAPTER IV. *Journey from Kung to Surat* (pp. 115–165).

ON the afternoon of 7 August, Carré embarked in the ship *St. Francis*, and she left Kung the next day in company with the rest of the Portuguese fleet, which intended to go to Basra. So far he seemed to have succeeded in achieving his object of a speedy transit to India; but impediments now arose. After reaching the island of Larak, where the *St. Francis* left the fleet, she was held up in the strait of Hormuz by calms or contrary winds and currents for twenty-two days, so that she failed to round Cape Jask. By arrangement with her commander, Carré then went to Kung from Henjam (a small island below Qishm, where the ship was sheltering), in order to report her stay there. The Portuguese fleet had returned, and was soon to go to the Gulf of Oman to discuss a truce with the Arabs of Muscat, who were weary of their war with the Portuguese. On the Abbé's return to Henjam, the commander decided to go back to Kung, and the *St. Francis* arrived there on 9 September. On the same day Carré ascertained that the commander-in-chief of the fleet would give him a passage on a ship he intended to send from Muscat to Goa. This saved the

situation for him, after having lost a month in fruitless travelling. He left accordingly in this ship with the fleet on 13 September, after spending the preceding day with some Persian friends in an excursion for falconry, of which the Journal gives an interesting account. He reached Sohar on the Arabian coast on the 24th, and two days later he was given the option of going in a frigate belonging to the fleet to Diu; he chose this, as he considered that he would get to Surat sooner from there than from Goa. He no doubt wanted to deliver dispatches which he had for the French Company's directors at Surat; but the decision delayed the completion of his mission to de la Haye, the French admiral, who was then at St. Thomé, near Madras.

The voyage to Diu was uneventful. After a stay of ten days there, he left on 25 October in a Portuguese galliot, whose commander offered him a passage. That night the vessel anchored by the 'islands of the dead', as they were called in memory of a terrible slaughter of their inhabitants by the Portuguese in 1531, of which the Journal gives an account. Two days later she reached Gogha on the east coast of Kathiawar, and Carré left in an Indian vessel for Broach on 29 October. From there he went with a cart and six peons, kindly provided for him by the Shahbandar, and arrived at Surat on 2 November. His journey from Marseilles to Surat, which began on 10 April, thus lasted 206 days, or nearly seven months. This compares favourably with his reverse journey in the previous year, when he left Surat on 21 February and reached Marseilles on 9 October, i.e. 231 days or nearly eight months; yet the time spent between Baghdad and Surat (3 July to 2 November) had been some twenty days longer than it took him in 1671 (21 February to 4 June).

He put up at the French factory and his stay lasted for over a fortnight. The Journal says he found the French Company's affairs in the same confusion as when he had left in 1671, and surveys in detail what had happened in the interval. In the absence of Caron with the French fleet, Baron and Gueston were the directors in charge. Both tried to dissuade him from going by land to St. Thomé (as he planned to do), because of the dangers and difficulties of the journey. They proposed instead that he should go in one of the ships they intended to send to de la Haye's assistance in two or three month's time; but Carré said he could not wait for so long. They then consented to his project, on con-

dition that a copy of the king's dispatch to the French Viceroy was made and sent separately to him by Indian runners. Before his departure he had a somewhat heated discussion with Gueston over the proposed closing down of the factories at Rajapur and Tellicherry, the latter of which he had seen established in 1670. Carré was strongly opposed to this, and in support of his arguments gave Gueston a written note on the methods of the English and Dutch Companies in managing their factories and the English system of navigation, which he recommended for adoption; the substance of this is reproduced in the text (pp. 160–65). Though he makes insufficient allowance for malpractices that existed in ill contravention of the regulations cited by him, it affords a good instance of the Abbé's power of observation in an unbiased spirit, and his desire to improve French trade, even if his countrymen had to learn from their trade rivals in India.

CHAPTER V. *Journey from Surat to Goa* (pp. 166–220).

THE route followed by Carré in his journey to Bijapur on his way to St. Thomé is roughly shown in the map opposite p. 129. He left Swally on 19 November in a ship belonging to his friend, Capt. Vidal, and reached Daman the next day. On the 22nd he started his land-journey in a palanquin, accompanied by two Kanarese servants and some coolies engaged there. Travelling down the coast, on the 26th he arrived at Bassein, whence he sailed on the 27th past Ghodbandar and Thana to Bombay. Here, for two days, President Aungier was his host at the Fort, and they had long talks, which are detailed in the Journal. Aungier showed his sympathy and goodwill towards the French, not only by the way he spoke of them, but also by at once consenting to release all Frenchmen in the Company's service who desired to leave it for French employ at Surat. On the 30th Carré left in a small vessel procured for him by Aungier and reached Chaul (now called Revadanda) the next day. Finding a difficulty there in getting another vessel to take him to Goa, as pirates were off the coast, he decided to continue his journey by land. He obtained a passport to Rajapur from Shivaji's governor in upper Chaul, and left on 6 December, after engaging a palanquin with eight strong carriers, as well as some coolies to carry his luggage. He went by boat to Ashtami, and thence in his palanquin to Kalvan. For the

next six days he had a troublesome journey, mostly in hilly country on the edge of the Western Ghats, *via* Goregaon, Dasgaon, Khed, and Chiplun. The next two days were pleasanter, as the route lay through fertile valleys and plains. On 13 December he came across a sounder of pig, a raging tiger, and two nilgais, which were being hunted by villagers; and he gave the *coup de grâce* to the tiger with his gun. After two more days' travelling, he arrived at Rajapur, where he stayed at the French factory. He was glad to find it in good order, due to the excellent management of its chief, M. Boureau, who had gone to Tellicherry to dissolve the factory, as ordered by the directors at Surat. The Abbé left on the 19th, and after more mountain-climbing followed a level path to Kharepatan. The next three days he made good progress and on the evening of 23 December reached Bicholim. There he stayed with its bishop, whose see was known as Hierapolis. The latter was a converted Kanarese Brahman and an old friend of the Abbé, who sympathized with his sufferings from persecution by the Goa ecclesiastical authorities, as detailed in the Journal. Being in a hurry to complete the journey, Carré left early next morning and came to Goa at noon the same day.

He spent six days there in the house of the Carmelite Fathers. He found much to criticize in what he saw at Goa or already knew about it, as is vividly told in the Journal. The only thing that seems to have won his full praise was the surrounding country. which was beautiful and fertile. At the request of the Portuguese Viceroy, he reluctantly had an interview with him on the 27th and tried unsuccessfully to induce him to release Frenchmen who had deserted from de la Haye at St. Thomé, and entered Portuguese service. His account of the interview depicts the jealousy of the Viceroy at hearing de la Haye also called a Viceroy, and his objection to the French capture of St. Thomé, a town that he said rightly belonged to the Portuguese, though it had been in the possession of Golconda for over ten years. He spent two more days at Goa, to try to smuggle some Frenchmen out of the town, but was frustrated by the Viceroy's vigilance.

CHAPTER VI. *Journey from Goa to Bijapur* (pp. 221–270).

ON 30 December Carré left in a boat to return to Bicholim by river. He had some trouble at a nearby fort, whose commandant

had received orders to arrest Frenchmen travelling without a passport from the Viceroy: this he overcame with the help of the Superior of the Carmelite Fathers. At Bicholim the bishop assisted him in preparing for the next stage of his journey, as also did the Moslem governor there. He started on New Year's day, 1673, on the first part of his journey, viz. to Raybag, a place now in the Kolhapur state, the march to which was supposed to take six days. This Carré accomplished, but evidently found the travelling very tiring. On 3 January he had an arduous ascent up a steep and narrow path to the summit of the Ramghat pass over the Ghats; this he and his men reached at noon, worn out with their travel since daybreak. On the way they met two wild-looking persons with long beards and wearing tiger-skins, whose yells frightened his escort; their dogs were hunting boars, one of which Carré stopped with a musket-shot. He spent the night at Chandgad, and the Journal here discusses the hard lot of the coolies he met carrying heavy burdens over the mountain, and discloses that he paid his men only Rs.3 each for the trip from Bicholim to Bijapur, without his having to provide food or drink for them.

The worst part of the journey was now over, but the exhausting heat tried him. On 5 January he reached Hukeri, where he felt very ill from fever and thought he would hardly be able to finish the journey. His condition was aggravated by his having to accept an invitation from the Moslem governor (the son of a Bijapur general known as Rustam Zaman, of whose exploits the Journal gives a far from accurate account) to a supper which lasted 'three weary hours', with a nautch to follow. Though feeling so ill, he left before daybreak on the 6th to avoid further trials of that kind, and reached Raybag by nightfall, after a fatiguing march through famine-stricken country. He felt too ill to see its governor till the morning of the 8th; and the Journal account of the interview leads him to a long discourse on the sad condition of women in a royal seraglio, such as that of the King of Bijapur, which he contrasts with the happier lot of nuns in France. He brought in the same comparison in his talk with the governor, who gave him a passport and lent him two peons to accompany him to Bijapur, as a protection against rude soldiery on the way. Meanwhile on 7 January he received a visit from a Portuguese fidalgo (gentleman), called Dom Pedro de Castro,

who wanted the Abbé to accompany him and his large retinue to Bijapur. The Journal gives a long story (also contained in the Abbé's book, II, 88–128) of this miscreant's misdeeds, including his rebellion against a former Viceroy of Goa and his treacherous abduction of two Portuguese ladies, whom he sold to a Muhammadan prince at Bijapur. This is told with a picturesque elaboration, which is omitted in his book and would be more appropriate in a novel. After punishment for his crimes, he was now on his way to Bijapur, to seek the protection of some nobleman and possibly become a renegade Moslem there. He was not, however, ready to start, and Carré resolved to leave without him. Travelling all day on the 9th and 10th in intense heat, he reached Athni, some twenty-five miles away; a fair was then in progress, and the Journal gives a graphic account of the feats of fakirs, acrobats, and dancers, which he saw there. On the 11th the heat was again excessive, and he cooled himself by bathing in the rivers he crossed and drinking their water—a peril to his health against which his servants warned him. At noon he became very ill and almost collapsed into unconsciousness for four hours. He recovered, however, sufficiently to resume the journey, but passed the night at Telsang in a feverish condition. At dawn on the 12th he moved on, as his people promised to complete the remaining twenty-four miles to Bijapur in two days. By marching part of the night, as well as during the day, he succeeded in reaching Bijapur on the afternoon of 13 January, though he had a bad shivering fit that morning. Here he found the caravanserai full, and was obliged to get a lodging elsewhere.

CHAPTER VII. *His severe illness at Bijapur* (pp. 271–315).

CARRÉ was destined to remain here for seven weeks with a bad attack of fever that had developed during his journey. It was of the malignant type[1], and required careful treatment, such as was not available at Bijapur, where there were no European doctors. In any case medical knowledge was very defective in those days, and the treatment given for fever was often more calculated to kill than to cure. It was fortunate, however, that one of his servants found a Persian called Khwaja Abdullah, whom Carré had

[1] See the opinion given by Lt.-Col. Gordon Tucker, I.M.S. (Retd.), at p. 302 *post*.

met at Mirjan on the Malabar coast in 1668. He was then its governor, and was now an officer of the court at Bijapur. On hearing of the Abbé's illness, he at once came to see him and wanted to take him to his house. Carré feared that the crowd of people daily frequenting it would make it too noisy for him; and when the fidalgo, Dom Pedro, who had meanwhile arrived, offered to put him up in his house outside the town, he (to his subsequent regret) accepted the offer and was carried there.

According to the Journal, his fever increased and continued uninterruptedly for some thirty to thirty-five days. He thought he was going to die, and sent one of his servants to Golconda, on a fruitless mission to fetch a priest from there. On 12 February, having no hope of recovery, he confided his papers to two of his Christian servants, with instructions (which they swore to observe) to deliver them to de la Haye at St. Thomé, in the event of his death. The crisis of his illness came on 16 February, when he suffered from swelling (dropsy) all over his body. He had Abdullah summoned, and in his presence made an inventory of his belongings and wrote his will in Portuguese. Abdullah made a copy of this in Persian, which he kept, and Dom Pedro retained the original. That night the Abbé lost consciousness and was taken for dead. Next morning it was intended to bury him; but his servants, on lifting the shroud that covered his face, found his eyes moving from side to side. They informed Abdullah, who had fortunately come to enquire how he was, and who found him still breathing and his pulse in weak action. In the night he had a relapse, but was revived; and at dawn on the 18th he was able to recognize people. He then gradually regained his power of speech and other senses. Some clumsy bleeding with an old lancet relieved the dropsy, and by 24 February he was able to receive visits from four Frenchmen, who had deserted from de la Haye's squadron at St. Thomé.

For the long account of his interviews with them, as well as the way in which he managed to defeat the fraudulent conduct of the fidalgo, and other incidents of his illness, the reader is referred to the text. On 1 March Carré was removed to Abdullah's house, as he feared the vindictiveness of Dom Pedro. By the 3rd he was fit enough to prepare for a speedy departure to Golconda. He managed to send Dom Pedro misleading information that he designed to go to Goa; at the same time he planned to take with

him to Golconda the fidalgo's Christian servants, who were afraid their master would force them to turn Moslem with himself. He succeeded satisfactorily in both objects, as related in the Journal. It also gives information (though far from correct) about the relations of Aurangzeb and Shivaji with the Bijapur and Golconda states, which Carré may have got from Abdullah. He left the next day for Golconda (vol. 2).

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Bom. City Gaz.	*The Gazetteer of Bombay City and Island.* 3 vols. Bombay, 1909–10.
Bom. Govt. Sel.	*Selections from Records of the Government of Bombay.*
Bom. Pres. Gaz.	*Bombay Presidency Gazetteer.* Edited by J. Campbell and R. E. Enthoven. 27 vols. Bombay, 1896–1904.
BOWREY (THOMAS).	*A Geographical Account of the Countries round the Bay of Bengal,* 1669–79. Edited by Sir Richard Temple. Hakluyt Society, 1905.
B.J.	*The first Century of British Justice in India.* By Sir Charles Fawcett. Oxford, 1934.
Cal. S.P. Dom.	*The Calendar of State Papers, Domestic.*
C.H.I.	*The Cambridge History of India,* vol. IV, *The Moghul Period,* and vol. V, *British India.*
C.M.H.	*The Cambridge Modern History,* 14 vols. Cambridge, 1907–12.
CARRÉ'S BOOK.	*Voyage des Indes Orientales.* 2 vols. Paris, 1699.
Cath. Enc.	*The Catholic Encyclopedia.* 15 vols. New York, 1907–13.
CHARDIN (JEAN) OR SIR JOHN CHARDIN.	
Travels.	*Travels of, into Persia and the East Indies.* London, 1686.
Coronation.	*The Coronation of Soliman III, King of Persia.* Appendix to above.
Journal.	*Journal de son voyage en Perse et aux Indes Orientales.* 3 vols. Amsterdam, 1686.
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CHURCHILL (A. and J.).	*Voyages,* 1st edn. 4 vols. London, 1704.
Ct. Min.	*A Calendar of the Court Minutes, etc., of the East India Company,* 1635–79. 11 vols. Oxford, 1907–38.
CURZON (GEORGE N.).	*Persia and the Persian Question.* 2 vols. London, 1892.
DANVERS (F. C.).	*The Portuguese in India.* 2 vols. London, 1894.
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DELLA VALLE (PIETRO).	*Viaggi,* 4 vols. Venice, 1667.
	Translation of an earlier edition of the above by G. Havers. London, 1644.
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DELLON (DR. C).	
(1) *Voyage.*	*Relation d'un voyage des Indes Orientales.* 2 vols. Paris, 1689.
	Translation of the above by J. Crull. London, 1698.
(2) *Inquisition.*	*Histoire de l'Inquisition de Goa.* Amsterdam, 1687.
	Translation of the above. Hull, 1812.
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D.N.B.	*Dictionary of National Biography.* 22 vols. London, 1885–1901.
DUBOIS (ABBÉ J. A.).	*Hindu Manners, Customs, and Ceremonies.* Translated and edited by Henry Beauchamp. Oxford, 1897.
E.H.I.	Elliot and Dowson's *History of India.* 8 vols. London, 1867–77.
Enc. Brit.	*Encyclopaedia Britannica.* 14th edn. 1929.
E.F. (1618–69).	*The English Factories in India,* 1618–69. Edited by Sir William Foster. Oxford, 1906–27.
I, (II, see p. xxxvi).	Do. new series, vol. I. Edited by Sir Charles Fawcett. Oxford, 1936.
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GRANT DUFF (JAMES).	*A History of the Mahrattas.* 3 vols. Reprint, Calcutta, 1918.
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HAVART (DR. DANIEL).	*Op-en-Ondergang van Cormandel.* Amsterdam, 1693.
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Hist. MSS. Commn.	Reports of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts, 1870–1938. London.
Hobson-Jobson.	A Glossary of Anglo-Indian words, etc., by Sir Henry Yule and A. C. Burnell. 2nd edn. edited by W. Crooke. London, 1903.
HUNTER (SIR WILLIAM).	*History of British India.* 2 vols. London, 1900.
Imp. Gaz. Ind.	*Imperial Gazetteer of India.* 3rd edn. 26 vols. Oxford, 1907–09.
Ind. Ant.	*The Indian Antiquary,* 1872–1933. 63 vols.
JASB.	*Journal of the [now Royal] Asiatic Society of Bengal.*
JRAS.	*Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society.*
JBBRAS.	*Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, Bombay branch.*

Journal, the.	*Journal du Voyage des Grandes Indes*, 1670–74. Anonymous. Paris, 1698.
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KHAN (SHAFAAT AHMAD).	*Sources for the History of British India in 17th century*. Oxford, 1926.
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LOVE (COL. H. D.).	*Vestiges of Old Madras*. 4 vols. London, 1913.
M.R.	Madras Printed Records: Diaries and Consultation Books, 1672–78, 1679, etc.
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O.E.D.	Oxford English Dictionary: *A new English Dictionary on Historical Principles*. Edited by James Murray and others. Oxford, 1888–1933.
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	Shivaji. London, 1929.
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S.M.	The Diaries of Streynsham Master, 1675–80. Edited by Sir Richard Temple. 2 vols. London, 1911.
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(1) *Voyages.*	*Les Six Voyages de*. 2 vols. Paris, 1681.
	Translation of an earlier edn. of the above by John Phillips. London, 1677.

(2) *Travels.*	*Travels in India.* Translated by V. Ball and edited by W. Crooke. 2 vols. London, 1925.
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INDIA OFFICE MANUSCRIPT RECORDS

F.R.	Factory Records.	L.B.	Letter Book.
Bom.	Bombay F.R.	M.R.	see list above.
F.S.G.	Fort St. George F.R.	Mar. Rec.	Marine Records.
Mas.	Masulipatam F.R.	O.C.	Original Correspondence.
Sur.	Surat F.R.	con.	consultation.
Misc.	Miscellaneous.	sec.	section.

Records are cited according to the ordinary method of citing Law Reports, e.g. 17 F.S.G. 43 means p. 43 of vol. 17 of the Fort St. George series in the Factory Records. Each volume usually contains two or more sections, and a particular page cited is that of the section containing documents of the year mentioned or dealt with in the text. In citing O.C. the No. of a document is given, not the volume in which it is contained. The latter can be ascertained from the List of Factory Records in the India Office.

OTHER ABBREVIATIONS

Arab, *or* Ar.	Arabic.	Geog.	Geographical.
Arch.	Archaeological.	Guj.	Gujarati.
Biog. Gén.	Biographie Générale.	Hind.	Hindustani.
		Mal.	Malayalam.
Biog. Univ.	Biographie Universelle.	Mar.	Marathi.
Dict.	Dictionary *or* Dictionnaire.	Pers.	Persian.
		Port.	Portuguese.
Enc.	Encyclopaedia, Encyclopédie, *or* Enciclopedia.	Sheet.	Survey of India Sheet.
		Skt.	Sanskrit.
		Tam.	Tamil.

[Author's Dedication]

To the Directors of the General Chamber of the Royal Company in the East

Gentlemen,

The honour you have done me in receiving with such kindness the account of my first travels to India [and back][1] has induced me in this second journey to work with even more care and exactitude in the investigation of everything which relates to the welfare of your Royal Company. Therefore I present you with this second work, a stainless mirror, in which I show clearly the most hidden and secret things that have occurred in the administration of your trade in these distant Eastern lands. You will see there in the first place an easy and agreeable way overland[2], with the manner of living and travelling in the kingdoms of Asia. You will see the methods, the feelings, and the enterprises of those who have administered your affairs in these countries. You will see the state of all your offices and establishments, and how Eastern kings and princes court and protect your Company's settlements in their countries. You will see the trade methods of other European nations. You will see the churches of our Christians, and their different manner of living to our own. In short, gentlemen, you will realize that I have worked solely to gain the honour of your goodwill and protection by revealing sincerely the truths you ought to know for the good of your affairs, to which I shall dedicate the rest of my life. I have no other desire than to show you that I am always ready to sacrifice myself in your service, and I seek no other reward. I am your very humble and very obedient servant,

L'Abé [*sic*] Carré

[1] MS. *mes premiers voyages aux Indies*. This refers to a manuscript account of these travels, and not to his book *Voyage des Indes Orientales &c.* (see p. xix *ante*), which was not published till 1699. Cf. the reference to his 'last year's Journal' and 'my first Journal' at pp. 74, 145 *post*.

[2] This (though probably not so intended) sounds like sarcasm, when read with the subsequent account in chapters II and III of the difficulties and perils of Carré's overland journey from Alexandretta to Basra.

NOTE

In the text of this volume, pages 3 to 223 (except the last two lines) relate to the year 1672, and the rest to 1673. Headings showing the relevant month and year are given only in portions of the text where those data are not otherwise readily available.

CHAPTER I

JOURNEY FROM PARIS TO ALEXANDRETTA

Wednesday, 16 March 1672. After having spent all the morning working at Versailles in M. Colbert's[1] mansion, I was called—when the King's Council rose at midday—into his office to receive His Majesty's dispatches for my journey to India, with orders to go at once to Paris and collect other packets which were in the hands of M. Berier. As I had, therefore, to receive the orders and dispatches for the East India Company, I stayed a few days in Paris, to call on and take leave of the Directors of the General Chamber, who showed me great kindness and expressed their satisfaction with my previous journey in the East in the Company's service.

Saturday, 26 March. Having gone to pray at the Church of Notre Dame, before whom I laid all my cares and anxieties for the dangerous journey I was undertaking, I took my place in the Lyons diligence. There was not a town or village on our route that was not full of soldiers, who were marching and being levied hurriedly from all quarters[2], but in such an orderly manner as is seldom seen in France. No complaints of disorders or robberies were reported in the transit of these troops; and their conduct was so admirable in every place they passed, as to enhance the credit and glory of our great monarch. He had himself organized this marvellous discipline in his army. On this route I also admired the important works which were being done all over France by order of the first genius of our kingdom, M. Colbert, in order to enlarge, level, and embellish the royal roads, so as to make them easy and pleasant, not only for travellers, but also for the convenience of trade and commerce, which this great man wishes to bring from all parts of the world to enrich our own kingdom.

Thursday, last day of March. About noon I arrived at Lyons,

[1] Jean Baptiste Colbert (1619–83), the famous minister of Louis XIV.

[2] The marching mentioned by Carré was probably due to the threatened approach of war, as the Third Dutch War (1672–4) was then near its start. On 5 March orders were issued in England for the seizure of Dutch vessels; the first seizure was made on 7 March; and on 13 March Sir Robert Holmes, the English admiral, met and attacked the Dutch Smyrna convoy in the Channel (*Cal. S.P. Dom.*, 1671–2, pp. vii–ix). French preparations were also taking place (E. Lavisse, *Histoire de France*, VII, 308).

where I passed the rest of the day visiting some of the Directors and those who had interests in the East India Company. They gave me some letters for their relations and friends in the East Indies.

Next day, 1 April. I hired a boat to take me to Avignon. I embarked at midday with a fine set of naval officers who were going to Marseilles and Toullon [Toulon]. Having stocked the boat with provisions, so as not to be obliged to stop anywhere, we made the trip down the Rhône very quickly.

Sunday, 3 April. At dawn we arrived at the port of Avignon, where we were detained for half an hour awaiting the magistrates' permission to enter the town. They sent some officers of the Italian garrison[1] to escort us to the hotel, to which our luggage was also taken. Afterwards I urged all my travelling companions not to neglect our Christian duty; so we went to hear High Mass at the Cathedral. Here an incident occurred which might have been very serious for us. We had with us a young Parisian gentleman, who had never left his own country before and was completely ignorant of the customs and religious observances of the Italians. There are here several Penitential Brotherhoods of the inhabitants and principal townspeople, who have the following custom on Sundays, Fêtes, Pardons, and during the whole of Lent. They wear long gowns and cover the head with a pointed hood which completely hides the face. In this get-up, being completely unrecognizable, they post themselves at street corners and churches for whole days to collect alms for the poor, for prisoners, for the ransom of slaves, and for similar afflicted folk. Our young Parisian, never having seen or heard of such observances, entered into the church with us, and as he turned to take holy water he was terrified to see one of these hooded Penitents, who held out a cup for alms. He gave a loud cry, shrank back three paces, and drew his sword, shouting that it was a devil who had tried to lay hands on him. This caused a great commotion at the end of the church, which was full of people. Some burst out laughing at the astonishment of the young man; others, more pious, murmured against us, thinking that it was an intentional insult in the church

1 There was an Italian garrison at Avignon because the town was in the possession of the Popes, who governed it by means of legates (F. Castrucci, *Historia della citta d'Avignona*, 1, 292, 487–94). This lasted from 1348 to the French Revolution in 1793

to the Penitent whose appearance was indeed ghostlike. We had some difficulty in smoothing over this affair, as they actually threatened us with no less than the Inquisition—a piece of justice difficult for us French to stomach. At last I was obliged to seek the help of the clergy of the church. On being told of the fright and innocence of the young man, they treated the affair as laughable and escorted us back into safety. Following all this, while food was being prepared for us, we ordered horses to take us to Marseilles, and at two o'clock we took the road with all speed through a mountainous district, much wilder than our lovely French countryside.

Monday, 4 April. Having arrived very early at Marseilles, I called to pay my respects to M. Arnou[1]—the Intendant-General of His Majesty's galleys, who greeted me warmly, and offered me a room. I excused myself, but promised to take all my meals with him during my stay in Marseilles. He showed the greatest interest in the accounts of my travels in the East, and would have liked me to talk about them for several days. The anxiety I felt about finding the means of getting quickly to the Levant left me no liberty to think of anything else. I visited all the ships in port and saw the masters of some smaller craft; also the Marseilles merchants who had correspondence or trade with Cyprus, Aleppo, Saida[2], Alexandria, and other Levantine ports. I found only two ships, which, however, were not sailing for two months. There were some barques[3] for Malta, Cyprus, and Alexandretta, but these also had to wait for a considerable time; moreover there was a great risk of their being captured by Barbary pirates. So, having

[1] 'Arnould' appears to have been the proper spelling of his name: E. Lavisse, *Histoire de France*, VII, 249, refers to him as 'l'intendant de galères à Marseille' in 1668.

[2] MS. *Sayde*: a town about 20 miles south of Beirut, on the site of the ancient Sidon. At the beginning of the seventeenth century its importance was restored by the famous emir, Fakhr-ed-Din, who induced French traders to settle in the town. Thence, after his overland journey from Bandar Abbas in 1671, Carré sailed for France, and his book, *Voyage, &c.* (I, 375–87), contains a description of it and its neighbourhood. It was then a town of considerable commercial importance, with a large population (ibid. I, 380).

[3] Carré does not use 'barque' in its modern English technical sense, but applies it to boats of varying types, excluding the smaller and larger sizes. Thus he includes boats on the Tigris, but not the small 'daneque' in which he did most of his journey from Baghdad to Basra (pp. 78, 79). He also crosses the river Narbada in a barque (p. 141). As to sea-going vessels, he uses the word to cover

searched in vain on every side, I went back very depressed to the Intendant's house. On learning of the anxiety and trouble my stay in Marseilles was causing me, he promised to use his authority on my behalf. He sent several of his people to see what means they could find to hasten my departure. Just as I could see no remedy against a long stay in Marseilles, God and the Holy Virgin, who always helped me in my first travels, now relieved my anxiety in a way I had not contemplated.

Thursday, 7 April. While at dinner with the Intendant, news was brought to him of the return of two galleys which had taken the French ambassador to Rome. Shortly afterwards, the galleys having entered the port, their officers came up to pay their respects and to give an account of their good voyage. I lost no time in asking these officers if they could tell me of any Italian ships which might be going to the Levant. They informed me that there were two or three English and French vessels at Leghorn which were loading up for Cyprus and Alexandretta. I cannot express the joy this news gave me, nor the promptitude with which I sought means of getting to Italy quickly. This was easy enough, as there were two ships and about twenty smaller craft laden with corn, which were waiting only for a favourable wind to sail to Italy, where the dearth of corn was very great, so that before the evening I found a small merchantman of Marseilles bound for Leghorn, in which I hoped to sail the next day or the day after. All these ships were delayed only by contrary winds, which prevented their putting out to sea; but finally, having waited in vain for three days and seeing the persistence of the wind, my anxiety became even greater than before. I feared that, if this bad weather continued, I should lose the chance of reaching Leghorn in time to sail in one of the ships bound for the Levant. I therefore decided to change my plans and resolved to go by land to Leghorn. I was

a Dutch merchantman armed for service in the Mediterranean as a privateer (pp. 18–9, 21), and vessels used for navigation in the Persian Gulf and Arabian Sea (pp. 94, 115, 129), but not for fishing-boats (pp. 119–20). This substantially accords with the French usage of the word in the seventeenth century, which (as noted in the *O.E.D. s.v.* 'Bark'), R. Cotgrave's *French and English Dictionary* (ed. 1611 and 1660), *s.v.* 'Barque', sums up as 'a barque, little ship, great boat'. Cf. *Dictionnaire de Trévoux* (1721), I, 882. But we have been advised, in order to avoid misapprehension, to substitute other expressions for the word where it is used hereafter. Carré's other general terms are *bateau*, translated as boat, and *navire* or *bâtiment*, translated as ship or vessel.

warned of the difficulty of the road with its dangerous mountains and ravines, where no horse nor carriage can risk going, and which are ordinarily infested with bandits. Still all this did not change my determination not to lose any more time at Marseilles. Accordingly, on the evening of Saturday the 9th, I sent for well-known and reliable muleteers. I showed them all that I wished to take with me and bargained for a litter to Cannes, the last place to which they could go. Having arranged everything, I gave them orders to be ready early next morning.

10 *April. Palm Sunday.* An hour before daybreak I went to pray at the Convent of the Order of the Fathers the Observants of Jerusalem,[1] and placed myself in the care of the Holy Virgin. I then returned to my lodgings, where my litter awaited me. I packed my things in it, and started off about seven in the morning. I reached my destination in two days without mishap.

Tuesday, 12 *April.* At noon I arrived at Cannes, where I was obliged to leave my litter, as it could go no farther owing to the state of the mountain roads, which are simply hewn out of the rock side. Being rather worried, I went to the Consul of the place[2] and asked him to advise me as to the quickest and best way of getting to Genoa. He suggested two alternatives, viz. by sea or by land; but owing to the weather both were dangerous. The sea had been so stormy the last fifteen days that it was impossible for any ship to leave. On the other hand, the road was so rough and difficult that few people ever wished to try it. I discussed the

[1] The word 'convent', instead of 'monastery' (except when Carré himself employs the word 'monastère', as at p. 133 *post*), is retained here and elsewhere, as it was usual in those days. The 'Observants' are a branch of the Franciscans, who observe the rule of St. Francis to live in poverty more strictly than the other branch called the 'Conventuals'. The Pope had given the Franciscans the custody of the 'Terra Santa' in Jerusalem.

[2] From the thirteenth century the title of consul was given in towns of the south of France to municipal magistrates. The number in a town varied according to its size, etc., and they were generally elected annually by the *bourgeois* or nobility. Thus in Nice (which in 1672 was under the Duke of Savoy) there were four consuls, each representing one of the four classes into which the inhabitants were divided. Cannes, being then little more than a fishing-village, probably had only one. They commanded the militia, administered the town, and if the 'commune' had jurisdictional rights, also administered justice (Larousse, *Grande Enc.* XII, 759; L. Durante, *Histoire de Nice*, I, 344–5; *Enc. Brit.*, 11th edn., VII, 20, which, however, seems to err in saying that their duties were confined to deciding trade disputes).

matter for some time with the Consul without deciding anything. I then returned to the hotel. Just as I was sitting down to table, a well-dressed Provençal gentleman arrived with a suite of six horses. As he entered the room where I was, I rose politely and offered him a seat. He received my salutation very courteously, and sitting down at my table we discussed the places to which we wanted to go. As he was very weary of riding on the bad roads over which he had passed, he was delighted to take my litter back to Marseilles, whither he was bound. He urged me not to take the land route by which he had come himself. He had lost two horses which fell down precipices, and had with difficulty escaped ambushes by brigands, who had attacked him several times in the dangerous forests and mountains just traversed by him. It seemed that God had sent me this worthy man, not only to dissuade me from taking the bad land route, but also to help me in my difficulties.

I had remarked the deference with which he was greeted on arrival by the Consul and the principal persons of the town. It showed me that he was a person of position and credit in these parts. I therefore spoke more openly and informed him I was on urgent business in the king's service which prevented me from lingering anywhere. I told him I wished to hire a felucca to take me to Genoa. He was kind enough to say that he would not leave without helping me to carry out my intentions. He immediately sent for the Consul and ordered him to summon all the masters of the merchantmen then in the port. They came to the hotel in less than an hour, and he discussed with them whether the weather permitted a start. They all objected, alleging that the sea was too stormy and the wind too set in the north-west, which is the prevailing wind off this coast.[1] We then made them a proposal to take a felucca to Genoa with ten or twelve extra men to row; but we could not persuade them to it. However, having long experience of sailors, I knew the best way to get them to brave the risks and perils of this inconstant element. I impressed upon them that I did not wish their destruction, nor that they should sail without due regard to the raging tempest, as I too was going with them. I only asked them, if possible, to get twenty strong men and a good captain, and so try the passage; also I should not mind giving them

[1] According to the *Mediterranean Pilot*, vol. II, p. 8, N.W. winds predominate at Marseilles in the winter and are sometimes strong from October to April.

a dozen pistoles[1] more than their ordinary pay. They were dumbfounded and consulted one another with their eyes. One of them came forward and holding out his hand told me the affair was settled, and that he would take me wherever I wanted to go. Having arranged matters with the captain, I gave him a couple of crowns to wet the deal. He went at once to engage twenty-five of the best sailors in the port, and brought them to me. I advanced two-thirds of their pay to buy provisions, and they went off to get their felucca ready to start that night. The fear I had of not being able to sail made me go down three or four times to the port to hurry them up. I am sure, however, that without the authority of my gentleman, the help of the Consul, and also the money I had advanced, I would not have been able to induce them to sail—good sailors though they were and accustomed to the storms and gales of this sea. For I observed not only a great repugnance on their part, which much displeased me, but also the hostility shown by their wives and children, who, seeing the haste with which they were working to put to sea, came down to the shore and with loud cries of despair tried to prevent them from going.

At last, about five o'clock in the evening, having seen my felucca and my people in the state in which I wished them to be, I went back to my hotel and had a collation with my gentleman, whom I thanked a thousand times for his help. I also went and thanked the Consul. At eight o'clock that night, the wind having dropped a little, I sent my luggage on board and started off with all my crew; they had some difficulty in making headway by rowing, but though the sea was very high with raging billows, we kept about three leagues out, hoping the wind and waves would calm down a bit. About ten o'clock, seeing that the clouds were lifting a little and the weather clearing, all my men gave thanks to God and the Holy Virgin, and held out great hopes of reaching our destination. After these prayers they tried to hoist a sail and came up into the wind with the greatest difficulty. We continued like this till nearly midnight, when the wind freshened in such a way that we were obliged to lower our sail as quickly as possible and unship our mast. The sea became so stormy that we feared every moment we should be swamped by these mountainous waves

[1] The pistole—a Spanish coin—was then worth about 17*s*. (Tavernier's *Travels*, I, 328.)

around us, which plunged us into abysses, and then lifted us sky high. Our felucca shipped so much water that half the crew were obliged to bale, while the others pulled with all their strength trying to reach the coast. My poor men, who were half dead and almost without hope of safety, were amazed at my courage. I tried to rally them by distributing some excellent wine which I had in the boat and also by the prospect of a good reward. They made every effort, in spite of the contrary wind, sea, and tide, to reach the port of Mourgues [Monaco][1] which, with Heaven's favour, we at last entered an hour before dawn.

As soon as we had come alongside of the nearest merchantmen already in the harbour, some shore-guards inquired who we were. Seeing our pitiable state and realizing that we had been driven into this place by bad weather, they allowed us to land immediately. My twenty-five men were so exhausted by their efforts to reach the port that they could hardly move, and I was obliged to call some of the merchantmen's sailors to help us. They came at once and took our luggage to an hotel by the sea, where my men settled down as best they could. The first thing I did on arrival was to order a good fire to be lit in a room. I made my sailors undress in front of it, and dry their clothes, as I did myself. We were all as if we had been dragged from the depths of the sea. When they had regained their spirits by this external heat, I ordered the best wine, to warm their interiors while waiting for a meal to be prepared. What worried me the most in all this turmoil was the state of my valise, in which I had my packets and important documents. I opened it on arrival and had the joy of finding everything in good condition. I had had the foresight, before leaving, to have it covered with two thicknesses of waxed cloth inside and leather outside as well, which kept everything dry. After having eaten a little, I was so tired that I went to sleep for three hours: I was as much in need of rest as my sailors.

Wednesday, 13 *April*. As the bad weather continued, I gave my

[1] Monaco (the ancient Portus Herclis Monoechi, or port consecrated to Hercules Monoechus, whose temple was on its promontory) was called 'Mourgues' in the seventeenth century and earlier (Auguste Longnon, *Les Noms de Lieu de la France*, p. 7). Thus A. Furetière, *Dictionnaire Universel* (1727), III, *s.v.* 'Monaco', speaks of the Prince 'de Mourgues ou Monaco': and John Evelyn (*Memoirs*, ed. W. Bray, 1818, I, 73, and ed. A. Dobson, 1906, I, 127), writing in 1644, says: 'We sailed by Morgus [? Morguez, an alternative of Mourgues], now called Monaco'.

sailors a day off to rest and recover from the fatigues of the past night. I employed my time in visiting the town of Mourgues, which is a little principality on the border of Provence and Italy.[1] About ten o'clock in the morning I climbed up a staircase cut in the rock, which took me half an hour. At the end of it I was stopped by three soldiers on guard, and was obliged to argue with them before being allowed to enter the town. I first visited the churches and then the Prince's[2] mansion. The general layout of the place is pleasant enough. The town is situated on a high rock, precipitous on all sides, and visible at a great distance from the sea; and its situation is stronger than the garrison, which has hardly 200 men. There is a good parade ground in the middle of the town in front of the Prince's palace, which also faces the large church and some fine houses. The two other sides are open and face the sea and the harbour. The streets are narrow and irregular. The garrison consists principally of men impressed locally. The harbour is at the base of the rock and is well sheltered from storms and gales, but is suitable merely for small ships and other craft. The principality extends only about twelve to fifteen leagues along the coast[3] and is very mountainous, producing, however, much fruit and wine.

About three o'clock in the afternoon I returned to my hotel, and found all my crew rested and refreshed. They seemed to have forgotten the fatigues and perils of the previous night; they blessed me a thousand times for the kind way I had treated them, and promised to do wonders. This led me to hope that we could continue our voyage that evening. I perceived with pleasure that the wind had dropped and the sea was calmer. This encouraged me to urge the crew not to lose any more time in getting the felucca ready, as they had hauled it up on the beach to caulk it. So that at six o'clock, seeing there was a likelihood of fine weather, we left Mourgues under sail. But there is nothing more deceptive and uncertain than a sea voyage. Hardly had we got out into the

[1] Provence then extended only to Antibes (John Evelyn, ed. Bray, I, 73), and Nice was part of the Savoy principality; but Carré may here treat it as part of France. That the Monaco principality bordered on Italy is explained by its including Mentone (*n.* 3 below).

[2] The Prince was Louis I (1662–1708): Larousse, *Grande Enc.*, XXIV, 50.

[3] The principality then included Roquebrune and Mentone, which revolted in 1848 and were sold to France in 1860 (*Enc. Brit.*, XV, 685; Larousse, *Grande Enc.*, XXIV, 50).

open when the weather clouded over again with a rising wind. We were obliged to shorten sail and hug the coast as much as possible, so as not to be surprised by a gale on the open sea, as in the preceding night. We skirted a high and long mountain range (with waves beating at the base) for about four weary hours. We were then quite unable to withstand the force of the wind and were obliged to make for land as quickly as possible. We sheltered under a high cliff on which is situated the little town of Menton [Mentone], a dependency of Mourgues,[1] We anchored in a small bay which serves the town as a harbour. I took some of my sailors to the first lodging I could find, and left the others in charge of the boat. The little town being on the slope of a high rock is difficult of access.[2] The houses are scattered here and there irregularly, on such sites as are suitable for habitation. The rock has several springs of good running water which benefit the place by irrigating pleasant gardens; these are planted with numerous fruit-trees and produce a quantity of oranges, pomegranates, lemons, and the like. The whole place is fragrant with the delightful perfume of flowers and fruit, pervading it all the year round, as the climate is mild, healthy, and more warm than cold.[3] The inhabitants resemble their climate, being pleasant, cheerful, and ingratiating.

Thursday, 14 *April*. We put to sea in very uncertain weather, which did not permit us to make sail, owing to sudden squalls from the land capable of swamping us, so we kept as near as possible to the coast by rowing. About eight o'clock in the morning we sighted Vintmille [Ventimiglia], the first town of Italy. It has a pleasant situation on the sea coast, with a good aspect and a harbour for small ships. My crew were very worried at the uncertain weather and begged me earnestly to let them take shelter here: but in vain, for I made them keep out to sea as long as we could make headway by sail and oar along a lovely coast, embellished with many little towns, villages, and fine residences. Finally, the weather becoming worse from a strong and persistent wind, we were forced again to take shelter in the port of St.

[1] Mentone, which formerly belonged to Italian families, was purchased by the Grimaldis, lords of Monaco, about the middle of the fourteenth century (*Enc. Brit.*, xv, 259).

[2] The town of the native Mentonese is still inaccessible to wheeled traffic, and lies around a castle, which formerly protected it against pirates.

[3] Mentone is remarkable for the mildness of its climate, being less variable than that of Cannes or Nice (Larousse, *Grande Enc.*, xxiii, 668).

Rhéme [Remo], where, while the crew refreshed themselves, I went to the church of the Recollet Fathers[1] to pray. I attended Divine Mass, which was celebrated with great piety before a good congregation. The town rises from the sea front on a hill,[2] beautified by the verdure of the gardens, orchards, and woods, by which it is surrounded. The harbour is fairly convenient, in a little bay where small ships can shelter in bad weather. Having made a tour of the town, which I found badly built, I visited some gardens outside and bought fruit. I then returned to the port, where I found my crew very irresolute because of the bad weather. We waited patiently till four o'clock, when, the wind having dropped a bit, we re-embarked at once. We placed ourselves, as before, under the protection of God and the Blessed Virgin in a storm that gave us inconceivable trouble for the rest of the day and all the following night. We were obliged to pull without having a moment's respite to hoist a sail.

Good Friday, 15 *April.* At daybreak my mariners were exhausted, having rowed all night without stopping. They wished to land for refreshments, but seeing that this might delay us some time, I prevented them from going near the shore, which was over two leagues distant. The wind having dropped suddenly, I gave them two hours' rest without any other work than to regale themselves with the remains of my wine and provisions, which I gave them. During this rest the weather began to tire of working against us. At seven in the morning we were favoured by a wind which followed us on our course some three leagues off the coast. About ten in the morning we passed near Savona, which lies in a delightful verdant spot. It has a good harbour fortified of late years with strong walls and bastions, which make the view from the sea most pleasing. The port has a good entrance for ships and a mole for galleys; this makes the town an important commercial centre with trade all over Italy. It is a dependency of Genoa.[3] After having spent at least a quarter of an hour in looking at this town, I perceived that my mariners had insidiously approached

[1] The 'Recollets' or 'Recollects', were a branch of the Franciscans, established in A.D. 1500.

[2] The old town at San Remo lies on a steep hill between two short valleys (Baedeker, *Northern Italy*, 1930, p. 260).

[3] The whole history of Savona is that of a long struggle against the preponderance of Genoa (*Enc. Brit.*, XX, 21)

the shore. They all wished to land, saying it was dangerous to keep out in the open sea with so small a craft as ours, which could easily be sunk by a squall before we could make for shelter. But these excuses were of no effect. I represented to them that the weather was fairly good and that we were almost in sight of the walls of Genoa, where we could arrive in two or three hours, taking advantage of the favourable wind and using all our oars; and that we had only a large bay to cross, whereas, if we kept along the shore, it would take us at least two days to cover the distance, as the length of this coast, being semicircular, would add about ten more leagues.

Having persuaded my crew by these arguments and also by the hope of extra pay, we continued about four leagues out to sea, and aided by sail and oars we crossed this large bay. The shore from Savona to Genoa has the appearance of one continuous town, on account of the many towns, villages, palaces, and country houses along it, which make the view of Genoa from the sea one of the most beautiful in the world. We entered at noon into its harbour, where I was made to wait two whole hours before I was allowed to enter the town. It made my crew angry with the officer in charge of the admittance of strangers; and it was only after much argument and my having to give a piece of silver that I was allowed to pass. I went at once to find the French Consul, to complain of having been kept waiting so long. He replied that I need not be surprised at that because of the long-standing dislike the Genoese had of the French nation, which they showed on every possible occasion. As soon as I had found a lodging, I hastened all round the town and port to find a ship bound for the Levant. Having heard of two, I visited them and talked to their captains. They told me they could not start for a month or six weeks, and assured me they were certain that some ships at Leghorn were about to sail immediately for Cyprus and Alexandretta. Without losing a moment, I returned to our Consul and begged him to help me to get to Leghorn quickly.

While he was making inquiries I visited some churches, which are magnificent in this superb town; so I had not time to inspect the rest of the town, whose streets are full of sumptuous and splendid mansions and palaces. I visited the port, where there were a great number of merchant ships—French, Spanish, English, Italian, and Dutch. The last were hard at work to get to sea as

soon as possible, and escape to Holland, on the rumour which was spreading of war by France and England against the Dutch States. There is also a convenient and sheltered mole for galleys; there I found twenty-three armed galleys, which I visited. They appeared very inferior to our French royal galleys, which are one of the sights of Marseilles. When I returned to my hotel at five o'clock, I found our Consul waiting to tell me of a fortunate opportunity of getting to Leghorn, as the Lyons courier to Rome had just arrived. He had the only licence to dispatch a felucca to Leghorn; and this would never have been permitted to any one else, because it was Good Friday. I at once sent my baggage to the port, where I found this courier, Belorin, who was also putting all his things on board. He told me he had sent three times to my lodgings to ask me to come at once to the place of embarkation, whence we would sail together, and that he would allow no one else to take his passage in this felucca.

At six o'clock in the evening we left Genoa in fairly good weather for the rest of the day, but it was very stormy all night and we had great difficulty in doubling two or three capes with the use of oars. We did not dare hoist a sail, because of the gales of wind which blew in furious gusts at every moment.

Saturday, 16 April. About nine o'clock in the morning we entered the bay of Portfinne [Porto Fino][1], a dependency of Genoa. Having struggled so long in the Gulf against contrary winds and tides, we were obliged to put into the port of Lersy[2]—a little town at the head of the bay. We landed and resolved to leave the boat on account of the continuous bad weather. Our courier, who knew this route and was known along it, procured horses and mules for us in less than an hour. We loaded up quickly and did three stages without stopping until the evening, when we arrived at Viorege [Viareggio], a little town under the republic of Lucca[3], where we passed that night.

Easter Sunday, 17 April. We mounted our horses two hours before dawn and arrived about eight o'clock in the morning at Pisa, a large and delightful town. My Lyons courier left me and started

[1] The Roman *Portus Delphinii*, near Rapallo.

[2] Lerici, on the north-east side of the Gulf of Spezia, about 12 miles east-south-east of Spezia.

[3] Lucca became a republic in the reign of the emperor Charles IV (*c.* 1355), first as a democracy, and after 1628 as an oligarchy (*Enc. Brit.*, XIV, 457).

immediately for Rome. I stayed till noon to attend divine service and to pray. I was so charmed with the beauty, richness, and magnificence of the churches that I could never be tired of visiting them, as well as the sumptuous palaces and beautiful streets. The situation of this town is admirable. It is one of the most ancient of Italy, and under the Grand Duke of Florence.[1]

At two o'clock in the afternoon I took a carriage to Leghorn and arrived there in three hours. Before entering the town, I had to open my valise to see if there were any pocket-pistols hidden in my clothes, as arms are forbidden in Italy. They took my gun and my horse-pistols which I had in the carriage. These were deposited in the Town Hall, and I was given a receipt to reclaim them the day I left the place, as you are not allowed to keep such arms with you in Italy. Afterwards a town official conducted me to the hotel where I wished to stay. He took my name and recommended me to the hotel-keeper, with much ceremony in the Italian way. I passed the rest of the day in the Cathedral, which is situated in a large square, the centre of the town. I prayed there and thanked the Holy Virgin for having preserved me in the many perils and dangers through which I had passed in so short a time.

Monday, 18 *April*. I called on M.[2] Cotolendy, the French Consul—a very knowledgeable man of business, well thought of, not only by the local people, but by all strangers, for his prudence, kindness, and ease of access, giving sound and useful advice in all sorts of affairs. This good man received me with all possible civilities and informed me he was the first of our nation to be honoured by the title of Consul. He had only just received the patents from our Most Christian Majesty by the special favour of Monseigneur Colbert,[3] in recognition of the good work he had

[1] After many wars with the Florentines, the city was eventually taken by them in 1509, and thenceforward the Dukes of Florence were lords of Pisa (*Enc. Brit.*, XVII, 956).

[2] MS. *le Sieur*. The latter word is used spasmodically by Carré, but as it is now out of general use, 'Monsieur' or 'M.' has been substituted for Frenchmen, 'Mr.' for Englishmen, and 'Senhor' for Portuguese.

[3] M. Cotolendy probably meant that previously there had been only a Vice-consul at Leghorn, as at Alexandretta (p. 37 *post*). Up to 1706 the number of French consulates was comparatively small (Larousse, *Grande Enc.*, XII, 759–60); and Colbert's reforms included calling in old 'titres' to such posts and issuing new authorizations (E. Lavisse, *Histoire de France*, VII, 249). In any case, therefore, there would be no improbability in the statement of the French Consul at Leghorn.

done for our nation in this country. As soon as I had revealed to him the reason which had brought me to Leghorn, he begged me to rely on him entirely, assuring me that my wishes would be satisfied in a few days. One thing was certain: there was an English ship which was to sail in about eight days for Cyprus and Aleppo. I passed the day with this Consul and visited the churches, the port, the beauty-spots of the town, and some of his friends. Afterwards he entertained me splendidly at his house.

Tuesday, 19 *April.* Our French Consul came to fetch me at my lodgings and we went together to call on the English Consul,[1] who welcomed us warmly. No sooner had we told him of the object of my visit than he assured me he was delighted at this chance of showing the desire he had of rendering a service to our nation. He gave me his word that he would dispatch the ship he was sending to the Levant as soon as possible, and that, as he was interested personally in the best part of the cargo of the said ship, he would give orders for my passage, so that I would receive all possible satisfaction. He told me to be ready to embark as soon as he sent me word. Nothing could have been more courteous and obliging than the actions of the English Consul, who also showed us much friendship before we left. Therefore, finding myself without any more anxiety or trouble, I thanked God and the Holy Virgin, who had inspired me to come by land to Leghorn in time. I should have missed this splendid chance, had I stayed in Marseilles to await a favourable wind for the ships there; they would have arrived in Italy only long after my departure from Leghorn. On return to my hotel I gave orders to prepare the necessary provisions for the voyage, and got all my things ready, so as not to be taken by surprise when required to embark.

I spent the next two days in visiting churches, magnificent palaces, the town hall, and the fortifications of the port and town, which are very good. There are two distinct harbours, one of which is for large ships, and is sheltered from the wind and waves by a long wall with a pleasant quay beside it. The other mole is for galleys and small ships, and is almost shut in, allowing only one galley to pass at a time. Nearby is a customs-house, where every vessel coming to the port has to undergo examina-

[1] The English Consul in 1672 was Ephraim Skinner (*Cal. S.P. Dom.*, 1671–2, 527; 1672, 310).

tion. And it can be said with certainty that Leghorn has the largest trade in Italy, as it is always full of ships from all parts of Europe and merchants from every sort of country. While walking in the merchants' quarter, which is in the centre of the town, I was much surprised to meet several Armenian, Persian, and Indian merchants whom I had known in the East during my first travels. They received me with a thousand caresses and made me go to their houses, where they entertained me in their own fashion. They were overjoyed at finding such a favourable occasion of sending commissions and their news to their own countries, whither I was going.

There were then in the harbour six Dutch merchantmen, who were much troubled at the news of the French and English war against them. Not wishing to run the risk of putting out to sea either to trade or to try to reach Holland, they took a resolution which they deemed both expedient and useful for their affairs. This was to leave four of their ships in port with their merchandise and from all the equipment so provided to arm two of their largest ships as privateers in this sea.[1] They worked at this armament with such speed that they were able to leave on the evening of Thursday, 21 April, to the surprise of everyone. They anchored in the big roadstead, and pretended they only wanted a favourable wind before putting out to sea. But their plan, as we soon learnt, was to await the arrival of several English and French ships, which would come into this port without any misgiving that there were privateers in the place. The said Flemish had not long to wait for what they wished.

Friday, 22 April. At dawn two large vessels arrived off the walls [of Leghorn] at high tide with all sail set to enter the port. As they drew near, they hoisted their white flags[2] to show they were French. At the same time the two Dutch ships in the roadstead raised anchor and bore down, with full sail, on the two French ships. The latter, seeing the design of these corsairs, made out to sea, and soon showed they sailed faster than the Flemish, who, not

[1] This arming of two Dutch ships is corroborated by reliable intelligence from Leghorn, mentioned in a letter of 29 April 1672 (*Cal. S. P. Dom.*, 1671–2, p. 390), to the effect that two or three Dutch ships at that place had re-landed their goods, and 'were fitting as men-of-war, doubtless aiming at English or French'.

[2] This was the white standard of the Bourbons, powdered with fleurs-de-lis.

being able to overtake them, fired several rounds of cannon, both to intimidate and to try to dismast them. As all this took place within sight of the town and near land, the whole harbour and beaches were crowded with thousands of people, who ran from every quarter to see what was happening. The four ships kept near one another all day, but were lost to sight at nightfall without the result being known.

Next day this affair caused great excitement in Leghorn. The foreign consuls and many merchants went in a body to the Town Hall to complain to the magistrates as to the damage they would suffer if privateers waited in the roadstead to attack merchant-shipping trading with the town. The rest of the Dutch crews, who were still in port, were cited to appear. They pretended that their ships had left port and stayed in the roadstead only to await a favourable wind for sailing, but the merchants were not satisfied with these statements. They loudly protested that ships in a commercial port like Leghorn ought not to be allowed to convert themselves into privateers. All this uproar ceased at noon, on the arrival of the two French ships, which, under cover of night, had escaped from the two Dutch and continued their voyage to this port. Everyone rushed down to hear the news of how these two ships had escaped. I found myself also at the harbour, just as their captains landed. I accosted one of them, a Marseilles man, called Chaslons. He told me he came from Lisbon in Portugal, where he had seen a ship called the *Aigle d'Or*, which had just arrived from the East Indies, laden with a rich cargo. She had been obliged to put into that port, as she had lost nearly all her crew from sickness. I was overjoyed at this news, as in France the ship was considered lost; there had been no news of her since 8 January 1671, when I had seen her leave Surat on her return to France.[1] I had been able to give the news of this departure eight months later [p. xxiv], though I had left Surat two months after it. They were working very hard to equip seven galleys in the harbour to get them ready for sea as soon as possible; five belonging to the town were destined for Naples, Messina, and elsewhere in Italy; the other two

[1] According to his book, *Voyage, &c.* (I, 143), Carré left Surat on 21 February 1671, so he would have been able to see the departure of the *Aigle d'Or*. Colbert, on hearing that the vessel had been obliged to put into Lisbon, sent an escort for her, on account of the Dutch war; and she did not reach France till August 1672 (Kaeppelin, p. 38).

belonged to the king of England.[1] They were going on a cruise and also to serve as escort to several English merchantmen which were trading on the Italian coast and in the Levantine Seas.

Sunday, 24 April. I was warned at noon by the English Consul to send all my luggage to the port, where (to facilitate my embarkation) he had ordered the ship's boat to come for me. I brought all my provisions and belongings down and sent them on board the English ship. I did not go myself, as I heard they were not sailing until the next day. I passed the rest of the time with the Persian, Indian, and Armenian merchants, who gave me some important commissions for Babylon,[2] Persia, and other Asiatic places.

Monday, 25 April. In the morning I went on board the English ship, the *Sunflower*,[3] which mounted 32 twelve- and eighteen-pounders, had a crew of 40, and was of 400 tons. She was commanded by Captain Guillelme Tuisdem [William Twisden], a young man aged about 28 to 30, son of a member of the London Parliament.[4] He was an expert and clever seaman, but somewhat

[1] King Charles II had the two galleys built and equipped at Leghorn for use against the 'common enemy of Christendom', i.e. Algerine, Tripolitine, and other pirates in the Mediterranean (*Cal. S.P. Dom., 1671*, pp. 351, 520; *1671–2*, p. 364)

[2] It will be seen later (pp. 42, 73) that Carré used 'Babylosne', i.e. Babylon, as another name for Baghdad.

[3] MS. *Gerissol*, i.e. It. *Girasole*, which means *Sunflower* in English. A letter from the Levant Company's factory at Aleppo of (O.S.) 30 May 1672 (P.R.O.: S.P. 110/13, p. 55) calls her the *Marygould* (*Marigold*), a name then sometimes used as a variant for the sunflower. It says that she was a ship of about 250 tons, carrying 26 guns and a crew of 40 men, commanded by Capt. Twisden; also that she had been freighted from Leghorn to Alexandretta by a Mr. Hunt. This agrees with other records of the Levant Company (S.P. 105/153, pp. 167–8, 171, 173) showing that she was not employed by that Company in 1672.

[4] MS. *Guillelme Tuisden . . . fils d'un conseiller du parlement de Londres.* The M.P. referred to was probably Thomas Twisden, who represented Maidstone in the 'Long Parliament' of 1640 (at any rate from 1647) and in the Parliament of 1660. In the latter year he was knighted and made a Judge of the King's Bench, and in 1666 he became a baronet (*Lists of Members of Parliament*, I, 490, 514; G. E. C. *The Complete Baronetage*, IV, 31; *D.N.B.*, LVII, 409–10). He married and had six daughters and five sons, of whom the third was named William (Betham's *Baronetage*, II, 398). This son died on 2 November 1680, aged 37 (Burke's *Peerage, &c.*, 1938, p. 2460): so in 1672 he was about 29, which fits in with Carré's statement that the captain was aged about 28 to 30.

No other Twisden appears in the extant lists of M.P.'s from 1640 to 1685, except Sir Roger Twisden (he spelt it Twysden), the elder brother of Sir

brutal and rash on occasions and in episodes where prudence is necessary, as I shall show presently [pp. 25, 26]. This young captain received me on board very civilly and gave me an honourable and commodious place in the ship. We weighed anchor at noon, and having scant wind, we tacked from side to side for the rest of the day, while waiting for one of the ship's boats, which had stayed behind for some commissions and which returned only late at night.

Tuesday, 26 April. We stayed all the morning in sight of Leghorn in a calm, with so slight a wind that it was not strong enough to take us out to sea. About eight o'clock we saw the five galleys of the town leaving the port. They set their course for Naples, keeping near the coast by rowing. About three o'clock, when a little wind began to take us away from the lovely shores of Italy, we became aware of a large ship in the offing, which under full sail bore down on us. This obliged us to put about on the opposite tack to bring her within hail. The calm which followed, however, prevented us from examining her. As night was falling, we sent one of our boats to hail a small ship that was coming from the same direction. On her telling us that the stranger was a Flemish ship, we had no doubt but that it was one of the two privateers which had left Leghorn four days before, and which were cruising round these parts in search of prey. Our captain and officers immediately prepared for a fight. The cannons were loaded with round shot, all arms were got ready, cutlasses, pistols and muskets were arranged on deck; while merchandise, casks, and anything that could be a hindrance, were stowed down below. When everyone was at his post, the captain furled all our canvas and awaited the Flemish ship. She had the wind of us and came on to meet us. As the wind failed entirely, we were obliged to drop anchor, for fear of the current taking us on to some dangerous rocks which appeared just awash about four leagues outside Leghorn. We resolved to fight at anchor, if she [Flemish vessel] had enough wind to come up to us. But we waited in vain, for about eight o'clock at night the weather became so cloudy and dark that we lost sight of the

Thomas mentioned above, and 2nd Bart. of a creation in 1611. He was a member for only about six months in the 'Short Parliament'; and though his eldest son was named William, it seems unlikely that the latter is the person referred to by Carré. He was born in 1635, so was aged 37 in 1672, in which year he succeeded his father as 3rd Bart. (*D.N.B.*, LVII, 404–9; Betham, I, 127).

Dutch ship, which went off in another direction to avoid us. This change in the weather gave a little fresh but contrary wind, and we made sail and tacked about the rest of the night.

Next day we found ourselves near Corsica and had great trouble to avoid it, because of a contrary wind which lasted all day. For the next two days we had only a light breeze, hardly enough to double the islands of Elba and Lisbos.[1] Their ports are Ferere and Langon; the former is a dependency of the Duke of Florence and the second that of Spain[2]. We worked round them in contrary winds, which worried us not a little.

Saturday, last of April. At noon we found ourselves a league off the island of Planouze [Pianosa] in a dead calm. We launched one of our boats and landed in a little bay to the north. It must formerly have been a port, as we remarked ruins and traces of an old fort. Nothing remains but some brick foundations, which are being demolished by the sea. We wandered nearly all over the island. It is so covered with trees and undergrowth that we found great difficulty in getting out of them and we were obliged to keep by the seashore, where we caught a great number of quail, partridges, thrushes, wood-pigeons, turtle-doves, and like birds of passage. The country was more open to the north-east, where we found an old castle with half-ruined towers and the remains of a town on the seashore. We also saw traces of wild beasts who had their lairs nearby, and came across a number of wild asses, which have bred on this island since its desertion by its former inhabitants. They abandoned the place on account of Barbary corsairs, who used to ravage the island and take as slaves anyone they found there.

This island derives its name from its shape, which is low and flat [Ital. *piano*], with no mountains or hills. It is only about six

[1] MS. *les islles delba* (*sic*) *et lisbos*. Carré thus splits the island of Elba into two parts, Elba and Lisbos. The latter is evidently intended for the eastern portion, whose port was Langon, i.e. Longone, as he says below.

[2] In 1596 the eastern part was taken by Philip III of Spain and remained under that country till 1709, when it was ceded to Naples. Previously the whole island had been ceded in 1548 to Cosimo I of Florence. The port Ferere, i.e. Porto Ferraio, is on the north coast of the island and is named after its celebrated iron ore. The name 'Lisbos' has not been traced elsewhere, but it may be a misspelling of the Italian name for the island, ell' Elba. Thus Teonge's *Diary*, p.179, calls it 'Illbay or Lillbow'; and Sir Thomas Sherley in his *Discours of the Turkeys*, (Camden Miscellany, XVI, pt. 2, p. 26) confirms Carré as to half of 'the ile of Lelbo' being in Spanish occupation, at any rate *c.* 1607. In vol. III, chap. X, Carré calls the island 'Lielba'.

leagues round and is near other islands. Corsica lies about five leagues to the west, Montchrist [Montecristo] to the south-west, and to the north the island of Lisbos with its port, Langon.

Night brought a little fresh but contrary wind, and we wasted our time tacking between these islands.

Sunday, 1 May. We were becalmed all day between these islands without making any progress. Next morning a gentle breeze drove us to the island of Montecristo, where we were becalmed again. At noon we took the longboat and landed on this island with the captain. It is only a high and precipitous rock, and we went round it for two hours without finding a landing-place, till at last we entered a small bay on the west side. After resting a little, we tried to climb to the top of the rock, but we found this to be impossible; its steepness on every side and its covering of trees and thick brushwood in many places and on the summit, made the latter so difficult of access that we could only climb half-way up. There we saw some wild goats, which were more skilful than we were in mounting these rocks. With great difficulty we secured some, which we shot through the brushwood and trees; but we never would have got them down without the help of two large English dogs, which retrieved the wounded and brought them to the foot of the rock.

The Italians have a story of how this island got its name Montecristo, as it was the high mountain to which the Devil took Our Lord Jesus Christ, to tempt Him with all the kingdoms of the world[1].

We embarked in the evening, and stayed there becalmed all night.

Tuesday, 3 May. At daybreak we found a light wind from the north-west, which took us out of sight of Montecristo in a few hours; and as it remained fresh all day, we continued with all sail set to the south-south-east for three days while this wind favoured us. On Thursday, the 5th, we sighted three little islands to the north-[west] of Sicily[2] and, as the same wind continued in some strength, at eight o'clock we passed about half a league to the west of Maritimo and kept on our course all night to the south-south-east along the Sicilian coast.

Friday, 6 May. Morning found us off the town of Marsale [Marsala] situated on a little hill running down to the sea. As the

[1] The port of Montecristo is named Diavolo.

[2] These are the Aegadian islands (isole Egadi), consisting of Favignana, Levanzo, and Marittimo.

wind was still favourable, we soon sighted the town of Mazare [Mazzara], which has a nice situation on the seashore. Its only recommendation is that it was the birthplace of Cardinal Mazarin, the greatest genius of his age.[1] About half a league from the town we saw a quantity of wood- and cork-floats attached to fishermen's nets. We sent a skiff and the men found the nets full of all kinds of fish, on which our crew feasted. Having taken our skiff on board again, we came into the wind and sailed near the coast of Sicily all day and the following night.

Saturday, 7 May. At dawn, when within three leagues of Xata [Sciacca], we saw a great ship which seemed to wish to come up to us; but the wind having turned contrary, we could not go near enough to examine her. We approached within half a league of the coast and launched a boat. The captain begged me to go with him on shore, as no one on board but myself knew Spanish or Italian.[2] We landed in a little bay, which is the port of Sciacca. It is a town on a high rock, very precipitous to seawards. There were two little steep paths, cut in the rock, which led down to the port. We were kept waiting two long hours for the Governor's permission to land. They had notified him of our arrival, and at last he came down himself to the shore with some citizens and soldiers, who stood around him. He mounted a rock so as to speak to us more easily and greeted us civilly at first. He regretted that he was unable to allow us to land, in case we had come from some place where there was a contagious disease. After having given him the news from Europe, I let him know the reason of our visit, namely, to get provisions for our ship. He promised to give us all we wanted with the exception of bread, of which there is a great dearth in all Sicily. We thought everything was settled, as we saw the inhabitants coming down from the town with sheep, pigs, chickens, vegetables, fruit, wine, etc., which they wished to sell us; but I was much astonished when the Governor informed me that we must first pay his tax, which was 30 piastres. On that our captain got into a rage and abused the Spanish Governor in

[1] Cardinal Mazarin was born at Pescina in the Abruzzi on 14 July 1602. 'His father was Pietro Mazarini, Sicilian by birth, and derived his name, according to some writers, from the village of Mazara' (Gustave Masson, *Mazarin*, p. 5). This indicates the origin of the story that Mazarin was born there.

[2] The kingdom of Naples and Sicily had been under Spanish rule from 1502. As to Carré's linguistic attainments, see p. xxxii.

English. I told him that he had no right to charge such a heavy tax on about 20 écus' worth of provisions, and that the usual custom in similar cases was to pay two or three piastres to the port Consuls and Agents[1], for their trouble in furnishing necessaries to passing ships who wanted them, as we did; and that, as there was no Consul in this place to claim the fee, I was astonished that a gentleman of his position could be mercenary enough to exact so unreasonable a tax, whereby his reputation would suffer.

The Governor, surrounded by his troop of inhabitants, maintained a truly Spanish gravity. As all of them were anxious to sell us their goods, and I had reproached him for his meanness in front of his own people, I tried to smoothe things over, so that his attempt should not be quite useless; but our English captain, who all the time was swearing between his teeth, would not listen to reason. He raised our kedge anchor and made for the sea to regain our ship, leaving the Governor on the shore, to the shame and confusion of his ridiculous demand, and to the great displeasure of all those who had brought goods to sell, which they now sadly took away. Our trip, however, was not entirely in vain, for in returning to our ship we caught a large sea turtle, weighing about 150 lb., half-asleep on the water, which gave a good meal to our crew.

About six o'clock in the evening we saw the same ship that we had noticed in the morning, some two sea leagues away. Pursuing her, we came within hailing distance at about nine o'clock at night, and asked several times whence she had come, without receiving any reply. This made us think it was either a Turk or a Dutch corsair, who did not want to reveal herself at night. We were obliged to prepare for battle, and we resolved to open fire, if she persisted in not answering us. As we drew near and showed we were going to discharge our cannon, the ship replied that she was English and arrogantly said that, not knowing our identity, she would watch us all night, so as to learn next day who we were, believing us to be corsairs. Our captain, thinking this was only a ruse in order to escape, wished to fire a broadside and fight the stranger, who was also preparing to do her duty, if attacked. There was a great argument among our officers for an hour as to whether we ought to attack this ship without knowing what she was, and with the almost certain probability of sinking one

[1] The piastre—a Spanish silver coin—was then worth about 4s. 6d.: the écu (or crown) had much the same value (Tavernier's *Travels*, I. 327–8).

another, as we were within pistol-shot. The more prudent represented to our captain that it was better to wait till daylight instead of beginning a fight at night; also that the stranger could not escape, as we should keep a strict watch. It was decided, therefore, to wait till daylight, and we passed the rest of the night under arms and on watch. The other ship seemed to have no wish to escape, but on the contrary dutifully kept us in view. The weather was favourable for this, being calm with a little wind which could not separate us much.

Sunday, 8 *May.* At daybreak we found ourselves becalmed about two leagues from the Sicilian coast. The ship we had watched all night was within half-cannon shot of us. She put herself under battle-canvas, and hoisted the English ensign at the poop. After we had replied in the same way, she dispatched a boat with an officer on board, who told us she was an English ship coming from Portugal, and had touched at Sardinia *en route* for Venice. This officer stayed only a quarter of an hour and returned to report to his own captain, who came on board and regaled himself with us for the rest of the day. Our captain rallied him for not having given any reply nor openly divulged her identity the night before, saying we were just on the point of giving him a broadside. The other captain retorted that he was waiting only for the first shot, and that it would soon have been shown who had the heavier guns and was the better fighter of the two. As he had a heavy ship, laden with rich merchandise but a poor sailer, he begged our captain to accompany him to the Islands of the Archipelago.[1] He feared meeting the two Dutch ships which were cruising round the coasts of the Gulf of Venice; and this being on our route, we promised to comply. We pursued our course along the coast of Sicily with a favourable wind, which at nightfall allowed us to round the Cape d'Escata [C. Alicata]. At midnight we saw to the north the terrible volcano of Mt. Gibel[2], famous for

[1] 'The Archipelago' ordinarily means the islands in the Aegean Sea, but from the entry of 10 May, the expression here appears to be used for the Ionian islands.

[2] I.e. Mt. Etna, 'The Sicilians call the mountain Mongibello, from their own word Monte, and the Saracen name Giabel [Arab. *Jabal*, a mountain] Huthamet [Ar. *hutamat*, raging fire], the mountain of fire' (Mrs. Nevill Jackson, *A Student in Sicily*, p. 102). *Barlow's Journal* (I, 157) speaks of it as 'the burning mountain called by mariners "Muaugebell" '. Tavernier (I, 237), like Carré, calls it 'Mont Gibel'.

its continual ravages in Sicily through the molten lava which pours out from time to time and destroys the surrounding towns and villages.

Monday, 9 May. Being about two leagues off Cape Scamaris [C. Scalambri] with a light wind, the captain launched a boat and invited me to accompany him on board the other English ship, where we passed a pleasant day; but I was not without anxiety lest, the wind being fresh and favourable, we might lose way, as we had been obliged to furl our sails to keep company with the English ship which was making little progress. At three o'clock we were very close to Cape Passaro, which appears like a tongue of low land stretching out to sea in the east. It has a sort of fortress on the shore, and a little above this to the west a round tower which can be seen far out at sea. From this place, with a favourable wind, we followed our course to the east for the rest of that day and the next night.

Tuesday, 10 May. We continued with the favourable wind till noon, when it dropped. The captain of the ship we were escorting came on board till about five o'clock, when we were off Zante, the lowest island of the Archipelago. He then returned to his own vessel, and after giving us a salute of five guns, left us to follow his route for the Archipelago. We then set a course for Cyprus, and made good progress for the three following days with a fair wind which took us to the east-south-east.

Saturday, 14 May. At dawn we were in sight of the westward point of the island of Candia. We recognized the Cape St. Joan Baptiste [St. John the Baptist][1] with very high cliffs, whose summit is almost always covered with snow. The wind having freshened from the west, we proceeded eastward with all sail set, so rapidly that at three o'clock we found ourselves half a league to the south-west of the Gozes of Candia, two little dry and bare islands about five or six leagues away from land.[2] The nearer is the smaller one, which is very low. The island out at sea to the south-

[1] No cape of this name in Crete appears in St. Martin's *Nouveau Dictionnaire de Géographie Universelle* either under Crète (I, 831) or under St. Jean or St. John for which Carré uses 'St. Joan' at p. 173 *post* (V, 421–8). It was probably Cape Busa, near which begins the NW. mountain range which St. Martin calls 'les Montagnes Blanches' (ibid. I, 831).

[2] Presumably these are the two small islands to the south of Crete, the larger of which is generally called Gozo or Gozzo. Teonge (pp. 82 and 133) calls them 'Gozo' and 'Anti-Gozo'.

east is very high, though lower to the east, and seems to have a circumference of about four leagues.

Sunday, 15 May. In the morning, while we were still in sight of the Gozes of Candia, a contrary east wind sprang up, which lasted all the day and the following night. It continued very strong the next day, and in the evening developed into so furious a gale that we were in the greatest peril and saved ourselves only by striking our top-masts and throwing a quantity of gear overboard to lighten the ship.

Tuesday, 17 May. The wind and storm abated at daylight, but we were still far from safe, as the sea after the gale was so disturbed and the waves so high that we expected to be swamped at any moment. Had it not been for a favourable west wind, which rose about noon, we should not have been able to survive. This allowed us to set enough canvas to steady our ship: and we kept our course to the east, coasting along the high mountains of Candia. We passed a very bad night on account of a second hurricane from the north-east, which lasted twenty-four hours, and was so furious that the sea seemed on fire. Though we were scudding under bare poles, we were not prevented from keeping our course, as the wind and tide were following; but we were driven about in a terrible manner, and it gave us a long passage for the rest of the week.

Sunday, 22 May. In the morning we saw the island of Cyprus, which we approached slowly, and at noon found we were between the port of Baffe [Baffo, the ancient Paphos] and Cape Blanc [C. Bianco or Aspro], situated to the west of the island. A light north wind, which rose after a brief calm, enabled us to come nearer the land, and at four o'clock in the evening we rounded Cape Bianco. About this time we noticed two ships near the coast, one of which kept so near the shore between Baffo and Cape Bianco that it looked as if she feared to meet us. The other came straight for us, as if to reconnoitre. The wind had freshened from the west and was favourable to us, so we soon came up with her. When her company saw we were overhauling them, they changed their course and tried to gain the weather gauge, and then going about, examined us from a distance. Having seen the English ensign, which we hoisted on the poop, they showed theirs, which was that of Leghorn. We were surprised to see that this ship had all her masts smashed, her standing and running rigging torn, and hardly enough canvas to keep her in motion. We judged by this

that the ship, having lost all her gear, was coming to us only for help. She came within half-cannon shot and fired three guns in salute, which we returned. After she had come under our poop and within speaking distance, we furled all our sails in order to talk with her. Her people called out to us that she was a privateer from Leghorn in search of Turks. The name of the ship was the *Ste. Anne,* mounting 20 guns, having 200 seamen, and commanded by a Sipion Toutoly of Leghorn. He launched a boat and came on board, where he represented to us the pitiable state to which he was reduced by the terrible storm of Tuesday night, the 17th, of which we also had our share. He had no spare masts, sails, or rigging. He told us that the other ship that had kept near land was a Spanish privateer, which had suffered as much as he had in the storm. He said he had been fourteen months at sea, cruising round the Turkish coasts, where he had taken some prizes; and that he intended to continue until he had made something well worth having. He had come to Cyprus for provisions, which are in abundance there. Though it belongs to Turkey[1], this did not deter him from getting provisions by putting fifty or sixty armed men on shore, and in next to no time they filled their boats with oxen, sheep, pigs, goats, and game, of which the countryside is full.

After having entertained us with his doings and plans, he told us that, as there was no port in Cyprus or on the Barbary coast where he could refit his ship, he had come to ask us for masts, sails, and rigging. Our English captain, who was at sea only for gain and to make money out of everything in his ship, wished to make the most of this, and so at first pretended that he could not help the Italian captain. However, having given the corsair some refreshments, he ordered his purser [MS. *escrivain*] and boatswain [MS. *nocher*], to see the state of our ship's gear and what spares we had. This was done in a very short time, and on receiving their report, our captain replied that he could spare two masts, some sails, and rigging, which he did only to oblige him, hoping to find others in Cyprus or Alexandretta. He, however, put a price on these that would have repulsed anyone but a corsair. The Italian was obliged to accept, owing to dire necessity, as he had 200 men on board and no hope of finding any place in which to overhaul his ship. He counted out his money quickly and took all the things to his own vessel during a fortunate break in the weather.

[1] The Turks had conquered Cyprus in 1570–1.

In the evening the wind having freshened we pursued our course to the south-east from Cape Bianco. We were thus able to keep clear of Cape de Gatte [C. Gata], which is dangerous to approach at night, being very low.

Monday, 23 *May*. Daybreak found us becalmed about three leagues off Cape Gata, which was to the north-north-east. It is tongue-shaped, low and flat, jutting easterly out to sea. We kept this cape in sight until ten o'clock, when the wind, having freshened in the west, was fair for our course to the north-east. At noon, as we approached the point west of the Salines [see p. 32], we saw two large ships, which came towards us. Having the wind astern, we went straight towards them, so as to come near enough to talk. We thought they were the French and English ships, of which we had had news that they were in Cyprus and Alexandretta. Having come near enough to these vessels to make ourselves known by the ordinary recognition-signals, we hoisted the English ensign and furled some of our sails. They made no reply nor signals as to their identity, so we thought they were two Barbary corsairs, who did not wish to reveal themselves except under safe conditions. As the English were then at peace with Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, the principal headquarters of the corsairs in this sea, we did not trouble much to prepare for battle. When, however, we drew nearer, we saw from their build that they were Dutch, which they did not wish to reveal owing to the uncertainty they were in as to whether there was peace or war in Europe. Therefore, as they still did not reply to any of our signals, we prepared everything for a fierce fight. Our captain's plan was to attack the larger and nearer of the two ships, in the belief that they were two merchantmen with few sailors and full of merchandise, which would embarrass their defence. Having decided on this, we placed ourselves between the two ships, and being within half musket-shot of the bigger, we furled our sails and were just going to open fire, when I begged and prayed our captain to come into his cabin under the poop with his principal officers. I represented to them that this affair ought to be conducted with prudence and without haste, and that we were one against two large ships, who did not seem to be afraid of us, as they had all along manœuvred to follow us. I urged them, before doing anything, to investigate by communicating with one of them, and declared that, if these Dutchmen had had no

news of the war, they would assuredly send a boat to us with some officers to hear the news from Europe. I added that, on learning from them of the state of their ship, we could detain these officers with their boat, which would be a great help in our designs against them. The English captain, having considered my reasons and taken counsel with his officers, decided to follow my advice. All hands were then ordered on deck, and we found ourselves quite close to the large ship, which by then had hoisted the Dutch flag. In reply to our shouted inquiries they told us they had come from Amsterdam *en route* for Alexandretta; and as soon as they heard we had come from Leghorn, they launched a boat and sent three officers over to us. Meanwhile 200 armed sailors appeared and began a war-like flourish of trumpets, kettle-drums, and other drums, which showed us plainly she was a man-of-war. We had no means of escaping from this dangerous position, as the wind suddenly dropped, and we found ourselves stuck fast as a rock between these two ships.

When we saw the Dutch boat coming over, I advised the captain to order his crew to hold their tongues and thus avoid giving any news of the war to the sailors in the other ship's boat. When the three officers came on board, they were received very courteously and taken to the captain's cabin. They expressed great pleasure at meeting us, as they were very anxious for news from Europe, suspecting there was a war with France: to which we replied that, when we were leaving Leghorn, two of their ships had sailed for Messina and other places in Italy and that, though there had been some rumours of war between France and Holland, nothing was known for certain. 'No force, No force,' replied these Dutchmen: 'if the French are not our enemies, we shall be monarchs of the seas and of the commerce of the world.' Thereupon they set themselves to drink with the English captain in fine style. We learnt that the large ship was the *Doesborgh,* a man-of-war of 50 guns and a crew of 300, commanded by Captain Willelm Congleurborgh of Amsterdam.[1] He had come

[1] Sir Geoffrey Callender informs us that the *Doesburg* appears to have been completed in 1655, and was pierced for 48 guns, but does not seem to have carried, as a rule, more than 40. In 1666–7 she was chartered to the King of Denmark by the Admiralty of Amsterdam. Her name does not appear in any of the battle-lists during the Dutch war of 1672–4, and (as an obsolescent ship) she may have been employed on convoy duties in the Mediterranean in 1672.

back to look for the other ship, a merchantman called the *Postillon* of Aleppo, mounting 30 guns, having a crew of 60 men and laden with rich merchandise from the Levant. She was going direct to Amsterdam, where she hoped to arrive shortly, believing everything to be peaceful on the high seas. During the long hour which our entertainment lasted, these Flemish showed great friendship for the captain and the English officers, of whom they thought I was one. These cowards did not hesitate to abuse our French nation most infamously. When they left, we gave them a salute of three guns, which they returned on regaining their vessel. The merchantship passed under our stern and gave us one gun in salute, which we also returned. As there was then a little wind, these two ships took their course to the west.

We were very thankful to get out of this dangerous episode, so set sail for the Salines, which is the principal commercial port of this island;[1] but the wind having failed in the evening, we had to stay all night in sight of the coast. That evening, when the Dutch ships were lost to view, the captain assembled all his officers in his cabin, where I was also present. They paid me a thousand compliments and thanked me for the advice I had given them, to which they attributed the escape of their ship; whereupon I had to drink in celebration of our good luck.

Tuesday, 24 May. We were becalmed all morning until ten o'clock, when a light wind from the west-south-west took us into the roadstead of the Salines, where we dropped anchor at noon. In it were also some Turkish caïques, as well as a large French merchantman from Marseilles, which was laden with silks, cottons, yarns, etc., and was leaving for France in three days. This port has few defences, only a little fort with five or six pieces of artillery, which hardly carry as far as the roadstead where the ships are anchored. There are about a dozen houses, which serve as storerooms for heavy merchandise, cotton, woollens, linens, etc., with a divan on the seashore for the Turkish customs-officers. After we had fired five guns in salute, I landed with our captain and the English officers. We were met by four Turkish officials,

[1] 'Les Salines' was the name given to the landing-place for the town of Larnaca, which was then about half a league inland (p. 33 *post*). The place was so called from a salt-water lake or swamp in the vicinity (Carré's book, I, 387–8; Sir R. Storrs, *Handbook of Cyprus*, 9th ed., p. 87).

who conducted us to the divan; there we found the chief Agha[1] accompanied by several Turkish notables, who received us with the greatest civility. They asked with much eagerness about the news from Europe, and especially from France. Believing me to be English (as the others were), they let us see how suspicious and terrified they were of my nation. They kept asking us if we had met any French ship and how many there might be on the sea, and why this year the French had prepared such a strong fleet of galleys and sailing ships, the report of which had terrified all the Levant. We replied that the king of France had made all these great preparations against the Dutch, on whom he had lately declared war. It is amazing how much joy this news gave the Turks, who admitted they feared that it was against them he was arming so powerfully, and that on this account the Grand Seigneur[2] had lately sent orders to Candia, Cyprus, and all the Levantine ports, to fortify themselves, at which they were now actually working with amazing speed: they also had spies and sentinels on the highest mountains of the seacoast to watch for galleys and sailing-ships, so as to guard against any surprise. These Turks, after a long conversation, gave us coffee, with the usual ceremonies. They then lent us horses and sent some janissaries to accompany us to Larnaca, a little town half a league inland,[3] the residence of all the Frankish and European merchants who conduct the business and commerce of this island. On the way we found an English merchant with a fine following, who was coming to meet us. He had with him two Dutch merchants, newly established in Cyprus, whose anxiety to hear the news from Europe made them also come to meet us. After they had saluted us, we went along all together, exchanging compliments and civilities and talking on indifferent subjects. We did not wish to

[1] 'Agha' [MS. *Aga*] is a Turkish title, applied by Carré to a high civil or military officer, e.g. to a chief customs-officer (p. 38), the governor of a district (ibid.), and the commandant of a town-garrison (p. 86). Prof. A. R. Gibb tells us that in the seventeenth century it was mainly used to designate an officer of janissaries, and this accords with Carré's use of the word in some places, e.g. p. 81 *post*, and vol. III, chap. VII. In modern times it has become a term of less distinction.

[2] The 'Grand Seigneur' was the Sultan Muhammad IV (1648–87).

[3] Teonge (p. 136) similarly says that Larnaca was 'about a little mile' from the small town near the landing-place. Pietro della Valle (*Viaggi*, ed. 1663, IV, 532; tr. Havers, 286) gives the same distance of 'a little mile'.

tell the Dutch anything, though we saw their extreme impatience to hear our news.

When we arrived at the English Consul's[1] house, the two Dutchmen entered it with us. They then learnt what they so ardently wanted to know. A paper printed in England was read out aloud in the Consul's room, giving the reasons which obliged that nation to declare war on the Estates of Holland. We then informed them that France had also declared war against them,[2] and spoke of the way we had armed ourselves by sea and land. The two Dutchmen, who a moment before had been puffed up with pride and haughtiness, were so astonished and dazed at this news that they felt they could not stay any longer in a place where they had just heard their sentence. In spite of the courtesy of the English Consul, who begged them to have a glass of wine with the company, they withdrew sadly with their heads hanging down above their big paunches. The English Consul kindly offered me his house for the time we were in the town; but having a French Consul there—a very fine man, from whom I had received kindness on another voyage—I went to his house, where he received me with no less friendship than on the former occasion.

A great number of French merchants, living in the town, came to salute me while I was at our Consul's. They rejoiced at the good news we had brought from Europe. While talking with these gentlemen, the English captain and his officers came to call on our Consul; and after an hour's conversation, I went with them to the Venetian Consul's house. He was an old, venerable man, with a beard and a garment like those in pictures of ancient philosophers. He received us with Venetian gravity and showed great pleasure at the news of the war against the Dutch, in the expectation that this would greatly improve Venetian commerce. It was only four months previously that the Venetian Republic had sent this Consul back to Cyprus and another to Aleppo, where they had discontinued their trade during the many years of the Candian

[1] There was an English Vice-consul at Larnaca (A. C. Wood, p. 123; cf. Teonge, pp. 136, 170).

[2] The English declaration of war against Holland was dated 17 March (*Cal. S.P. Dom.*, 1671–2, p. 210). Louis XIV made no formal declaration of war, but published an announcement about it on 6 April (E. Lavisse, *Histoire de France*, VII, 308–9).

war.[1] The Dutch likewise had no commercial establishment in this island till only four months previously, when they had sent the two factors, of whom I have just spoken, from jealousy of the way the French had all the trade in their hands. On leaving the Venetian Consul, I went with the Englishmen to their own Consul. I wanted to know what business plans our English captain had in this place, so that I could take measures not to lose any time in getting to Aleppo as soon as possible. The captain, having discussed with the Consul what business he could do in Cyprus, assured me that he would stay only long enough to provision his ship, and that this would not delay us, as there was abundance of everything ready for shipment in this place.

Wednesday, 25 May. I passed the day with our French merchants settled in the island, They are mostly married and have their properties and families there, so could not bring themselves to leave such a delightful place, where life was pleasant and everything cheap and plentiful. Our Consul entertained me with news he had received lately from Constantinople. He was advised that the affairs of the Grand Seigneur were going very badly in respect of Poland, whither the Grand Vizir was preparing to go in person with all the forces of the Ottoman empire.[2] This made His Excellency M. Dervieux, Ambassador of his most Christian Majesty to the Grand Seigneur, anticipate that the Capitulations would have a favourable effect on French trade in the Levant ports[3]—a matter of the utmost importance and con-

[1] The Turks invaded Crete in 1645, and it finally submitted to them in 1669. Previously the Venetians had ruled the island for more than four centuries.

[2] Chardin (*Travels*, I, 42, 46) corroborates the statement that the Vizir was about to go with the Turkish army against Poland.

[3] The Capitulations were treaties by the Sultan of Turkey with other states, conferring commercial privileges, extra-territorial jurisdiction, etc. These were first obtained by the French in 1536; but they were held to be in force only during the lifetime of the Sultan by whom they were granted. In 1673 the French succeeded in getting a renewal of the last capitulations, which had remained unconfirmed since 1607. On 26 May 1672 the negotiations had reached apparent agreement between the Vizir and the French ambassador, according to Chardin's detailed account of them (I, 42–3); and the prospect of their completion may have induced the hope expressed by M. Dervieux (who was not, however, the French Ambassador to the Porte—the latter was M. de Nointel). D'Arvieux was sent out in 1671, and his good knowledge of Turkish helped the negotiations (*Biog. Gen.*, III, 405; A. Vandal, *Les Voyages du Marquis Nomtel*, pp. 78–9).

sequence to our nation, which alone pays more to the Grand Seigneur than all the other European nations together, to the great prejudice of the French merchants trading in the Levant. Our English worked very hard all day to get their stores on board, viz. oxen, sheep, pigs, poultry, hams, cheese, flour, biscuits, and delicious wines. All these things were so cheap that the export duty cost more than their price.

Thursday, 26 May. Ascension Day. I went at five in the morning to pray at the convent of the French Capuchin Fathers,[1] and afterwards to the Greek Church to see the ceremonies of their Mass and divine service, which are very long. When I returned to the Consul's house, I found an officer of the English captain, who said they were only waiting for me to leave. I at once sent off to the harbour some provisions I had obtained, and without losing any more time I joined our captain at the English Consul's house. We mounted our horses and in a very short time got to the harbour, where we found boats waiting for us. We embarked and went on board our ship with some French and English merchants, who had accompanied us and were entertained by our captain.

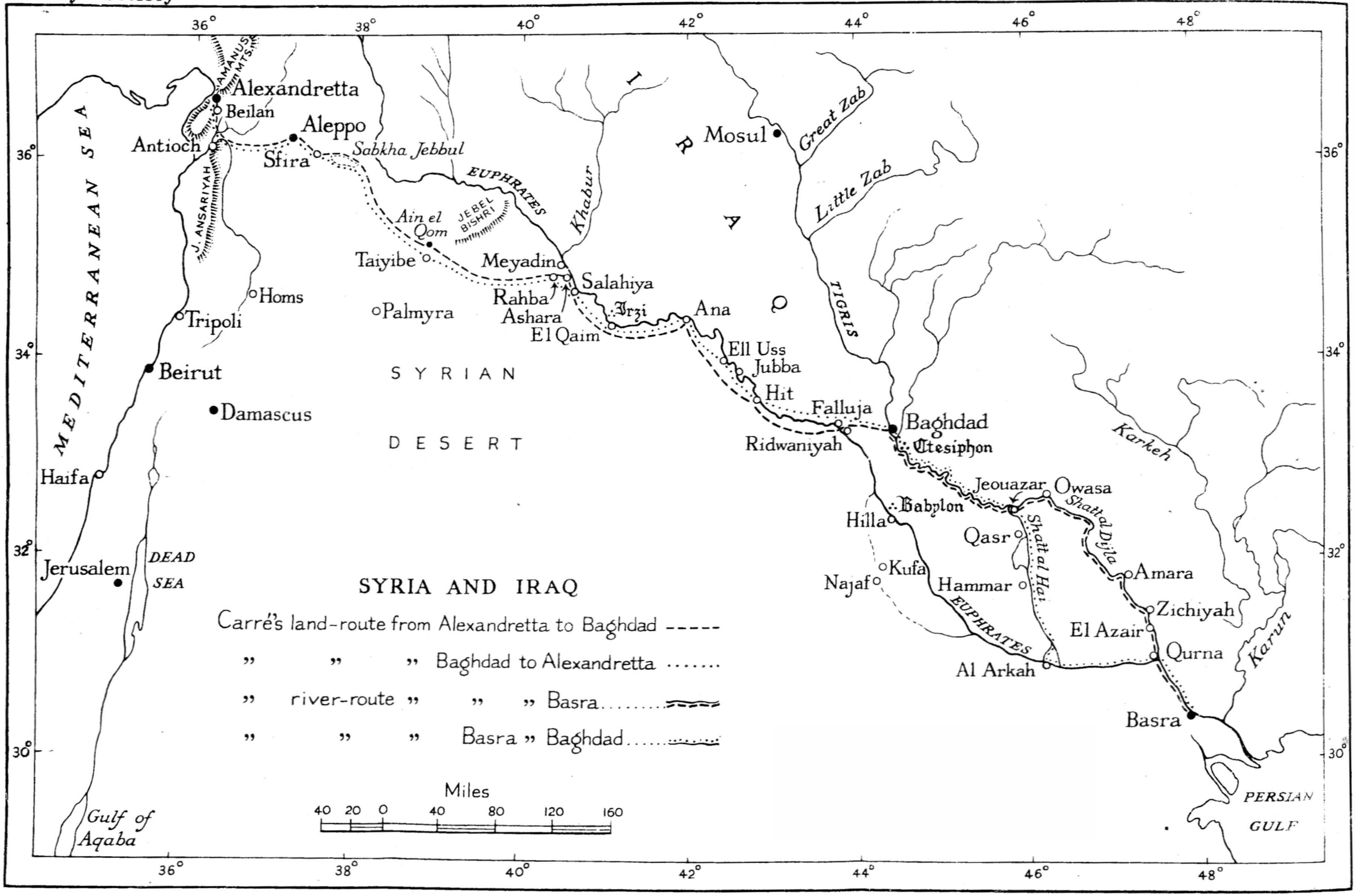
After they had left, we set sail about three in the afternoon, and with a favourable westerly wind soon lost sight of land. The night was calm.

Next day. 27 May. Little wind in the morning up to ten o'clock, when it freshened from the west. At four o'clock we found ourselves opposite Famagusta, a port and the principal town of the island, where there is a good mole for galleys. At the end of the bay we noticed two privateers cruising very near the land, on the look out for Turkish ships. That night, with a fresh north-north-east wind, we left the coast of Cyprus.

Saturday, 28 May. At sunrise we still saw the two high headlands about ten leagues east-north-west from us, the Cape St. André [C. Andreas], in Cyprus, and at twelve leagues east-north-east, the Cape Porcos in Syria[2]. Heavy clouds afterwards

[1] The Capuchins (so called from their hood, *capuche*) broke away from the 'Observant' branch of the Franciscans *c.* 1529, and were established as an independent order in 1619.

[2] Teonge (p. 90) similarly calls it 'Cape Porcus', or (109) 'Hog Hill'. It is the southerly point of the Gulf of Iskanderun (Alexandretta), and is now known as Ras-el-khinzir (i.e. wild boar cape). Accordingly Pietro della Valle (*Viaggi*, IV, 531; tr. Havers, 285) styles it '*Capo Canzir*' or as 'tis now commonly called, '*Capo Porco*'.


SYRIA AND IRAQ
Carré's land-route from Alexandretta to Baghdad
" " " Baghdad to Alexandretta
" river-route " " " Basra
" " " Basra " Baghdad
Miles
40 20 0 40 80 120 160
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
AMANUS MTS.
J. ANSARIYAH
Alexandretta
Beilan
Antioch
Aleppo
Sfira
Sabkha Jebbul
EUPHRATES
JEBEL BISHRI
Ain el Qom
Taiyibe
Meyadin
Khabur
Salahiya
Rahba
Ashara
El Qaim
Irzi
Ana
Ell Uss
Jubba
Hit
Falluja
Ridwaniyah
Baghdad
Ctesiphon
Homs
Tripoli
Palmyra
Beirut
Damascus
Haifa
Jerusalem
DEAD SEA
Gulf of Aqaba
SYRIAN
DESERT
IRAQ
Mosul
Great Zab
Little Zab
TIGRIS
Karkeh
Jeouazar
Owasa
Shatt al Dijla
Babylon
Hilla
Qasr
Shatt al Hai
Kufa
Najaf
Hammar
Amara
Zichiyah
El Azair
Qurna
Al Arkah
Karun
Basra
PERSIAN GULF
36° 38° 40° 42° 44° 46° 48°
36° 34° 32° 30°

hid these two headlands. A strong east-north-east wind, which lasted all day, at two in the afternoon brought us within two leagues of Cape Porcos, where from our position to the east of it the cape looks like a boar's snout—hence the name Porcos. It then rises into a high and arid mountain, which appears quite white. Some pretend that this place gets its name from the miracle of Jesus Christ casting out devils and making them enter the bodies of swine, which (they assert) withdrew to this place; but this hardly agrees with Holy Scripture[1].

We also saw the coast of Caramanie [Karamania] to our north —all mountains and rocks, bare and uninhabited. We had only to enter the bay to reach Alexandretta and had a favourable wind for that purpose; but our pilots, thinking there was not enough daylight to reach the anchorage, considered it wiser to wait till the next day. We were therefore obliged to take in our sails, with the exception of our fore- and main-courses[2] under which we tacked about all night in a very high wind. This caused us some anxiety, as the weather was so thick, and we were very near the coast.

Sunday, 29 May. About ten o'clock in the morning we entered the road of Alexandretta, where we found five ships, three French, two English. We cast anchor in the middle of them and landed after saluting the port with five guns. The captain and officers were received on shore by a crowd of French and English, who took us to the English Vice-consulate to rest. Having stayed there a little, I called on our French Vice-consul, who received me with every honour and obliged me to stop at his house. At four o'clock I returned with the Consul and all the English captains to our ship, where there was a great entertainment with all sorts of wines and not a few salvos of cannon. I returned on shore that night with my baggage, so as to be ready to leave for Aleppo next day.

[1] Teonge (p. 109) also says of the name 'Porcus': 'not that the possessed [swine] ran down this steep hill, but, as 'tis said, in that it resembles the shape of a hog'. He adds, however, 'but I could see no such thing in it'.

[2] MS. *nos deux grands pafis*. Sir Geoffrey Callender tells us that, though *pafi* (abbreviation of *papefigue*) originally meant a storm-sail in a galley, in the seventeenth century it had come to mean one of the square courses of a ship, i.e. the main-course or fore-course. For the etymology and the history of the word, see Jal, *Glossaire Nautique*, s.v. 'Pacfi'.

CHAPTER II

JOURNEY FROM ALEXANDRETTA TO BAGHDAD

Monday, 30 *May*. I went very early to the English Consul to arrange matters with the captain and his purser, so that we could travel to Aleppo together. The journey by road would take three days, and was very dangerous through high mountains and desert plains, full of Arabs who rob merchants and travellers even up to the gates of Aleppo, so we were obliged to take every precaution for our safety. We went to find the Turkish Agha, a customs-officer who is only an agent of the Aleppo one. We paid him the usual duty of 27 crowns per person, which is charged when newly arrived Franks wish to travel to Aleppo. In return the said Agha is obliged to provide each Frank with a horse and a janissary, well mounted and armed, as guide and escort. Having arranged matters with him, we ordered muleteers to take our luggage, and sent them on ahead some hours before us, while we finished our business with the English Consul. This took us till about two o'clock in the afternoon, when we mounted our horses and rode with such speed that we overtook our luggage-mules in two hours. We urged the muleteers to follow us quickly. At the end of the day we passed Beslan, a little town situated in very high mountains[1]. The houses look as if they were suspended in mid air, being on the slopes of the hills and difficult of access. It is irrigated by large streams of good clear water; these fall with such force from the heights that they turn two fine mills, which lie in the middle of the town. The latter is confined between two pleasant hills, fertile with grain and fruit, and producing delicious wines. It is inhabited by Turkomans, who have an Agha as Governor; and there are also some Greeks and Arabs, who work as cultivators and fruit-pickers. The English Consul at Alexandretta has a large house in the place, for the use of Frankish merchants who go and come from Aleppo to Alexandretta, as well as for his own family, having married a Greek. He comes here with a large suite of servants in the summer, when it is risky to stay in Alexandretta as

[1] 'Beslan' is a misnomer for 'Beilan', which is about 10 miles from Alexandretta. For other descriptions of it, see Teonge, p. 140; Tavernier (*Voyages*, I. 119); and Plaisted in *Desert Route*, 114–15.

the town is very unhealthy on account of the foul exhalations drawn by the sun from the surrounding marshes.

We stayed half an hour at Beslan for rest and refreshment, while waiting for our baggage. We then continued on our way without stopping, at which our English were very vexed. They were not accustomed to land journeys, and tried to make me stop frequently to drink and rest. This displeased me extremely, as we lost so much time in loading and unloading the mules for our refreshments in mountain passes, which were very narrow and dangerous. At last, when I made them realize that the cool of the night was the best time for travelling, they endeavoured to keep up with me. Our janissaries also impressed this on them. It was really pitiable to see them sometimes walking on foot, sometimes mounted on horseback like women, and frequently furious and swearing against these roads like lunatics. They said they would rather do 400 leagues by sea than half a day's travel by land. At ten o'clock at night we reached the Caffard, a pass between two high mountains joined by a narrow stone bridge, over which a laden horse can hardly find room to pass. A large torrent of clear, fresh water made a terrific roar under this bridge, carrying stones and rocks from the mountains in its destructive course. The bridge was guarded by several Arabs who claimed some sort of tax imposed on Christians[1]. Our janissaries having argued with them, we were allowed to pass and continued on our way hurriedly. At last, very weary after our mountain journey, about midnight we reached the plain of Antioch, which we crossed very pleasantly as the grass was up to our horses' girths[2]. After a long hour's ride we overtook the caravan which had left Alexandretta three days back on its way to Aleppo. As this place was very pleasant and convenient for a halt, we rested, baited our horses, and passed the night there. We unloaded all our baggage around us, while our servants brought us food. We also interviewed the Agha and the principal Turkish merchants of the caravan, who came to smoke and drink coffee with us. After several compliments, they begged us to travel in their company up to Aleppo, being in continual

[1] This, no doubt, was the small bridge, some six or eight miles from Beilan, where Teonge (p. 140) says 'you must call [at a little house by it] and drink a dish of coffee, and give them half a dollar at least'.

[2] Teonge (p. 141) similarly speaks of the plain of Antioch having 'grass almost up to the horses' bellies'.

fear on this road, where Arabs and robbers were always on the look-out for prey. We replied courteously to all the civilities of these Turks, but without engaging ourselves to act as escort, as they wished. We well knew the slowness of caravans on the road, viz. seven or eight leagues by day at the most[1].

Tuesday, last day of May. We mounted our horses at daybreak and left the middle of the Antioch plain with the caravan. We promised to accompany them all that day. We took the whole morning to cross a pleasant prairie, watered by a large and deep river[2]. We kept along its bank almost the whole day, going as quickly as we could, the place being dangerous. We arrived at the end of this plain in the evening. Some of the caravan merchants, wishing to be first in the field, joined us, and we continued our march together until ten o'clock at night, when we stopped at a town called Batman, which is surrounded by mountains. There were in some places the ruins of towns, castles, and churches of the early Christians.[3] This desert road, abandoned since that time and enclosed by mountains, is now only the haunt of thieves and Arabs. We stopped at a miserable village to await the caravan and lodged with an Arab who treated us as well as he could—either from fear of twenty well-armed men or with the hope of a reward —so that nothing was lacking for ourselves, our servants, and our horses.

A very old man, who was nearly a hundred years old, told me that this country used to be one of the richest, most fertile, and well-populated parts of all Syria, and that, when he was young,

[1] Taking the league at its usual distance of about 3 miles, this statement of the average speed of caravans may be compared with Plaisted's estimate of 30 miles a day, if a camel is on the road for 13 hours together (*Desert Route*, 96), and Major Rennell's of 2½ miles per hour (I, 51).

[2] Carré's side-note names the river as the Orontes, now known as El-'Asi (rebel).

[3] Carré's side-note describes Batman as 'near Antioch'. Beit-el-Ma, some five miles below Antioch, is a similar name, but this seems to be too far south for a journey to Aleppo; and to reach it he would have almost certainly passed Antioch and mentioned it. Probably Batman was a place to the north of Antioch, near the top of the Jebel Ansariya range, where it reaches the northern bend of the Orontes. This was off the direct route from Alexandretta to Aleppo; but similarly Pietro della Valle (*Viaggi*, IV, 519; tr. Havers, 280) 'chose not the direct way [from Aleppo] to Alexandretta, which the caravans commonly use, but one somewhat longer hard by Antioch', which lay partly along the river Orontes.

he could count 50 towns and 400 villages, which now lay in ruins for a stretch of fifteen or twenty leagues around. This was due to the bad government of the Ottoman empire, whose policy was to destroy the country for fear of strangers mastering it[1], as I have remarked with astonishment throughout this empire. They seem by this means to contribute to their own ruin, for they have now nothing left but their chief towns, and even these could not subsist without the help of foreign nations, who by their trade, merchandise, caravans, and travellers contribute the principal revenue of those places.

Wednesday, 1 *June.* We learnt that the caravan had passed us two hours before dawn, having travelled all night without stopping; so we mounted our horses about five o'clock in the morning and, after crossing several charming valleys, arrived about nine o'clock at the foot of three or four large mountains and some dry, stony hills, all covered with rocks, which we climbed with great difficulty. We met with nothing but flints, broken paths, and steep, almost inaccessible slopes[2], in the middle of which we found the caravan. It had had great trouble in surmounting these precipitous places. After much toil we arrived at a pleasant spot, where we saw more ruins of towns and castles, and the shells of three large churches, which still show, by their size and structure, the magnificence of the early Christians in this place, now deserted and desolate[3]. Our janissaries warned us that it was not safe to linger here, which was now nothing but a retreat for robbers; so we made a light meal and, mounting our horses, rode with such speed that at four o'clock in the afternoon we arrived happily at Aleppo. My Englishmen went straight to their Consul, and I to the large Frankish camp in the middle of the town, where

[1] Cf. Teonge (p. 71) that the Turkish 'policy is to suffer but one great town or garrison in a country, in which [they] themselves will inhabit', and (p. 102) that 'the Grand Seigneur' forbad any strengthening of the old castle at Alexandretta, lest 'it might prove a nursery of rebellion'.

[2] Teonge (pp. 143–4) also comments on the precipitous and difficult crossing of these 'rocky mountains' (probably the hills now known as Jebel-Seman), saying it was 'such travelling as I could not have believed, had I not seen it'.

[3] This area is now known as 'Ain Dilfeh, where there are large groups of buildings, such as churches and castles. Teonge (p. 144) also mentions 'the ruins of several stately cities, where part of the churches were remaining'. Tavernier (*Voyages*, II, book 2, p. 121) similarly mentions ruins of monasteries about half-way in passing over bad rocks.

I dismounted at M. Joseph Baron's[1] house. There I was received with every possible honour by a party of rich and well-dressed French merchants who live together in this house—one of the most commodious in the town. An hour after my arrival I called on the French Consul. I little guessed the low position he occupied among the local people and foreign nations, and the dishonour and injury he caused to the glory and interests of our nation.

Thursday, 2 June. In the morning I called on Mr. Benjamin Lannoy[2], the English Consul, a sober man with great authority, much thought of by his nation, esteemed by Turks and strangers, and well versed in all languages and the Levantine and Eastern trade. I was received by him with every courtesy and friendship[3], and he confided to me details of some business he had in the East in regard to which he gave me dispatches and memoranda.

Sunday, 5 June. Day of Pentecost. I passed the whole morning at divine service in the chapel of the French consulate. The Father Superior of the Observance of Jerusalem, who is also the Vicar General of the churches of Aleppo, invited me, with deference, to officiate and sing High Mass. In the afternoon I sent down to the foreign merchants' camp to enquire whether there was any merchandise going to Babylon [Baghdad][4]; and I learnt that a caravan was being prepared, but that it would not start for a month. This was indeed the easiest and safest way open to me, but unsuitable for a man on urgent business; and I did not wish to engage on a journey that would take at least three months instead of eighteen or twenty days at the outside by the desert route[5], by which I

[1] François Baron (see p. 44 *post*) had a nephew Joseph, who was son of his brother Pierre, and who died at Surat in 1674 (*Dictionnaire de la Provence*, 1786, III, 55); but he was probably not this Joseph Baron, for when François left Bandar Abbas in April 1671, 'his nephew' accompanied him (John Child's letter, 28 April 1671, F.R., 105 Sur. 158).

[2] MS. *Sieur Binjamin Lionnois*. He was Consul at Aleppo in 1659–72 (A. C. Wood, 253). Numerous letters from him in 1661–8 to the Earl of Winchilsea, ambassador at Constantinople, are to be found in the Finch MSS. (*Hist. MSS. Commn.*, vol. LXXI, pt. I).

[3] Carré had already met him in 1671: see his book, I, 282–3, where Lannoy is described as a 'personnage respectable pour son mérite, et pour l'opinion de sa vertu'.

[4] Henceforward 'Baghdad' is substituted for 'Babylon', when used by Carré.

[5] The time occupied between Aleppo and Baghdad was generally given as 18 to 20 days (*Desert Route*, XXXIV, 102). Actually Carré's journey took 16 days (10 to 26 June).

resolved to travel. What gave me the most trouble in this affair was to find an Arab guide in Aleppo. There was not one on whom I could rely as in Baghdad, where there are three or four well-known Arab families who can be trusted to guide you faithfully over the desert route, as I had been conducted in the preceding year. Moreover, I had to keep my plans secret, for I feared that Arabs, if informed of them, might lay ambushes for me on the road. I also heard that two Dutchmen at Aleppo were having me spied upon by several persons, who under pretext of polite attentions tried in every way to learn my plans and the route I proposed taking to the East. I could only find two people in Aleppo who had the interests and the service of our nation at heart, and who knew how to carry out such important and secret affairs in these parts. I told them my intention, as I was convinced that they would serve me faithfully and sincerely. Of these M. Joseph Baron was, without exception, the most intelligent business man among our Frenchmen in Aleppo, and I could expect good advice and services from him, if I confided in him. The other was M. Gemarie, a man well versed in the languages, customs, and methods of both Turks and Arabs. There was nothing of importance, be it messages, business, or any other matter from the commercial towns of the Ottoman empire or of Persia, which did not pass through his hands direct to the Intelligence Department of the Grand Seigneur.

Feeling that I could rely on the friendship and good faith of these two noble Frenchmen, I left them to work secretly on my behalf, while to avert any suspicion of my plans, I received and paid visits to the French, English, Italian, and other strangers who, for the most part, did all they could to discover what I was going to do. I said that I was waiting for the caravan which was leaving for Baghdad in one month, and I gave them to understand that I was glad of a rest and leisure to study the beauties and antiquities of the splendid town of Aleppo—to-day the most flourishing in all Syria. Thus I averted all suspicion that I was going on important and urgent business, and frustrated their evil intentions to entrap me.

Monday, 6 June. I could not escape dining with the French Consul, M. Dupont, where I passed a very unpleasant time. I could scarcely contain myself during the meal on account of two

Dutchmen and other foreigners whom our Consul, with a strange avarice, takes in as boarders in the consulate, so that there is no business transaction that is not known to these strangers. The presence of the Consul at his own table did not prevent them from indulging very frequently in disgraceful and insolent conversations, which ridiculed our nation without sparing, or showing any respect for the highest personages in France. Such conduct had often occasioned brawls and disorders at his house by our French merchants, who could not stand the insolence of these strangers in the French consulate. The poor man was not only disliked by all the French, but was the laughing-stock and joke of the English, Italian, and other nations. This also made a very bad impression on the Turks and local people, who looked upon him as a buffoon. One day some Turkish merchants actually dressed up a monkey in a red coat and took it to call on the Aleppo Pasha, saying (to divert him) that it was the French Consul paying him a visit. This was done in derision of his behaviour when he had to appear in public on two or three occasions in connexion with affairs of our nation; he could then neither talk, nor discuss anything, but made grimaces and struck ridiculous attitudes, rather like a monkey, while one of our French merchants in his train was obliged to do the talking and negotiate the business in question for him.

Later the Consul one day called on the Cadi who, seeing that he never spoke and only made grimaces in his presence, asked if it was really a man, and why France sent such a person as consul to the most important commercial place in the Levant. Even the religious missionaries, though filled with charity, had to complain of his lack of good manners. The memory of his predecessors, MM. Piquet and Baron[1], was therefore daily recalled with regret. They held the consulate for several years and conducted it with such success and splendour that our nation was honoured by all. Under them commerce was so well established that the French had all the trade of the country in their hands, whereas now it has

[1] François Baron (1620–83) was appointed Consul at Aleppo in 1661 and held the post till towards the end of 1670, when he was transferred to Surat as Director-General of the French Company in India (*Dictionnaire de la Provence*, 1786, III, 54–5; Kaeppelin, p. 66n.). M. François Picquet was his predecessor (1652–62) at Aleppo, and in 1674 became Bishop of Babylon (*Dictionnaire de la Provence*, III, 54; *Nouvelle Biographie Générale*, XXXIX, 87).

entirely degenerated[1], and the English, Italians, and other nations have been able to turn this to their profit. All this shows how necessary it is to put persons of weight, sense and authority in such posts to maintain the honour and interests of their nation, and not to allow these offices to be farmed out[2].

Wednesday, 8 *June.* I passed all the morning in conference with my two agents, MM. Baron and Gemarie, and discussed the measures and precautions to be taken for my journey. They told me that, after every possible inquiry, they had been able to find only two persons who could serve my purpose, and they were not too sure of their fidelity. One was an Arab courier from Baghdad, who had just arrived with packets from Persia and India for the Dutch. He would no doubt be delighted at a chance such as this for the return journey, having learnt that the Dutch here had had no news from Europe to send back to India by the land route. Their only fear was that this Arab would have to take replies and final orders from the Dutch before he returned, and might therefore communicate my plans to them, if a proposal was made to him on my behalf. The other was an Arab who had several times travelled by the desert route, which he seemed to know fairly well; but no one in Aleppo knew him sufficiently to be responsible for his good faith and fidelity, on which I would have to rely without any assurances. Having, therefore, the choice of only these two persons as guides on so dangerous a journey, I was not a little worried as to what to decide. On the one hand I inclined towards the courier from Baghdad, feeling he was really the best guide for the desert journey; but I was so disgusted with those for whom he was working, that I could no longer think of taking him. As we were deliberating on this matter, something occurred which made me quickly come to a decision. The Capuchin Fathers sent to tell me that a courier from Con-

[1] Chardin (*Travels*, I, 7–9) corroborates this by saying that the trade of the French had become inconsiderable, though they had enjoyed a lucky spell for 13 years from 1656, owing to a monetary manœuvre, which he characterizes as 'truly a great piece of knavery'. This was the importation of 5-sous pieces of silver, which became current in Turkey at a gross over-valuation and a consequent large profit to the importers (A. C. Wood, 100–1).

[2] E. Lavisse, *Histoire de France*, VII, 247, gives as an instance of the farming of consulates in the seventeenth century that of the one at Smyrna, which fetched only 4,600 livres in 1610, but was sold for 75,000 in the time of Mazarin. Colbert had not succeeded in stopping this practice (ibid. 249–50).

stantinople had just arrived by land, bringing letters from Holland for the East Indies, with orders to the Dutch in Aleppo to send them on immediately. At this news I no longer hesitated, and determined to start as soon as possible and engage the second Arab. I considered it too risky to take the first one, for, being in the Dutch service, he would probably betray me.

Without losing any time, in the afternoon I strolled, as if for a walk, outside the town to the garden of the Dervishes[1], where the Arab was brought to me. I made my agreement with him for the journey, and promised him a double reward if he conducted me safely and quickly to Baghdad. What gave me more assurance about him was that he spoke Persian, which I also knew[2]—a great point, as it enabled me to make myself understood and prevented him from deceiving me, if he had that intention. Having arranged everything with him, I advanced him enough money to buy his horse and all the necessaries for the journey. I ordered him to be ready to start in twenty-four hours, and to bring everything to this garden, which was very convenient, with many groves, and situated a little outside the town on the road that I was to take.

On returning to my lodging, I gave orders to prepare my Arab clothes and accoutrements, as well as my own provisions—some biscuits, dried prunes, a little sugar, tobacco, and some sherbet, which last is the best to take on a journey to correct any infection from bad water[3]. Water is found only too seldom, and though stinking, one must drink it, and even lay in a stock sometimes for four or five days[4]. It was this lack of water that most tired our horses, for besides our provisions and their own barley, they were

[1] There was a *tekyah* (*takia*), or religious house for the accommodation and ceremonial rites of Dervishes, at the northern end of Aleppo (see its picture in *Enc. Brit.*, I, 555). Teonge (p. 152) mentions 'several gardens and pleasant plantations' outside the town; while Tavernier (*Voyages*, I, 128) says the Dervishes had a house (formerly belonging to the monks of St. Basil) not far from Aleppo towards the east. Thevenot (III, 105) also gives a description of the takia.

[2] Carré had stayed in Persia for some months in 1669 and 1670 (his book, I, 100–1, 116–17, and p. xxiii *ante*), so he had had an opportunity of learning to speak Persian well.

[3] Cf. the statement of Beawes that 'shrub . . . is not only the most refreshing draught, but is equally wholesome, particularly to prevent the bad effect of the desert waters' (*Desert Route*, 8).

[4] Cf. Plaisted's statement that 'there is no want of water, as is commonly supposed, when you travel the common track, but then it is generally bad', etc. (ibid. 90).

obliged to have goatskins full of water tied underneath their bellies[1].

Thursday, 9 June. The English Consul having asked me to dinner, I passed all the morning in private conversation with him. He warned me that the Dutch were working hard to send back the courier who had lately come from Persia with the packets for India which they had received the preceding day from Holland *via* Constantinople. I thanked him for this news, but told him I was aware of it already, and that it had determined me to start the next day by a route which I believed would take me ahead of the Dutch courier; also that I wished to advise him of this secretly, so that he could expedite the letters he intended to give me for Persia and India. The Consul was very much obliged at this and assured me that he had packets from England of great consequence which he could trust to no one but myself. Having finished my business with him, I went to M. Gemarie's house, where I called my Arab and discussed with him what we ought to take with us, so as not to overload our horses. I sent a man with him that evening to the garden of the Dervishes to carry all my things there secretly, so as to be ready to start the next day. What annoyed me not a little was having to avoid a number of Franks, who under pretext of civility were always around me. They worried me greatly, as I was not at liberty to act and arrange my affairs as I wished.

Friday, 10 June. I sent my horse about noon to the Dervish garden outside the town. I went there myself an hour afterwards, accompanied only by MM. Baron and Gemarie, from whom I had received much kindness and help during my short stay in Aleppo. As soon as we arrived at the said garden, I found my Arab ready to mount his horse. I was therefore obliged to enter a little room at once to change my Frankish clothes for Arab ones, of wearing which I had already some experience. A Capuchin friar, Nicolas of Blois, who was always with me, offering me his services, and of whom I could not get rid, had come to the garden to shave my head, so that I could wear a turban. In helping me to put on my Arab costume, he said in jest that these clothes would be very useful to some poor Arabs in the desert I was crossing. Though his talk was only in fun, it did not fail to upset me

[1] Cf. Fryer (II, 179) as to 'a *metarrah*, or goat skin, full of . . . water' being hung under a horse's belly in Persia.

deeply, for I had a presentiment of what was going to happen to me [pp. 70–72]. I wished every evil on this Capuchin, as I could not get rid of the feeling his ominous prediction gave me that I should be robbed by Arabs on this troublesome and rough desert journey.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, my Arab having finished loading the two horses, I bade farewell to those who had accompanied me; and then leaving the garden on horseback with the Arab, we made our way into the country behind the vineyards and gardens of Aleppo. There we found a little path which we followed till about eight o'clock in the evening, when we reached Giberim[1], a small village. We stayed there the rest of the night in the house of a poor Arab, who gave us a little straw for our beds; and we slept in a courtyard full of goats and other animals, which compose all the wealth of an Arab.

Saturday, 11 June. At daybreak we mounted our horses and rode till about eight o'clock, when we perceived 200 horsemen in three groups, galloping about here and there at random, as if to see what was going on in the countryside. At first we did not doubt but that they were Arabs searching for plunder. My guide was rather alarmed and began to talk of returning for shelter to the village we had just left, until these Arabs moved off somewhere else. 'No, no,' said I to my Arab, 'we must never retreat and we are too far from the village to be able to get there before these horsemen caught us up. It is much better to follow our road, so as not to let them think we are afraid of them, as that would infallibly bring them all down on us: whereas if they see us going on our way without showing fear, they will let us pass, or possibly send two or three horsemen to inquire who we are. We can then parley with them fearlessly and get rid of them by some little present.' We therefore continued on our road, having on our left these riders, who kept on caracoling in squadrons in the middle of the plain. We thought we had escaped them, when we saw two of them riding at full speed to cut us off. They approached, with their lances raised to inspect us. I told my Arab to show no fear, but to get out his bow and arrows, his only

[1] Giberin is mentioned in Carré's book (I, 276) as 'un gros bourg' three leagues from Aleppo, where he spent a night on his journey from Baghdad in 1671. Gebrin is shown as about 5 kilometres south-east of Aleppo in Dr. Richard Kiepert's map of Syria and Mesopotamia (1893).

weapon, while I took up my musket and cocked my four pistols; and so we rode quietly to meet these two horsemen. They moderated their speed on seeing our bearing and the indifference we showed. On coming near enough to speak, they asked my Arab from what place we had come. Having learnt who I was and that we came from Aleppo, they showed me every civility and said they were quite sure from our arms, and the manner in which we were travelling, that we were something more than mere Arabs. They inquired if we had met any bands of Arabs and told us that this cavalry we saw were Turks from Aleppo, sent by the Pasha to protect the neighbourhood from Arabs who were trying to pillage the grain of the harvest now in progress.

After a momentary conversation with these two horsemen, they left us and rejoined their corps, and we continued on our way very quickly. At noon my Arab made us take a short cut across a stony country to pass near an old ruined village called Sephir[1], to which Arabs who are Turkish subjects come at harvest-time to reap the crops. He informed me that we must wait here a little, to get some water and barley for the horses, so we dismounted near a small mosque. I rested underneath a tree, while my Arab went to fetch barley and a supply of water for three days. Half an hour after my arrival I saw a rider in the middle of the plain, who was also turning away towards this place, to rest and take shelter from the great heat. Seeing me with my two horses he saluted me and asked if I was alone, or where were my companions. At the same moment my Arab hurried up to know who this rider was. He informed us that he was an Arab who had come from Constantinople and was going to Ana, a town on the banks of the Euphrates, five days' journey from Baghdad. Having learnt our destination he asked—if I saw fit—that he might join us and cross the desert in our company. This rencontre surprised me and made

[1] 'Sephir' is probably Sifra or Sfira, a small village 14 miles south-east of Aleppo. It had mud-houses with conical domes, which Plaisted described as 'in the fashion of bee-hives' (*Desert Route*, 89). Carré's book (I, 274) says they were built in the form of a pyramid, and each house had only a small entrance, which (he surmises) was to prevent riders bringing their horses inside. This is corroborated by Sir Henry Blount's description of houses near Sofia; he says: 'The Jewes and Christians have here the doores of their houses little above three foot high, which they told mee was that the Turks might not bring in their horses, who else would use them for stables in their travell' (*A Voyage to the Levant*, ed. 1669, p. 23, cited in *Travels of Peter Mundy*, I, 152).

me reflect a little before replying. I considered that this man, coming so apropros to join us just as we left Aleppo, might have been sent by some evil-intentioned person to do me an injury. Moreover, knowing that, when I left, the Dutch were on the point of sending a courier by this way to India with their dispatches, I imagined this man might be that courier. This led me not to refuse the offer of his company. I resolved to treat him kindly and civilly, and thus to try to discover from him the truth of the matter. I noticed there was nothing to fear from this man, as he had only a javelin which he carried in his hand. I therefore said I would be pleased to have him with us. He went at once to the village to get water and barley, and at four o'clock we three mounted our horses and rode the rest of the day and all night, stopping only for an hour to give them some barley.

Sunday, 12 June. At dawn we arrived at the Sallinnes, which is a large marshy plain[1]. The water, which is salt, evaporates in the hot weather and forms a salt so white that in the sun it is absolutely dazzling. This, joined to the extreme heat, was a martyrdom during the twenty-four hours we took to cross this salt sea, and we suffered incredible torments.

Next day, at dawn, I noticed that my Arab guide had no goatskins under his horse. I asked him where he had put his water: he was more surprised than I was and dismounted at once. He discovered that the straps to which his goatskins were fastened had broken, and that the skins with his water had been lost during the night, unnoticed by him. We looked at one another in dismay. We hardly knew what to do, as water is the principal necessity in these parts, where we found the heat and thirst more troublesome than anything else. However, we had to be resigned and console one another, so we rested an hour and had a little food. We then gave the remainder of my water to our poor horses, who had suffered extremely from the heat and length of our long marches, which we had made without stopping. After this little refreshment we resolved it was necessary to continue without any halt until we could find some place with water. We marched all the morning without much fatigue, but at ten o'clock, when the sun began

[1] I.e. Sabkha Jebbul, called the 'Valley of Salt' by Teonge (pp. 154, 155) and Carmichael (*Desert Route*, 136). A description of it, given by Henry Maundrell, chaplain to the Levant Company, in his *Journey from Aleppo* (1697), is reproduced in Teonge's *Diary*, note 192 at p. 274.

to heat the earth, we felt its rays so intolerable that at three o'clock in the afternoon we could no longer bear our thirst and the appalling heat. I was obliged to stop in the middle of a burning plain, where there was not a single tree, nor any place with a little shade. I lay down under the belly of my horse for three hours to wait for my guide. He had hastened to a hill about three leagues in front of us, where there were some wells, but the water he brought back was so stinking and infected that even our horses—exhausted though they were by heat and thirst—refused to drink it. However, in my dire necessity, I found it almost good, after I had mixed it with a little sherbet and some dried prunes. We then remounted and about ten o'clock at night got to this hill called Abelmente[1], where we stayed three hours to rest our horses. We tried four or five wells on it, hoping to find some with better water than the others; but they were all equally bad. We then decided to travel all night, as we had done hitherto, and to hurry on while it was cool, so as to arrive quickly at some place where there was better water.

Tuesday, 14 *June*. The lack of water made us hasten our pace and we marched all the morning with terrible anxiety, fearing every moment that our horses would not be able to stand much more fatigue. As an additional blow, my Arab, while dozing on his horse, dropped his bow. He did not notice the loss for some time, and then wished to go back for it. I had the greatest difficulty in dissuading him, as it was useless to retrace our steps in this plain, where no paths existed, nor any tracks of our passage. To prevent this I was obliged to promise him another bow when we arrived at Ana.

At last, after much toil and anxiety, we arrived about four o'clock in the afternoon at a place called Elcomregam[2], where there were vestiges of former habitations now deserted. Here we found three or four marshes where the water, though bitter and brackish, seemed sweet and drinkable to us. Our horses picked up

[1] This may be one of the hills in the neighbourhood of Ain-el-Qom, referred to by Carruthers in note 1 on p. 139 of *Desert Route*.

[2] This may be Ain-el-Qom, which lies 4 or 5 miles to the north of Tayibe (*Desert Route*, 15, 140; *Syrian Desert*, 194). Plaisted (*Desert Route*, 85) mentions his encampment having near it 'a pool of water thick set with reeds', that seems to correspond with one of Carré's marshes. 'Regam', in the name he gives to the place, may represent *rijm*, or cairn of stones, which perhaps marked the place in question (cf. *Desert Route*, 84n.).

their courage also. We would have liked to rest and refresh ourselves for some time in this place, but it was too dangerous, being near a large village, the only one in this desert, called Taybe, situated on a pleasant hill that we saw about two leagues away[1]. The desert Arabs use this village as a shelter; and what obliged us to leave quickly was the sight of two Arabs coming from the village to cut reeds in the marshes where we were. We did not wish to wait till they returned, as we feared they would send a band of Arabs after us. We remounted at once, and instead of following a little path in full view of the village, we made a détour behind some mountains and hills, and had great difficulty in finding our way, as the night was very dark.

Wednesday, 15 June. After a tiring night among these almost inaccessible rocks and hills, we were consoled at daylight, when my two Arabs recognized the place we were in. They made us take a path through the centre of a large plain. We were all the morning crossing it, and then descended into a valley called Haphyra[2]. Here we found four very deep wells; but they were all dry except one, where there was a very little water. It cost us more trouble than it was worth to draw up, as it was so bad that even our horses would hardly drink it.

We continued our way without stopping over arid and dry plains where the sun's rays roasted us alive. At six o'clock we arrived at a place where we found a well called Xayba[3], of which the water was even worse than in all the preceding ones. It was quite impossible to drink it, and we were obliged to take some from a little marsh nearby, where it was not so bad. As it was both bitter and brackish[4], we watered our horses with difficulty. We stayed two hours in this place, to give our animals the chance of grazing on some grass round the marsh. It was a great treat for them, being the first grass we had found on our route since

[1] As to Tayibe, see *Desert Route*, 85n., and *Syrian Desert*, 194–5. In his book (I, 251) Carré said it was formerly flourishing, but after the Turks conquered 'Arabia', it had become nothing but the resort of robbers.

[2] Haphyra may correspond to 'Hopra' in the plain called 'Hopra Fadel' in Major Rennell's map (reproduced in *Syrian Desert*, 106–7).

[3] Xayba may represent the well of El Djehar mentioned by Rousseau (*Desert Route*, 84n.), which is shown as 'il Gehar' in Kiepert's map of 1893, and as 'El Gebar' on sheet for *Damascus* of the R.G.S. map compiled for the War Office (1917).

[4] Kiepert's map marks the well 'il Gehar' as 'Bitter br[unnen]'.

Aleppo[1]. After two hours' rest we remounted and marched all night without stopping. I marvelled at the courage and endurance of our horses in withstanding the heat and fatigue of the marches we were making.

Thursday, 16 June. At daybreak I found myself so tired and worn out with hunger and thirst that I told my two Arabs I needed a little rest before the heat of the day became too great. The Arab from Ana, who had insisted on joining our party, seeing the state to which we were reduced because of the foul water everywhere, begged me to trust him. He said he would find us a route which was easier than the one we were following. He also informed me that we were only a day's journey from the Euphrates, and that we would find provisions for ourselves and forage for our horses along its banks. He offered to be my guide and to conduct me there in safety without any more hardships, if I would only believe and trust him. I had noticed that this man seemed grateful for the kindness and courtesy I had shown him. He even ate with me, and had been more useful than my own guide. He seemed better able to find the way through the mountain-paths and over the plains we had had to cross, where there were no tracks or any roads. The only thing that worried me was that on nearing the Euphrates we were liable to meet bands of Arabs, who frequent the river banks for the grass that grows there. In my uncertainty I asked my own Arab guide for his opinion. He advised me to trust and follow the Ana Arab, who once more promised me that no mishap would occur, even if we did meet bands of Arabs. He embraced me, kissed me, and swore by Mahomet [Muhammad], with his hand on his turban, that he would conduct me to Ana, and protect me like his own son. This is the most solemn oath that he could have taken. He informed me that he was a man of honour, credit and authority among these desert Arabs. As I had not much faith in my own guide, I made no more difficulties about following the route he wished us to take. Trusting in his good faith and his oath, we followed him all day until five o'clock in the evening. We then met a number of goats and sheep, by which we judged that we were near the banks of the Euphrates. Half an hour later we saw some Arab tents in a spot verdant with bushes and large tracts of grass, which were

[1] Plaisted (*Desert Route,* 82–3) also mentions the existence of grass in this part of the desert.

covered with flocks. Having arrived at this encampment, we dismounted in front of the chief's tent. His name was Chekq Issem [Sheikh Husain]: he recognized my Ana Arab, rose, and embraced him, kissing his face. They saluted one another according to custom by mutually exchanging a thousand benedictions. The sheikh then made us sit down on carpets inside his tent, and at the same time ordered two lambs to be killed to regale us. But the first thing for which I asked on setting foot to earth was water from the river. It was only a quarter of a league distant, and they sent at once and filled our goatskins. This kind reception, and the caresses that they all gave to my Ana Arab, seemed very auspicious, and convinced me that I had not made a mistake. After having feasted in this place called Belgassot[1], where we stayed two hours, we remounted our horses and rode along the river banks for the rest of the day. We wished to keep out of sight of two little towns called Calaha and Rahayba[2], which we left on our right by nightfall; this was on information that the six bands of Arabs, from whom I had escaped the preceding year with some ingenuity and great luck[3], were still in them. Having left the banks of the Euphrates, at seven o'clock in the evening we crossed two large plains and arrived at midnight at the little town of Achera[4], situated on a hill with the river at its base. We dismounted at the house of the Governor, who is called in Arabic the Sheikh. He received us with much honour, gave us food, and spread carpets for us, on which we slept the rest of the night.

I have always admired the amazing hospitable and courteous manner with which the Arabs are accustomed to receive travellers, notwithstanding that they seem so far away from the courtesies and civilities of other nations that one is apt to believe

[1] Belgassot may have some connexion with Belum, a small town on the Euphrates between Busaira and Meyadin.

[2] Rahayba clearly is Rahaba, near Meyadin. Calaha = Qala (fortress). The R.G.S. map (1917) shows 'Kala Rahaba' in the vicinity of Rahaba. See also the references to these places under 5 June 1674 in ch. VII of vol. III.

[3] Carré's book (I, 246) says that during his stay in this part in 1671 he and his guide were several times in danger of being carried off by bands of Arabs, which they had great difficulty in avoiding.

[4] Achera is probably the fortress el Ashara (R.G.S. map) or el Ischara (Kiepert's map) between Rahaba and Bustan. Carré had stayed there in 1671 and described it (I, 247–8) as a place on the Euphrates with beautiful and fertile surroundings.

them ignorant of good manners. I had already experienced this hospitality with astonishment and admiration on my former journey. All travellers, whether Arabs or strangers, when passing by Arab towns, villages or encampments, are ordinarily lodged in the house or tent of the sheikh, or with one of the principal men, as freely as we go to hotels in France. The sheikh, or master of the house, after having received his guests with courtesy, has carpets spread in a cool and safe spot on which to rest, while he has food prepared of all that is best in the place. As soon as the principal Arabs hear of the arrival of any stranger or traveller, they come to the house where he is to greet him and to eat with him. During the repast the sheikh, though sitting at table with the others, only cuts up the food and serves each guest personally. He does not usually eat till after the meal, when the others have left the table. This is all done in perfect order and with admirable cleanliness.

The women do all the cooking, go to the wells, springs, and rivers, to water the flocks and bring back the water to their houses in large earthen jars carried on their heads or in skins. They gather at these watering-places in troops, like Laban's daughters when they met their relation Jacob at the well while watering their father's flocks[1]. These Arabs of to-day have the same manner of living and keep the same customs as their forefathers did in the time of Abraham and his descendants. Moreover, the sheikh with whom you stay also sees that your horse lacks nothing. On your departure he thanks you politely for the honour of your visit. He would be offended if you offered to pay your expenses, as it would be an insult to all the tribe. Only, if you have a turban, a little tobacco, some coffee, or a little sugar for their children, can they honourably receive trifles of this kind.

Such are the customs of these Arabs, whom we regard as savage and rough. They shame most of our rich Christians in Europe, who often refuse a piece of bread to poor pilgrims and strangers without means. Such are the manners and ways of living so different from those in our countries, where pomp, luxury and eagerness to amass wealth, blind so many of us. Come with me to this desert. I will show you a nation, Arab and barbarian, that can

[1] The comparison of Laban's daughters with 'troops' shows forgetfulness on the part of Carré. Laban had only two daughters, and of these Rachel alone met him at the well (Gen. xxix. 9–12, 16).

teach us the valuable lesson that we must rid ourselves of mad and extravagant ambitions for wealth, palaces, fine furniture, sumptuous clothes, perfumes, dainties and the like, which pervert the brains of the greatest men in European countries. Come, I say, to this land of our first fathers, come to Arabia, where you will find a nation that knows nothing of gold and silver, lovely furniture and plate—whose only wealth is in their flocks, which supply all their wants. Their calmness of spirit is so great that they seem to me to be the happiest and most restful nation in the world, having no other care or occupation than that of tending their flocks, the milk of which is their principal food. This is the women's duty, while the men spin the wool of their flocks into clothes. These consist of a long robe, with large pointed sleeves, which they can fasten behind their necks[1]. There is also a haba[2], which is a sort of cloak of coarse wool or goat's or camel's hair. The women dress like the men, except that they wear glass bracelets and anklets on their arms and legs, as well as a few gold or silver coins round their neck, their husbands' gift on marriage. Their heads are bare, with long plaits of hair hanging down their backs to the ground, which gives them a natural grace, more chaming and agreeable than all the devices and plasterings of our European ladies. The children ordinarily go naked until the age of six or seven, to accustom them to the heat and hardships of this country. They begin to walk, and help to tend the flocks, at ten or twelve months. What surprised me most in this fiery climate was to see the women fair and beautiful, with complexions as delicate and charming as those of the most lovely women in our cold countries[3]. Their usual furniture consists of long thick carpets, and tents of mixed wool and camel's or goat's hair, which they themselves spin and weave into cloth. They also have spoons, plates and bowls, and

[1] Arab. *jubba*, the long collarless robe with wide sleeves, which constitutes the usual outer dress of the Arabs.

[2] Arab. *aba*, or upper garment, which in Syria (as opposed to Egypt) has no sleeves (*Enc. of Islam*, I, I).

[3] The translator has suggested to us that the delicate complexions of these tent-dwellers were the result of a clever make-up. That cosmetics were used in the East from early times is shown by their known use in Egypt and the reference in 2 Kings ix. 30 to Jezebel's 'painted face'. Chardin (*Journal*, I, 670–I) also speaks of Arab women staining their hands and feet with indigo, and their eyelids and lips, as well as the soles of their feet and the palms of their hands, with henna of an orange colour.

large basins made of wood, which serve for eating and all sorts of uses, such as to keep milk, make butter, knead bread, and hold food. In their tents and huts are always goatskins filled with water, which they keep in some cool place, suspended on three sticks covered with green branches and leaves, if any are to be found near their grazing-grounds.

Wednesday, 17 June. At daybreak thirty of the principal Arabs came, according to custom, to visit their sheikh and receive his commands. They sat down according to their rank and dignity on carpets spread in a cool place, to which the sheikh led me and seated me by him. Having served all this assemblage with food, he gave me a thousand caresses and expressed his extreme joy at the honour of receiving me. He had my name written down and begged me to take his in the same way, viz. 'the Chekq-Dris [Sheikh Idris]'. He made me swear on his turban that I would visit him every time I crossed this desert. He told me he had four companies of Arabs under him and offered me a mounted escort if I needed it. I thanked him civilly and let him know I felt safe enough with the company of Assem Farage [?Hasan Faraj], the Ana Arab whom he knew and of whose fidelity he assured me. On leaving I presented him with a turban, a little tyriac[1], and some salve for cuts, more precious than anything else I could have given.

At six o'clock in the morning I mounted my horse with my two Arabs. We left Achera and crossed a long stony plain where the heat was more cruel than anything already experienced. About noon we found the remains of an old castle on the river's bank[2], where we stopped for two hours for rest and refreshment. Afterwards we continued on our way till midnight without stopping. We then halted to give our horses barley in the middle of another large plain, which we crossed slowly in the cool of the night.

Saturday, 18 June. After having marched all the morning, we

[1] I.e. theriac (Arab. *tiryaq*, Pers. *tiriak*, from Grk. *therion*, a wild or poisonous animal), a composition that was reputed to be an antidote to snake-poison. The word 'treacle' is derived from it.

[2] This old castle was probably the ancient fort, which became the Roman garrison-post of Dura-Europos, now known as Khan Kalasi or Salahiya, some 15 miles south of Kasr el Ashara. Its ruins have been excavated, and the site identified as above mentioned (M. I. Rostovtzeff, *Second Season of Excavations at Dura Europos* (1931), p. 5; *Syrian Desert*, 120).

approached the Euphrates about eight o'clock. We noticed a little wood, where we intended to rest, but found Arabs encamped there with their flocks, as there was good grazing. My Arab from Ana knew them and we were received in their tents with courtesy and every sign of friendship by the two sheikh brothers, Jaber [Jabbar] and Ailly [Ali] Mehemdas, who at once called their principal men to feast with us. The women hastened to prepare everything—some to bake bread under cinders, some to cook a lamb, some to get milk, and some to spread carpets and to bring us fresh water in large wooden bowls, while others fed our horses. All their little children also rushed out of their tents and surrounded us to give the Salam-Ale[i]kum [Peace be with you!].

While we were eating, an old Arab rode up and, having saluted the sheikh, sat down beside us. He told us he was from the town of Ana, and was very surprised and pleased to see my Arab, Assem Farage, in this place. After many compliments and salutations, he warned us that an Arab chieftain called Mahemmet Chydide [?Muhammad Shadid], a terrible man and leader of the lowest type of desert robbers, had for the last month lurked with 5,000 men in a defile through which we were due to pass that night or the following day. They were waiting there to attack the caravan from Baghdad; but on hearing that these ruffians were lying in wait for them, it had stopped outside Ana. As they had left the road free only eight days previously, the robbers must be near where we were; and the old man urged us to lose no time, and to take a roundabout route which he indicated to us. After such advice, neither heat nor bad roads could stop us. We mounted our horses instantly, and marched all day across difficult rugged hills and mountains till six o'clock in the evening, when we concealed ourselves in some grass on the river bank. We stayed only an hour to graze our horses, and afterwards continued our route by narrow defiles and paths wedged between the river and the high mountains, so that two horsemen could hardly ride abreast.[1] We spent the whole night in these passes with great anxiety and incredible difficulties.

[1] This was probably the hilly country to the south of Erzi and El Qaim, shown on Rennell's map, and mentioned by Plaisted and Rousseau (*Desert Route*, 82). Plaisted says the way there 'was stony and rocky, among hills or rather mountains; we passed through defiles where only two could go abreast' (ibid.).

Sunday, 19 June. After having fortunately got out of these dangerous defiles and passages, at dawn we re-entered the arid plains, which we crossed very quickly. At ten o'clock, while still riding with all speed, we were stopped by the sight of about 200 tents and huts of many colours in a dry and slightly elevated spot not far from the banks of the Euphrates. My Arabs, who knew the country, were a little surprised, and we halted to consult and consider what this could possibly be, as both my men assured me that there was neither a village nor any habitations thereabouts. They thought at first it was the chieftain Chydide's troops, of which we had been warned the preceding day. This troubled us not a little, not knowing what to decide. At last we resolved to continue on our way, and following the bottom of a little valley under cover and out of sight, we soon approached these tents. We saw some 2,000 camels scattered about the place, which cheered us up as a good sign, for we judged by this that it was the great caravan from Baghdad. It had arrived at this open and high spot, and camped there to avoid surprise by the Arabs. As soon as we had resumed our journey to the middle of the plain, we were seen by the caravan. An alarm was raised and fifty riders galloped up to reconnoitre us. They joined us and, having learnt who we were, returned joyfully to their tents, where we also rested a little while. The caphila bachy [kāfila bashi], the title of the caravan leader, who was a Turk and a rich merchant from Baghdad, sent to ask us to take coffee in his tent. He confided to us his anxiety touching the defiles and dangerous passes which we had just crossed this day and the preceding night. We assured him that we had not met a single Arab and that he could safely take his caravan there. It was a very rich one with more than 2,000 loads of valuable goods from Persia, India, and all the East for Aleppo. After having passed a good hour with these merchants, we remounted and quickened our pace to arrive early at Ana[1]. We had only six leagues to do, which we covered fairly soon, but both my horse and that of my guide were so worn out that they collapsed on our arrival there at four o'clock in the afternoon.

My companion Assem Farage made us alight at his house, which was instantly filled with the principal Arabs of the town,

[1] A well-known town on the Euphrates, 119 miles above Hit. It was important as the end of the desert journey from Palmyra, and a half-way house between Aleppo and Baghdad.

who came to embrace, kiss, and congratulate him on his happy return. After they had finished their greetings and ceremonies, I was surprised to see large crowds of Arab women, who came with the wives and female relations of the newcomer to show their joy and satisfaction at his return by acclamations, gestures, and clapping of hands, so that I have seldom seen so pleasant and cheerful a reunion. I reflected deeply on the happiness of this Arab; the charm and sweetness of the welcome by his friends and relations would soon make him forget the fatigues of his journey, whereas I myself was in the middle of this desert, and had endured only a sample of the troubles, toils, distress, and perils that I had yet to undergo in this journey—perhaps the most troublesome and difficult that may ever be undertaken.

All the ceremonies of welcome having ended and the friends having departed, my host had carpets spread in a cool place where I could rest. He ordered a dozen women to prepare food, and brought grapes, melons, apricots, figs, and other fruits of the season, for me to eat while waiting for the meal. In the evening the Turkish Agha who receives the customs on behalf of the Grand Seigneur in this town, hearing of my arrival, sent two janissaries to greet me and to invite me to rest in his divan; but, as I had long experience of Turkish ways, I knew that his civility was only to get a gift or a piece of gold or silver out of me. I therefore sent a reply that I was too tired and exhausted to go to his house, and that I had found a place in the town where I had everything I wanted. I saw, however, that my host and my guide wanted to go to the Turkish Agha to take him my compliments, so I charged them to tell him on my behalf that I had not much ground to be pleased with him, nor did I wish to receive any civility from him, as I had not forgotten the trick he had played me when I was here on my former journey the previous year. He had sent a troop of janissaries after me to arrest and bring me back on account of two piastres for customs duty of which my guide had cheated them, unknown to me[1]. My two Arabs,

[1] The incident in question is fully related in Carré's book (I, 290–4). The 'troop', however, consisted of only two Turkish janissaries. After the guide had paid them the small sum due, they tried to extract money from Carré, who got rid of them by producing a bit of pork and pretending to be about to eat it (ibid. 294–6). A transit-duty of 6 piastres (about 30*s.*) on every load was levied at Ana (*Syrian Desert*, 154).

delighted that I had refused the Turk's offers, left me alone in the house, and went with the two janissaries to the Agha. They put my case before him so well in compliance with my injunctions that he expressed surprise, and after asking them my name, sent for the book with list of passing strangers. Having ascertained the truth of my message, he sent me his excuses and said it was the fault of his people who had done this without his knowledge. To pacify me he sent me a large bowl of fruit and flowers, which I gave to the wives of my host.

Monday, 20 June. The Agha, having missed his mark the day before, sent to my lodging at dawn to make yet another attack. He offered me six janissaries as escort to Baghdad, but my Arab host knew the designs and tricks of this Turk, who was obliged to send people to Baghdad on important affairs of the Porte and would have been delighted to get me to pay for them. He advised me to thank him, which I did with all civility, and to inform him that I had provided myself at Aleppo with guides and all things requisite for my journey. Moreover, I let him know that if he had any persons or things to send to Baghdad, I would offer my services as escort. He was so surprised that he sent me quite a civil answer of thanks, with some packets which he begged me to take to the Pasha of Baghdad and to some merchants.

Having extricated myself from this Turkish bloodsucker, I now thought of getting ready to continue my journey. I was without horses and I needed provisions. I had little faith in my Arab guide, who had become careless and lazy in arranging my affairs; I was, therefore, obliged to do everything myself, so as to lose no more time. After having reflected on the well-known honesty of my host and on the good services he had rendered me on the journey, I spoke to him frankly and told him I wished to leave this very day. I gave him a list of what was necessary, and he worked with such diligence and efficacy that we were ready to start at four o'clock in the afternoon. I bought a horse for myself, but my guide's horse revived a bit and he would not leave it behind. I took the food my host had prepared for me. He also offered to conduct me to Baghdad himself, if I wished; for which I thanked him and also for the good services he had already done me. He begged me at least to take one of his sons, to whom he had given a horse for this purpose. I would have accepted him instead of my own guide, who, however, prevented this, saying it would

injure him, as everyone would think he did not know his work or the desert route. Doubtless, had I believed my Ana Arab host on this point, as I had always done in everything else, and had taken his son, it would have been better for me. He was vexed to see me start so precipitately, and made every effort to get me to stay a few more days to rest and recover from the past fatigues. Some people, no doubt, who like their ease and pleasure, would not have left, as I did, the same day at five o'clock in the evening.

We marched most of the day and at night along the banks of the Euphrates until ten o'clock; we then stopped at a place where we found about ten Arabs. At first they were alarmed at our arrival, as they thought we were night-hawks, who generally keep along the river banks to steal grain already cut, it being the custom in these eastern countries to cut and stack the harvest in the field and to thresh out the grain on the spot. These poor reapers, having seen that we were not what they imagined, gave us rice, milk, and all they could spare, with which to regale ourselves. They warned us that there were bands of Arabs in the neighbourhood, who were creating great havoc along the river banks, as they came at night to steal grain for their horses, which they hid a great distance away in the plains. Seeing that this place was dangerous for us, we remounted about midnight and marched during the cool of the night, which is the best time.

Tuesday, 21 June. At daybreak we found ourselves on a stony plain without trees or shade of any kind and with no water, so we were obliged to continue on our way all the rest of the day without stopping. We were exhausted with thirst and heat, and I felt we should never reach the end of this plain, where the rays of the sun seemed intent on reducing us to ashes. What surprised me most was, that my horse, though I had taken it fresh out of the stall the day before, suddenly broke down, owing to its being unaccustomed to the twenty-four hour marches without rest or water, which it had done since leaving Ana. I was afraid I was going to be left without a horse in this broad plain, and (to relieve it) I was obliged to go on foot like my guide, whose horse was in the same plight. We did not know what to do when, about five o'clock in the evening, we saw a grove of palm-trees; this gave us courage, as we knew the river could not be far off. We had the greatest difficulty in dragging ourselves there, as our horses were quite exhausted. Arriving at the grove, we found a long village

called Adisay, situated on the river. I remembered having stayed there the year before in a house where I had been kindly treated.[1] I told my guide I wished to pass the night in this place, so as to give our horses time to recover. I was astonished when he suddenly lost his temper with me and said he would not stop as he was not known there. I did not wish to quarrel with this Arab, whom I could not do without, so I gave in and agreed to all he wished. I then began to repent and felt I had made a mistake in refusing the guide offered me at Ana, on whose fidelity and devotion I was told I could rely.

Having watered our horses, which they most needed, and given them some forage, which heartened them up a little, we resumed our march along the river. About eight o'clock in the evening, as on the preceding night, we came across some harvesters who were on guard near their grain. They warned us that it was not safe to travel at night along the river during harvest-time, on account of Arabs who came every night to water their horses and to provide themselves with forage which they took away to their daytime distant hiding-places. I then noticed that my guide was much embarrassed at finding us near such a dangerous place. I was so vexed at this that, had I had sufficient courage, I would have maltreated him, which was easy to do, as I had all the arms. I would never trust him with them, though he often begged me to give him some of my fire-arms, on the pretext of wishing to lighten me. I saw he was absolutely bewildered and hardly knew what he was doing. 'Come, come,' I said, 'follow me. Let us return to the village where you refused to stop. We will find there some place to rest, and thus avoid the danger in which we are now.' The wretched man, calling me his son and his brother—instead of objecting to my wish—was the first to turn his horse towards the village, where we arrived very late. We were received with courtesy by the Arab with whom I had stayed the previous year. But I certainly seemed to have a presentiment of something sinister, in view of the repugnance I had had to journeying farther this night.

Wednesday, 22 June. At dawn, just as we were starting, we

[1] 'Adisay' may be Adasah, near Jubba, which is shown in the War Office map Hit-Hadīthah—T.C. 146 (A) of 1918. Carré's book (I, 236–8) mentions his having passed through several villages on the Euphrates before he reached Ana in 1671, but does not give any of their names.

learnt that 400 mounted Arabs had come within half a league of the village and had stolen a quantity of grain and forage: therefore they could not be far away. Whereupon my Arab, who (as I now realized) was cowardly and careless, advised me to stay all day in the place, so as to give the robber-band time to go away. But I was of another opinion. I considered it better to go on quickly, as we had not much to fear in the daytime, for these Arabs do not attack during the great heat, but only in the cool of the night. On the other hand, if we stayed where we were, we ran a great risk of being discovered by the spies which these bands send into the river-villages to see whether any persons or cafilas [caravans] are passing through. Having persuaded my Arab, we mounted our horses at five o'clock in the morning and instead of following the river—as my guide wished to do—I made him cross a wide tract, which I remembered having traversed once before. It was very mountainous, full of little hills and valleys which gave us incredible trouble to go up and down[1], and where the heat was so great that it seemed as if the rocks were red-hot. We could find no water nor any shade, so that with heat, thirst and fatigue, our horses were again exhausted and we were obliged to make for the river, which we reached about four o'clock in the afternoon. We went into a house, where we had some refreshment; but half an hour after our arrival a dozen or so of Arabs crowded round us, which obliged us to leave quickly. As my horse could neither eat nor walk, we were obliged to find a hiding-place near the river, where we stayed several hours to rest our horses. Mine was very ill, and I let my Arab bleed it, which did some good.

We had almost resolved to stay the night there, but I did not think it safe, on account of the many Arabs who were passing along the river banks at every moment; so at eight o'clock in the evening we continued on our way. I then perceived that my guide did not know the paths by which to keep away from frequented places. Having marched two hours, I thought we were secluded in the plain, but I was astonished to find we had insensibly arrived in a hollow, where we saw many fires and heard the noise of dogs, horses and people, fairly near us. We

[1] The hilly nature of the country near the Euphrates in this part above Hit is shown on the War Office map of 1918 already mentioned, and on Rennell's map, which calls this and the preceding part a 'mountainous tract'.

approached closer and recognized it as a little town, called Hyit [Hīt], on the bank of the river. It was a veritable den of thieves and the retreat of the Arab bands that infest this desert. My guide was astonished and made many excuses, such as that the night was so dark that he had taken the wrong road by mistake. I saw that he was anxious to find someone to discuss things with and also to inquire about this place. However, I prevented this and obliged him to turn round and retake the path into the country. This we were unable to find again, because of the salt marshes; and I began to think that we would never get out of some places where the mud was up to our horses' girths[1]. This caused us much anxiety, which increased as the night was so dark that we did not know which way to take. We did not get out of this labyrinth till next day.

Thursday, 23 June. Daybreak found us worn out by the fatigue and anxiety of the previous night. We hid in a retired spot between two rocks, where we rested for two hours. We got on our horses at six o'clock in the morning, and crossed a salt marsh which was about ten leagues long; but the terrible heat and thirst then obliged us to make for the river, which we found about four o'clock in the afternoon. Then, feeling a little better, we continued our journey on the plains till midnight, when we stopped on a little hill and rested for two hours. On the need arising to feed our horses, to my astonishment my Arab told me there was no more barley for them. My suspicions increased that this Arab had evil designs, particularly when he told me quite coolly that we must return to Hit, alleging—in order to oblige me to consent—that we would not find provisions for ourselves or forage for our horses in any other place. The rascal's discourse so infuriated me that I could not contain my anger against him, and I would have maltreated him otherwise than by mere words, had it not been for the fear that he would leave me alone in the middle of this desert. I contented myself with reproaching him for his want of care and his negligence in not having thought of such a necessary thing, which I had so often preached to him on this journey. I also let him know that he must not think of returning to Hit, unless he intended me to be robbed, as it was the worst

[1] The neighbourhood of Hit is remarkable for the bitumen lakes, which supplied material for cementing bricks in ancient times, as well as for caulking boats (*Syrian Desert*, 165–6).

spot for thieves in this region; and that, since we had only two more days on the road, I still had some biscuits and sugar left that we could use. I soaked these in water and gave them to our horses to sustain them. As the cool of the night is the best time to travel, we continued our journey until three hours after midnight, by the worst roads in the world. We were obliged, every moment, to go out of our way owing to the inundations of the river, which joining the ponds and salt marshes filled the valleys and slopes of the plains through which we were passing.

Friday, 24 June. We had incredible difficulties all the day in skirting the ponds, marshes, and inundations, in almost insupportable heat; but our horses worried us the most, as we could not find any grazing for them. We could only give them a little bread and sugar, soaked in water, of which we deprived ourselves, and that only to revive them when they seemed feeble and dejected. Finally, depending on the hope that the cool of the night would enable us to make more progress, we rested for two hours to nightfall, when we continued our journey till the next day.

Saturday, 25 June. We had hardly marched till sunrise, when my horse collapsed utterly and would neither eat nor drink. It lay down and could not be made to get up. We stayed by it a little time, trying in vain to restore its strength, but as the heat began to trouble us and we found no remedy, we abandoned it in the middle of a plain. I took my guide's horse and made him walk in front of me for the six long hours we took to cross this burning desert, where we suffered torments. But the climax of our misery came when we arrived at the end of it and stopped to rest. We were without bread, sugar, and any provisions, or even water to refresh our mouths and to quench the terrible thirst from which we were perishing. We stayed two hours under the shade of our horse, reflecting sadly on our misery. I tried to encourage my guide, and made him take some brandy—this time as a necessity. He would never touch it before during our journey: it was the only thing I had left to strengthen us. I represented to him that the longer we delayed, the longer we would have to suffer, and urged him to follow our road. Seeing that he was more fatigued than myself, I made him mount the horse, while I walked on foot for three hours until we found some fairly drinkable water in a valley, which was a great relief to us and to the horse. Shortly afterwards, to our great joy, we saw some sort of

meadows and palm-trees, which I recognized as a village called Fallouja [Fallūja], situated on the Euphrates and only a day's journey from Baghdad. I had crossed the river here last year[1]. I told my guide that I recognized the place and we went straight to the meadows, where we found some Arabs guarding their flocks in the grass. As these were only women and children, from whom we had nothing to fear, we stayed an hour to let our horse graze, and these poor Arabs gave us dates and milk with which to regale ourselves.

While we were resting we saw two horsemen coming with their lances in the right hand and each holding, with their left, a small naked child before them on their horses. We knew, therefore, that these were the owners of the flocks. Having seen me take up my arms on their arrival, they signed to me to sit down and not to be afraid. They dismounted and questioned my Arab, who at once began to inquire as to the state of the roads. I remarked that he was pointing with his finger in a direction contrary to our route, and I suspected that he was contemplating some treachery and that he wanted to take me to some dangerous place. My doubts were confirmed when I wished to start, as he then told me that we could not cross the river at Falluja on account of the floods which had covered the district round the village. He wished to take me to some spot where it was easier to cross the river. The just suspicion I had of his bad faith made me hesitate for some time. I begged him very earnestly to go to Falluja and see whether we could not cross there. I promised him, if that was impossible, I would follow him wherever he wished to lead me. However, he would not alter his resolution, and I was obliged to give in[2]. What enraged me most was that, whenever we met Arabs, he would ask them the way as if he did not know the district, and made them show the road which we should take. I had a presentiment of approaching disaster, and felt so great a repugnance to following this Arab that I got furiously angry with him several times, trying to make him take the road I wanted, as

[1] Carré's book (I, 228–9) describes this crossing in a kind of 'corbillon' (basket), i.e. a coracle. Falluja is thirty-five miles from Baghdad.

[2] The guide may have been quite honest in his objection to crossing the river at Falluja, which C. P. Grant says (*Syrian Desert*, 42) 'came to be used in preference to all of the more northerly crossings, except when the Euphrates happened to be in flood', as it then was (p. 66 *ante*).

I knew it to some extent from having passed over it once before. But he was firm and unbending in his intention, and took no notice of anything I said, so I was obliged to yield to my fate.

After having marched for some time, scarcely knowing where we were going, about four o'clock we saw a large column of smoke, which rose in the air like a big cloud. My Arab was delighted. 'There,' he said, showing me the smoke, 'is where we will cross the river to-day.' Without this fatal sign my Arab's scheme would doubtless have misfired, for I had begun to see that he did not know where he was and could not find any way by which to take me where he wanted to go. He had indeed almost resolved to return and take the route I wished, when he saw this smoke and so continued towards it. After having passed through some trees and brushwood which hid the place my guide was seeking, we found ourselves at the entrance of a large plain, or rather a large meadow, surrounded by Arab huts and tents and with about 800 horses grazing in the middle of it. Most of them were covered with horse-cloths, which reached to the ground, leaving only the eyes free. This had two objects—the principal one being that their horses should not be recognized when they were camping, and the other to protect them from flies. The sight of this stopped me at once, and realizing the treachery of my guide, I was on the point of breaking his head with a pistol-shot. I probably would have done this, had we not advanced so far, with the assurance that we could regain the road to Falluja where I had crossed the river the year before; but I was also restrained by the sight of some riders, who had seen us coming out of the bushes. They came to reconnoitre, but knowing the Arab customs, I felt that no harm would come to me while I was in their encampment. We advanced up to their huts, where some Arabs met us and took us straight to their sheikh's tent. He received us very civilly, gave the order for food, and called up a troop of horsemen, who were encamped around him, to keep me company. After the usual courtesies, the sheikh promised to send me across the river in their own fashion on a goatskin. He also gave me a horse to continue our journey up to Baghdad, which was only a day's march away.

But all these promises and this politeness did not dispel my feeling of anxiety and premonition that I was betrayed and sold by my Arab guide. If I had been on the other side of the river, I

should have had nothing to fear, on account of the Turkish horsemen and janissaries there, of whom these Arabs are much afraid. But seeing I was in the middle of eight or nine hundred veritable desert-robbers, and in a place where they were masters, I felt I could not escape scatheless from their hands. However, I dissimulated and pretended to have no distrust. I pressed my guide to arrange for the river crossing as soon as possible; but seeing that I was set on a thing which he did not want to do, he got angry and told me to rest and let him feed and rest his horse also. He said I must be patient until evening, when a feast was being prepared, which would compensate us for our fast of the last three days. I was, therefore, obliged to wait, with rage in my soul, while this wretch betrayed me to these Arabs for the price of a dinner, which they gave us at the end of the day with the usual ceremonies. What alarmed me even more were the crowds of uninvited Arabs who came from all sides to look at me and to spy out the time of my departure. My guide had given his horse two or three hours' rest and made a good meal which quite set him up again after his past fatigues, so I asked him whether he would not now leave this place. To this he replied that these Arabs could not get me across the river, nor give me a horse, as they did not wish to go to the other side; and that all they could do would be to give me some people to accompany us about half a league to a place opposite a village on the other bank, where boats could be had to ferry us over. I saw at once that it was a plot between my guide and these Arabs; but I was obliged to go where they wished, if I was ever to get out of this place in which I had stayed so unwillingly.

We, therefore, left about eight o'clock at night with three Arabs, who walked in front of us up to a place on the river side. The weather was calm and there was a good moon, by the light of which we dimly saw a number of houses on the other bank. We shouted with all our might for someone to send a boat to take us across. Finally they replied that they had no boats and that there was no crossing there, but that five or six leagues lower or higher on the river, to wit at Falluja or Radouania, there were two ferries which were generally used[1]. I then got angry with

[1] Falluja was a usual crossing-place for caravans, etc. (*Desert Route*, 156n.). 'Radouania' is probably Ridwāniyah, some six miles below Falluja (War Office map, *Baghdad–Karbala*, T. C. 144-A).

my guide and reproached him for his cowardice and knavery in having prevented me from taking the route I wished to Falluja, where we would have been in safety by now. The three Arabs who were with us, seeing I was scolding my guide, tried to pacify me and pretended that they were most zealous to serve me. They said the Radouania ferry was the nearest, to which we could go without much trouble, as we had only to follow a little path which they showed me in the moonlight, saying it would lead us straight to the ferry. They took us about 200 yards along this little path and then went back, no doubt to tell their comrades the way we had taken. I was so certain of the design of these Arabs that, finding myself alone with my guide, I begged him gently and with all the most persuasive words I could find to return, and suggested that we should travel all night along the river to the Falluja ferry. I even promised him a good reward, if we arrived there safely, but I found it impossible to move him. He made a thousand objections and said that we should meet with innumerable difficulties in finding Falluja, whereas we had now a direct road to Radouania. Being obliged to yield, I did my best to get him to leave this little path, take a roundabout way, and keep under cover as much as possible along the river bank; but all my arguments and just fears had no effect on him: he kept saying that, if we left this path, we should never find the ferry for which we were looking, and which he did not wish to miss.

The hour I so much dreaded arrived at last. I was always on the look-out, and at eleven o'clock at night I heard the noise of horses behind us. I had hardly turned my head when I saw, as well as I could make out in the moonlight, fifty horsemen coming along boldly. Having already prepared for such an event, I could think only of the royal packets and the letters for the East India Company, which I had kept in my hand, wrapped in a handkerchief rolled in a filthy rag. I threw the bundle into a little bush, which I fortunately found nearby, and which I marked. I then withdrew about twenty steps and warned my Arab to get out his arms and to keep near me without fear, urging him to remember the instructions I had so often given him. I was unable to flee, as my wretched horse could do no more, so I got down and, taking cover behind my horse, awaited the Arabs firmly—my musket in my hand and my pistols in my belt. As soon as they saw me they charged down with fixed lances. I was just going to fire my

musket at the leader when he stopped short at the sight of my guide, who cried out that I would kill him if he advanced. The others then came up and, seeing me about to fire, they all stopped. On my asking to see their leader or sheikh, to parley with him, they withdrew a little on one side with the exception of four, who stayed about eight paces away. I told them that, if they would not touch my papers and letters, I would gladly give them my clothes and all my belongings, and that otherwise I was resolved to die and to kill five or six of them before they could do anything to me. I had, from the beginning of my journey, told my Arab guide of my intentions in such a case. He shouted to them with all his force not to advance, but to agree to my wishes, to which they at last consented. Keeping all the others away at some distance, the four Arabs dismounted and left their arms, which consisted only of lances, near their horses. They took all the things that were on my horse, but allowed me to take my papers and all my letters without wanting to open or even touch them. Afterwards, as I had not the patience to strip myself of my clothes, two of these Arabs made themselves my valets and put me as naked as my hand, in order to find what they were seeking —a belt next my skin where I had some hundreds of gold sequins[1]. While these two were thus robbing me, the other two threw themselves on my arms, which I had at my feet, and put them aside near their horses. After stripping me naked, they gave me back a shirt and an old horsecloth to cover myself. As they were packing up my things, they found a box full of medicinal drugs. They asked me what they were and, on my telling them that these drugs were for curing illnesses, they divided them between the four, who started to eat them as if they were the best sweetmeats in the world. They swallowed the antidote, the confection of hyacinths, the balms, and the pills, in such a way that, miserable as I was in this disaster, I could not help smiling at their stupidity. I asked them to return my rosary and a silver cross with relics, which I said were sacred things of God and of my religion. They gave them back at once and left me my horse also. They did not touch my guide, which made me certain he had betrayed me to the Arabs. One of them, apparently the leader, before leaving, embraced and kissed me, and advised me to withdraw quickly

[1] Italian *zecchino* or *cecchino*, a Venetian coin worth about 7*s.* to 9*s.* (*Hobson-Jobson*, 193; Tavernier, *Travels*, I, 328).

and to hide in the bushes by the river, which was quite near. He said there were other robber-bands on the look-out for me in other directions, and that these might ill-treat me, if they found me with nothing left for them. It is the custom of these desert thieves, when they strip a wretched traveller or merchant, to treat him gently and with courtesy when (as in my case) they find things of value on him, whereas they ill-treat those who have nothing worth stealing, as happened a few months back to a poor Armenian bishop, who was robbed half a day out from Baghdad. He had only books and papers with him, and they maltreated him so severely that it was thought he would probably die.

As soon as these brave Arabs left me free, I rushed to the spot where I had hidden my handkerchief, which I found in the same place. I gathered up my letters and all my papers and put them in a little valise which the robbers allowed me to keep for the purpose. I remounted our horse, who went a little better than he had done previously, as he was relieved of the burden he was accustomed to carry. Having arrived at the river, we hid ourselves in the brushwood and grass, where we passed the rest of the night in great terror, not from the fear of a second attack by other Arabs, but on account of four or five raging lions[1] who, having smelt us, came quite close. They prowled round the place where we were, roaring in a terrifying manner. We did not know where to hide from the fury of these dreadful beasts, who we thought might pounce upon us at any moment. We were each obliged to climb a tree, and had to keep watch until daybreak, when these beasts went off. I found it impossible to sleep in the posture in which I had to pass the rest of the night, so I spent the time in serious reflections and moralizing on my wonderful and strange adventures. I blessed God and the Holy Virgin for their goodness, by which I had been preserved in these minor misfortunes, so that I had been able to save that which was most dear to me. I counted as a mere bagatelle the loss of my money, my baggage, and everything else. All was as nothing compared to the joy I felt in having had the happiness of saving His Majesty's packets and all my

[1] Sir Anthony Sherley and his party, when going down the Euphrates (*c.* 1599), 'did commonly see, every morning, great lions come down to the river side to drink' (*The three Sherley Brothers*, 1825, 41); and according to C. P. Grant (*Syrian Desert*, 15) travellers, as late as the end of the eighteenth century, reported seeing lions near that river.

papers, which were a thousand times more precious to me than my life.

Sunday, 26 June. We left this spot at dawn and followed the river for at least an hour without finding the crossing-place. We were beginning to feel alarmed, when we heard the crowing of cocks and the yapping of dogs. We hurried quickly through the thick bushes that lined the bank to the right of a village which we saw as soon as we reached the river. We spent a full hour shouting to the opposite bank for a boat to take us across. In the end they brought us a sort of round gondola [?coracle], made of rushes and reeds and tarred on the outside[1]. It could barely seat three men, and I embarked with my guide. Three Arabs had come over to help us; two swam and pushed our gondola, while the other took the horse and tried to swim it across, but it was drowned before reaching the middle of the river. It had not strength enough to resist the rapid current of the Euphrates.

About nine o'clock we arrived at the village called Radouania. An Arab there received me very charitably, having compassion on my misery and the pitiable state to which I was reduced. All the women crowded round to hear from my guide of the manner in which I had been robbed the night before. They lamented my misfortune, and all went to bring me things to console me. Some brought me eatables; another gave me a piece of cloth to cover my head; a man obliged me with a belt; and the master of the house, seeing we had no horses or anything else to go to Bagdat [Baghdad][2], which I wished to reach this same day, presented us each with a mount, while his wives prepared food for us.

There were then some Turkish troops in the village from the garrison at Baghdad, sent by the Pasha to protect the grain collected in all its environs. Its inhabitants are poor Arabs, kind and docile people, who cultivate the river banks on the Baghdad side.

[1] Cf. C. P. Grant's description of the coracles still used at Hit: 'a frame-work of light wood and branches is made, plaited through with a kind of basket-work of reeds and straw: this in turn is coated, inside and out, with melted pitch into which sand and earth have been admixed' (*Syrian Desert*, p. 165). Carré's 'round gondola' was, no doubt, the *kufa* or *gufa*, described by Herodotus (I, 194) and still in use on the rivers Euphrates and Tigris. For a full description of them, see James Hornell's article on 'The Coracles of the Tigris and Euphrates' in the *Mariner's Mirror*, XXIV, No. 2, pp. 153–9.

[2] Carré here uses 'Bagdat' for the first time; previously he describes it as 'Babylon', see n. 2 at p. 20 *ante*.

Arab bandits do not come there, for fear of the janissaries who are sent frequently from Baghdad to protect the countryside from their attacks. I left Radouania about noon with my guide and a few Turks, who were escorting some grain to Baghdad. We met many Arab bands on the road, but seeing my miserable state they did not even inquire who I was or where I was going. About five o'clock in the evening we arrived at this large town [Babylon, in the side-note], ever the marvel of the world, of which I will now say nothing, as I fully described it in my last year's journal[1].

I alighted at the convent of the Capuchin Fathers, the only place in this town where a Frank can stay. They are always kindly received and given any help they need by the good offices of the Rev. Father Francis of Romorantin, head of this celebrated mission. He knows all the customs and outlook of Turks, Arabs, Persians, and other foreign nations, which is a great assistance and comfort for all European travellers that come here. They are sure of finding opportunities and means of conveyance for any part of the world to which they wish to go, through this good Capuchin, who is a true example of virtue, humility, patience, and holiness. I have already shown, elsewhere, the marvellous and surprising adventures of this apostle of Chaldea[2]. Seeing me arrive in such a miserable state, he showed intense displeasure and made me recount how I had fallen into the hands of Arab robbers. He did not doubt but that it was due to the malice and treachery of my guide. He abused him bitterly and wished to prevent me giving him some of his pay, which I had agreed to do on arrival in this place. I would not have done so but that I feared the man

[1] In his previous overland journey from Bandar Abbas, Carré reached Baghdad on 4 June, 1671. His book (I, 204–15) deals with his stay there, but contains little about the town, with which he evidently was not impressed. Thus he says (p. 210) that he saw nothing remarkable there, and ascribes this to its being the third town built on the ruins of the ancient one. He also refers to the remains of ancient Babylon as being not far beyond the walls of the new town. This shows that Carré, like many other travellers of the seventeenth century, thought that the ruins of Babylon were close to Baghdad, and explains why he called the town by that name. In fact, according to Pietro della Valle (*Viaggi*, I, 484) and Tavernier (*Voyages*, I, 188), Babylon was the popular name for it.

[2] In 1671 Carré stayed at the Capuchin Fathers' house, and his book (I, 205, 218) praises their charity and kindness; but it does not contain any relation of 'marvellous and surprising adventures' of the Father Superior, such as presumably appeared in his first Journal.

would bring an action before the Turkish Pasha or the Cadi, who would have doubtless made me pay a much larger sum. I preferred to settle up to this wretch's content, and to send him back, as it is always dangerous, especially for Franks, to suffer Turkish justice.

The same evening this good Father spoke about me to a rich merchant, a Christian Arab of this country, who mounted me and provided me with all that was necessary in order to continue my journey.

Monday, 27 June. I dressed myself again in Arab clothes, as I did not wish to be recognized as a Frank. I worked all day inquiring which was the quickest way to Persia or Bassura [Basra]. I found drawbacks on both sides. I learnt the road to Persia was not safe, the said kingdom being in a turmoil owing to the vile treatment by the king of his mother and his first Vizir and some other Persian princes, some of whom had been obliged to leave the kingdom with a great number of the nobility. It was, therefore, dangerous to meet these discontented people who were all about the roads[1]. As to the way to Basra, I was told I could not possibly go by land, as there were at least 40,000 Arabs, who had closed all the roads, having leagued themselves against the Turks of Basra and Baghdad, so that nothing could pass to either town[2]. Even if I wished to go by the Tigris river, which was the quickest way and the only one I could take, it was still dangerous, as these Arabs were camped on its banks. Therefore, having only three ways open to me, I settled on the last—to wit, the river passage, as the quickest and the least dangerous. It was only a question now of finding a vessel, which gave me not a little trouble.

The Capuchin Fathers, who enjoy great consideration with the

[1] This flight from the tyranny of Shah Safi (or Sulaiman), as well as that of the Vizir's son mentioned at p. 77 *post*, are not referrred to by Malcolm, but are consistent with the account he gives of him and his barbarous treatment of the Vizir, merely because he could 'no longer endure' the other's 'good conduct'(I, 589–90). Fryer (III, 41–3, 51) makes some strong remarks about his dissipation and tyranny. He not only put to death his own relations of both sexes, but executed most of his generals and councillors (*Enc. Brit.*, XVII, 592).

[2] Baghdad was under Turkish rule from 1639, and Basra from 1668 (S. H. Longrigg, pp. 72–4, 116–17). But there were subsequent local disturbances of an ineffectual character, including one in 1669 (ibid. 118–19), which Carré also mentioned in his book (I, 123–7), as he was at Basra when the Turks recaptured it.

Turkish and Arab merchants of this large town, worked hard for three days on my behalf. At last they let me know that there were only two dhows about to start, a big one laden with corn, and the other a smaller one that belonged to an Imam Molla [Mulla], a Turkish priest of the divan findic of Basra[1]. He had come to Baghdad to get some remedies and medicines from the Capuchin Fathers for himself. Believing that the Mulla's dhow would leave sooner than the one laden with corn, our Capuchin Fathers spoke to the Mulla, who told them he was quite agreeable to my coming with him in his boat to Basra. I was delighted at such a favourable opportunity and gave orders for food and everything necessary to be prepared quickly for the said voyage.

Thursday, last day of June. I was on the point of getting all my things down to this dhow, when I was told that a company of janissaries had invaded it and hoisted the Pasha's flag. He was anxious to send troops to strengthen some places and castles on the river, and had therefore commandeered all the dhows in the port. My hope of using this lucky chance was thus frustrated. I sent at once to the corn-ship, but she had started the night before; so I saw myself obliged to wait for at least three more days to find some other means of travelling.

[1] Prof. Gibb, who has made a special study of Turkish provincial administration, thinks that the *Molla* (Mulla) was probably a deputy of the chief Cadi, who was responsible for checking accounts of customs and warehouse dues, and that *findic* represents the Arabic word *funduq*, which ordinarily means inn or hotel, but is also used for a bonded warehouse.

CHAPTER III

JOURNEY FROM BAGHDAD TO KUNG

Friday, 1 *July*. We saw forty well-dressed and well-mounted horsemen arrive at Baghdad. I learnt these were the escort of the son of the Grand Vizir of Persia, who had come to take refuge with the Turks. The Pasha received him with honour and promised to protect him and his followers. This splendid troop of Persians was a fine sight as they paraded the streets of Baghdad. They excited everyone's admiration by the richness and beauty of their clothes, the brilliance of their arms and trappings of their horses, also by the elegance and courtesy of their bearing.

The same day an Arab courier arrived at the Capuchin Fathers' house. He had come from Basra with dispatches to Holland from the Dutch in the East Indies. He left next day for Aleppo by the desert with these same packets. I inquired particularly from him as to the state of the Basra roads and how he had managed to pass over them. He told me that it was not without great difficulty and trouble that he had been able to escape, the roads being full of Arab troops. These had stopped him several times, ill treated him, and taken all his letters and packets, which they opened; but on finding nothing of value, they gave them back. I tried all I could to get hold of these Dutch packets to send them to France, as doubtless they would have revealed all their plans and projects in the Indies[1]. But I could not accomplish my design as the Capuchin Fathers, though French, are neutral, and are equally faithful to the Europeans, whether French, Portuguese, English, or Dutch, who are the four nations trading in the East. These religious men give equal service to all, in sending on their dispatches and helping their business and urgent affairs.

Sunday, 3 *July*. Seeing that no vessel was going from Baghdad to Basra and that even the Turkish Mulla, with all his influence and importuning, could not get the Pasha to give back his boat,

[1] France and Holland were then at war, so Carré may have considered he was justified in attempting to steal the Dutch packets. During the previous war the Dutch chief in Persia in 1665 succeeded in purloining from Tavernier's custody a packet of letters from England that had been given him by the East India Company's agent at Gombroon (Bandar Abbas) to deliver to the English President at Surat, as related in Tavernier's *Travels*, II, 128–31.

I got impatient at my long stay in this town. I was obliged to beg the Capuchin Fathers to try at any cost to find me some means of getting away. Being unable to rest until I had settled something definite, I went myself to a Christian merchant of Baghdad whom I knew, and a janissary called Ursem [?Orsino] Pasha, an Italian, who had been taken prisoner and sold as a slave by the Turks[1]. Having been married for some years in this town, he had been freed and is very useful to all Europeans who pass through the place. Together with these two men, I went to the port, and visited all the dhows and smaller craft that were in the river. Our inquiries succeeded in finding an Arab who promised to hire me a small daneque [dānak][2]; this is a small boat, very narrow, low, and about thirty feet long. The desire I had to leave quickly made me accept his offer joyfully. He took me, at once, to see the danak. It was so cramped and looked so unseaworthy for a long voyage that I judged no one would prevent it leaving. Without losing any time we took the Arab, with four or five others of the same calling, to the Capuchin Fathers, where they signed a document before other Arabs of position in the town, by which the

[1] It might be thought that this Italian was the Venetian 'Topichi Bachi', i.e. commander of the Turkish artillery, at Baghdad, who is mentioned by Tavernier (*Voyages*, II, book 2, pp. 199, 220), by de Bourges (*Relation du Voyage de Mgr. l'évèque de Beryte*, 2nd edn., 1668, pp. 45, 59-60), and by Thevenot (III, 22-3). The first met him in 1652, the second in 1661, and the last in 1664: but his service with the Turks began before 1638, so he may have died or retired by 1672, and he usually spent only three or four months (not ordinarily including July) in the year at Baghdad: also his name is given by Tavernier and Thevenot, as 'Signor Michael'. It seems, therefore, that the man mentioned by Carré was a different one.

[2] Colloquial, not classical, Arabic *danak* or *danag*: cf. Ralph Fitch (Sir William Foster, *Early Travels in India*, p. 10), who (speaking of the Arab river boats) says 'their boates be called danek', and Thevenot (IV, 547-48), who calls it a 'daneg' and gives a description of it like Carré's. Similarly Pietro della Valle mentions (*Viaggi*, IV, 450; tr. Havers, 244) his seeing at Basra 'small boats called *donec*' in use on the waterways there. 'Danak' ordinarily denoted a small measure of grain, etc.; but H. Ritter in an article about river transport on the Euphrates and Tigris (*Der Islam*, Strasburg, 1919, IX, 138) gives *daneg* as an asphalt boat with especially high stem, in use between Qurna and 'Ali Gharbi. Carré's description of the daneque shows that it was similar to the *bellum* still used on the Tigris: cf. the description of the *bellum* given by J. F. Moberly, *Official History of the Great War, The Campaign in Mesopotamia*, I, 130: '*bellums* are long and narrow, somewhat resembling the Venetian gondola: about 20 ft. long and 3 ft. wide.... They are used for passenger and small goods traffic.'

owner agreed for the sum of sixty piastres to furnish his danak with twelve rowers for my voyage to Basra. He also undertook to pay all dues that the Turks or Arabs might demand *en route*, and to go as quickly as possible without stopping anywhere, except at places where I wished to refresh myself. That being finished, I advanced them half of the money, so that they could get the danak ready to leave that evening. I had still some opposition and hindrances in this matter from Turkish and Christian merchants who wished to make me wait and go with them in the dhow belonging to the Turkish Mulla, in the hope that it would be given back to them. But these men were soon pacified by the Fathers, owing to their credit and authority, so I was left in peace to finish my business, in which I was helped by these good men with wonderful charity and affection. They got some dainty biscuits made for me by Arab Christian women, who are models of virtue and innocence, and live truly angelic lives, following the Fathers' example of poverty, patience and humility, due to the care and teaching they receive. I also got other provisions—sherbet, *eau-de-vie*, and a quantity of fruit, such as melons, apples, prunes, figs, grapes and water-melons, which are very plentiful in this season. I filled my danak with these things, so as not to be obliged to stop on our way for provisions.

About four o'clock in the afternoon my Arabs came to warn me that everything was ready for my departure; and I made them carry my provisions to the danak. The good Fathers and a number of their Christians came to see me off. I was just about to enter my boat on saying good-bye, when I was stopped by a nice-looking Turk, who addressing himself to the Capuchins, asked them very civilly to try to arrange for his passage with me, as it was the only safe way he could find to go to Basra, where he had important business for his relation, the Pasha of the place. The good Fathers replied that I had hired this danak in order to travel quickly and could not delay a moment. They also said they were not sure if I could take him with me, as the danak was so small, with room only for the sailors. They asked him to wait a little till they could ascertain my wishes. They let me know that I would do well to take this Turk with me, as he was a man of weight and authority, who would see that my Arabs did their duty, and prevent them from insulting me or making any unpleasantness on the voyage. I replied that I was quite ready to take this Turk with me. on

condition that he started at once, but, if he proposed to keep me waiting and intended to load my danak with his belongings and a crowd of servants and slaves, I was his humble servant, but could not take him, for I was resolved to leave that same hour without any delay. He asked me to wait only half an hour while he fetched some provisions, but I told him I had enough for us both, so (seeing the way in which I was hurrying him) he embarked with only his arms, which a janissary brought him. We immediately pushed off our boat to the middle of the Tigris, which by its current, joined with our oars, soon took us out of the sight of the walls of Baghdad. One of my Arabs understood the Persian tongue, and thus was able to let the others know my wishes. Seeing that we were moving very fast, I told my people that I intended travelling day and night—always in the middle of the river—and if possible not to land until we arrived at Basra. We were now going with incredible speed, still in mid-stream. We saw an immense quantity of Arabs who hailed us and made signs that we should come near the banks; but we pretended not to hear them and, as we were passing along so quickly, they had not time to do anything or to see what was in our danak. Sometimes they fired a few shots at us, but with so little effect that it did not trouble us. We returned their fire to let them know that we did not lack arms to repel any of them who might wish to board us.

Wednesday, 6 July. In the morning we met a large dhow laden with a cargo of rich Indian stuffs, and with several merchants who were coming from Basra to Baghdad. A strong wind prevented our joining them, and we only had a few words in passing. We learnt that they had been thirty-two days on the way. I was very sorry not to have been able to make contact with this vessel, as there was a French officer on board, of the East India Company —a M. Mariage[1]. He was retiring to France and had left India owing to some discontent. I would have liked to confer with him, in order to give him some useful advice about the journey he was taking; but the wind obliged us to pass without speaking.

[1] M. Mariage had been sent out by the French East India Company in 1664 and was one of the founders of its agency at Bandar Abbas. Thence he sailed with François Martin for Surat, which he reached on 21 November 1669. From then to 1671 he was involved in the dissensions that broke out among the directors at that place (Kaeppelin, pp. 57–9, 61–2, 65; cf. pp. 142–6 *post*).

About ten o'clock we arrived at the place where the Tigris divides into two equal branches [now Kūt-al-Amāra], and followed the left one [Shatt-al-Dijla], which brought us to the town of Jeouazer[1] in two hours. It is situated on the river bank, where the Pasha of Baghdad keeps an Agha and some janissaries to collect the dues and revenues of the place. It is very fertile in corn, with plentiful cattle and merchandise. These are traded in a bazar that runs the whole length of the town, of which it is the chief part. It is inhabited by Arabs who cultivate the surrounding country.

Having left this town, about two leagues below it we passed a large village called Sahyt. It appeared a pleasant spot in the middle of a quantity of all sorts of trees, above which rose the minarets of two mosques rather like our French steeples. These were covered with glazed white bricks which looked very nice among the trees. In going down from this town the river became narrow and therefore dangerous for us, owing to the large number of Arabs camped on each side along the banks. I thought my Turk now repented of having come with me. I saw he was in a great fright, as he sweated from every pore, not so much from the heat (though it was insupportable) as from fear and terror at the sight of these troops of Arabs. We passed them so close that the little Arab children, who were bathing, swam round our danak. This poor Turk, believing himself to be lost, implored our sailors to row with all their strength to get us out of this dangerous spot as quickly as possible. He hid himself as best he could, fearing at every moment that the Arabs would fire a volley to stop us. I realized on this occasion, as I have often done before in other encounters, that the Turks are only brave in their own country, and lack courage and resolution, like the most cowardly nations,

[1] Many names have evidently changed, and 'Jeouazer' and 'Sahyt' have not been traced. In the account of his homeward journey in vol. III, Carré says that on 9 May 1674, when on his way up the Shatt-al-Hai to reach Baghdad and near its junction with the other branch of the Tigris, he left his danak and walked to Jeoazar, as it was only half a league (i.e. a mile and a quarter) away, whereas he was told that it would take the danak three or four hours to reach the junction. Later on he rejoined his boat at the point where the two branches met, which was only a quarter-league (a bit over half a mile) distant by land from Jeoazar, though going down-stream it took him two hours to reach it by water, as stated here. The Shatt-al-Hai must, therefore, have made a loop (not shown in current maps) near the junction.

outside the places where they have authority. Seeing the anxiety and apprehension of this man, I let him hide himself in the bottom of the danak, after he had given me his arms, which consisted of a musket, three pistols, and a sword. I arranged these with my own on both sides of the danak, to show the Arabs that we feared nothing. We passed through a charming place, both banks covered with trees of all sorts, mostly flowering and giving out sweet perfumes. I took a melodious flute which I had saved from the Arabs who robbed me, and played on it all the time that we were passing this dangerous place. At last, in the evening, our fears gradually vanished as we saw the river was getting wider.

At the end of the day we arrived at a large village called Houaset[1], in a pleasant situation on the bank of the river. Here passage dues are paid; and this obliged us to stop. I knew that a Turkish Agha collected these dues, so I begged the Turk who was with me to go with two or three of my men and find the Agha, in order to lose no time and to continue the voyage as quickly as possible. After a quarter of an hour the Turk returned, accompanied by some janissaries, whom the Agha sent out of courtesy, to invite me to go to his divan, as he had something to tell me. I excused myself at first, seeing that it was a loss of time; but I was pressed in such a courteous manner by my Turk and these janissaries that I accompanied them to the Agha's house. He was a tall fine-looking man, who was in command of all the neighbouring country by the river. He expressed great pleasure at this fortunate meeting, and complimented me on having brought the Turk with me. To the latter he gave letters for the Pasha at Basra, in which he reported all that was happening on the river, and the difficulty he had in keeping the Arabs in check. Their numbers were daily increasing and they were encamped all along the banks, so he feared that this would interfere with the passage and communication between Baghdad and Basra. There was here a large vessel carrying corn and some soldiers, which had not dared to go on; and the Pasha begged me to stay for its departure till the next day, in order to avoid taking risks in the narrows, as we had done

[1] 'Houaset' may be the village shown as Owasa in the *Enc. Brit.* map of Iraq (xxiv, no. 61) and on the R.G.S. map of Syria and Eastern Turkey in Asia, etc., (1910), the *t* being redundant, as is the *d* in Carré's 'Chabandard' for 'Shahbandar', see p. 86 n. *post.*

the night before. He had news that many Arab troops were encamped on the banks and that they had made a bridge with a number of small boats from one bank to the other. All these reasons induced me to stay the night in this place, where I was well entertained by the said Agha.

Thursday, 7 July. At dawn the Agha embarked the soldiers in the corn-ship and we left together. We had a pleasant journey down the river. Its banks were embellished with thick grass and many large shady trees; but it was so narrow that one could easily talk from one bank to the opposite one. We saw hundreds of tents and numerous horses, also troops of armed Arabs, who called on us to stop, pretending they wished to buy grain from our large dhow. We passed, however, without stopping. These Arabs dared not attack us, as the dhow was full of soldiers with arms in their hands, who sang and rallied them in passing. I realized how fortunate I was to have the company of this large vessel, and not to have had to pass through such a dangerous strait at night and alone in my little danak.

At ten o'clock we reached the junction of the two branches of the river. It was now so broad that we seemed all night to be at sea, as there was no land in sight[1].

Friday, 8 July. Finding that our corn-ship was going too slowly and would lose us too much time, we left her in the morning and continued our route more rapidly by rowing. In the evening we saw many horsemen on the banks, some camped and others on the march. This obliged us to keep in the middle of the river, and to make our men pull with all their strength, so as to get on as quickly as possible. At nightfall, in passing villages, they sometimes called on us to stop and fired several shots at us. They even tried to send boats out after us, but we were moving so quickly that we were out of sight before they reached the middle of the river. We were thus in a continual state of alarm till midnight,

[1] The other branch of the Tigris—the Shatt-al-Hai—flows into the Euphrates. It seems certain that in 1672 it did not rejoin the Tigris above Qurna (cf. Sir A. Wilson, p. 67); and on his return journey Carré states that the Tigris joins the Euphrates at Qurna (vol. III, under 9 May 1674), and he went from Qurna to reach the Shatt-al-Hai at its southern junction with the Euphrates. Possibly, in passing this place at night, he mistook the nature of the khur Samargha or khur Sannīya, large lakes or marshes which approach the river at points in the Amāra region, and so might have made it look like a sea.

when we reached a large village called Sequia[1]. My crew wished to pass without halting, in order to avoid paying the river dues; but we were stopped by two armed boats and made to enter the port, where we passed the rest of the night in our danak. We waited to see what they would do to the master of our boat, whom they had taken to the village. He defended himself against the demand for paying the dues with great skill, saying that the danak belonged to the Turk whom I had with me, and that it was the latter who was taking me to Basra, as if I had been one of his slaves.

Saturday, 9 July. The sheikh, Matouch, the Dervish governor of Sequia, who was much esteemed by both Turks and Arabs for his honesty and intelligence, kept the whole place in peace and obedience to the Turks. Having heard of the arrest of our boat, he summoned the master and, learning that the Turk on board was a relation of the Pasha of Baghdad, got angry with those who had stopped us. At the same time he sent his servants to the Turk and begged him to come to his house, whither I accompanied him. The sheikh received us very courteously and rebuked the Turk for not having notified him of our arrival. The Turk replied that it was my doing, and that I was a Frankish doctor, who did not wish to land at night at an unknown place. He also said that he was taking me to see the Pasha of Basra, who had summoned me from Baghdad.

At the words 'Frankish doctor' everyone regarded me with veneration, as if I had the health of everybody at my disposal and command. The sheikh was the first to ask me civilly if I would kindly see some people in his house who were ill. He at once took me to his divan, and they brought me a dozen women, who began to be doleful and pretend they were worse than they really were. However, not to lose the good opinion they had of my skill, I inspected all of them, one after the other, and after having discussed their ailments I ordered to one a particular diet, to another the juice of certain herbs, and to others baths and similar remedies.

[1] 'Sequia' was (p. 85 *post*) only two hours' journey from 'Azer', which almost certainly is Al 'Azair (correctly Uzair), the reputed tomb of Ezra. The Indian Survey map no. 3M (Calcutta reprint, 1940) shows a fort called Zichīyah on the river Tigris, about three miles (in a direct line) above Al 'Azair; and this may be 'Sequia'. Or it may have been the village of Abu Rūbah, or Raba, some five miles higher

They took all this for gospel and I passed as a more able doctor than Hippocrates or Galen. They treated me with much honour, which was my only reward. After having eaten some fruit and curds, we took leave of the sheikh and were conducted by some Turkish officers to the river, where we found our danak. We left the place about seven in the morning and passed rapidly down the river. At nine o'clock we were in front of the pretty and delightful village of Azer [Al 'Azair], inhabited by Arabs. There were many palm-trees on the banks, and amid them a lovely mosque, whose dome was covered with glazed tiles.

The wind being favourable, we took advantage of it to quicken our speed, and it also helped to cool us, as we were suffering much from the excessive heat. At midday we skirted another village, called Magron[1]. All the Arabs gathered under the palm-trees which surround the village, and some came down to the river, thinking we were going to land; but we passed on without stopping. During the rest of the day we found the continual windings of the river very trying, and it took us four hours turning round about a large village called Etlant[2] before we could reach it. Afterwards the river was very rapid, and at six o'clock we overtook a large dhow filled with soldiers, commanded by a Turk of note, who was taking them to Basra. We paid a visit on board where we were regaled in Turkish fashion. Having regained our danak, we passed this dhow with such speed that about midnight we arrived at Gourna [Qurna], a lovely town with a large fortress, situated on a tongue of low land, facing south. The Tigris and the Euphrates join here: the former loses its name, as its waters unite with those of the Euphrates, which sixty leagues lower down flow into the Persian Gulf[3].

[1] 'Magron' is shown in de l'Isle's *Carte de Perse*, made in 1724, (a section of which is reproduced opp. p. 146 in *Sir Anthony Sherley* of the *Broadway Travellers* series) as 'Magrou' lying between 'Aser' and Qurna. It is perhaps the same as Tavernier's 'Magar' (*Travels*, ed. 1681, I, 196: Sir A. Wilson, *Persian Gulf*, p. 68, reproduces the passage).

[2] 'Etelent' is also shown in the *Carte de Perse*, referred to in the preceding note, as a place just above Qurna. Gen. Chesney's map no. x, appended to his *Expeditions, etc.*, suggests that it may have been Karābah, which is almost entirely surrounded by the river's course. In India Survey map no. 3M (Calcutta reprint) the same village is called Hirabah.

[3] According to the *Persian Gulf Pilot*, p. 239, the distance in question is 111 miles. The Euphrates now joins the Tigris no longer at Qurna, but at Garmat Ali near Basra.

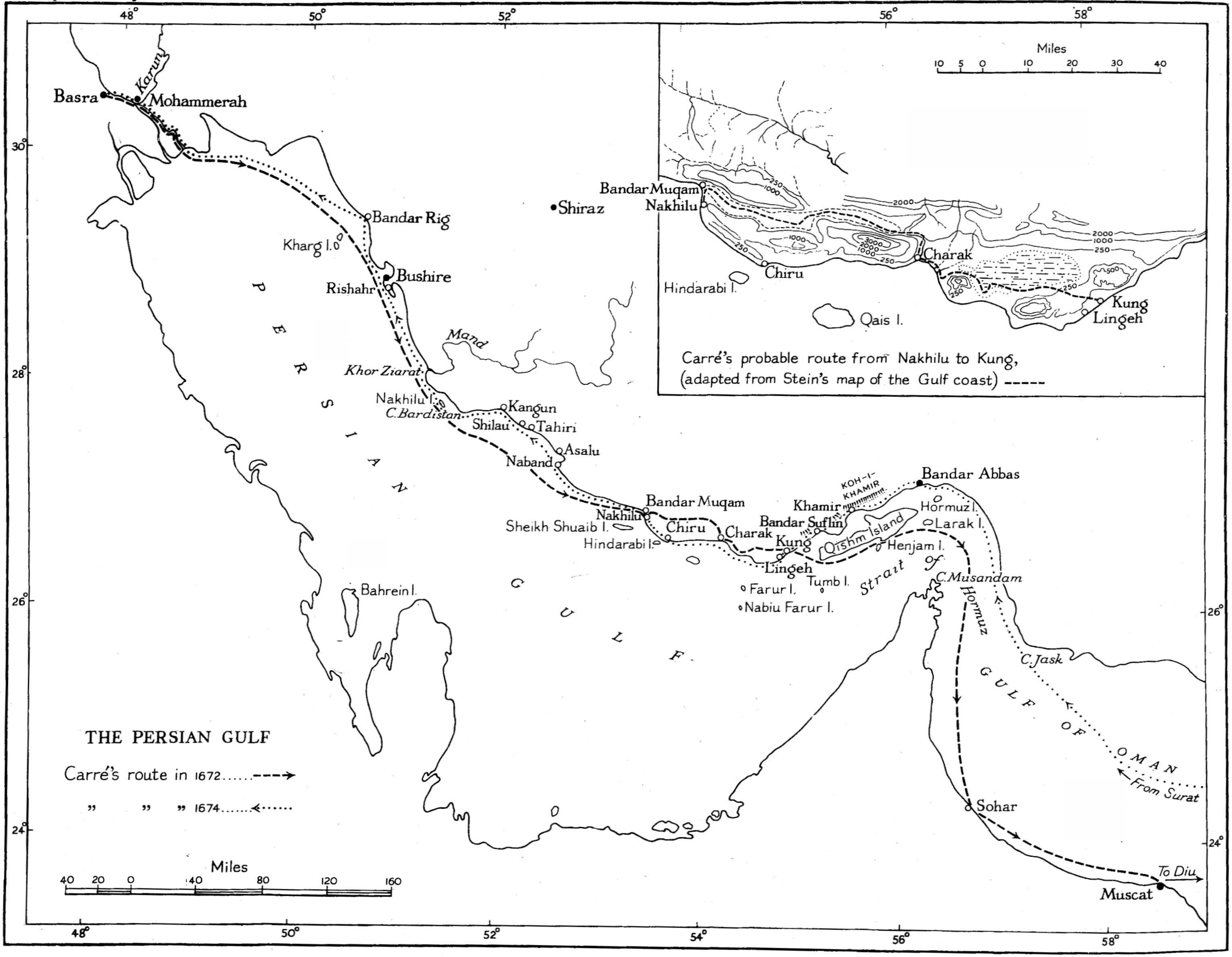
The passage at Qurna is so important that Basra, Baghdad and all the districts on these two rivers, depend on it for their safety. The Turks accordingly are obliged to keep a strong garrison here, and in 1669 for five months they sustained a siege by the army of Aya Pasha. He had a force of 20,000 Arabs, but could do nothing, so was obliged to abandon Basra and leave all this lovely country under the Turkish yoke. I mentioned this fully in my first journal, as I was at Basra that same year when the Arabs were put to flight from it by the Turks[1]. Our danak having entered the port, we landed and were conducted to the fortress by my Turk, who made the Agha and other officers of the garrison show me every civility. He passed me off as the most able doctor then in Asia, as indeed he himself believed.

Sunday, 10 July. At daybreak we embarked in the danak and we entered the Euphrates, as the Tigris loses its name here. At eight o'clock we landed, as the rising tide forced the river current back, and sat for some hours under the palm-trees which cover the river banks. When it was at its height we continued our voyage and descended easily, aided by the current and the ebb tide. At midday we passed between several charming islands covered with palms and other fruit-trees. They were inhabited and very fertile, abounding in grain, dates, grapes, and all sorts of fruit. As we had only four leagues to go before reaching Basra, the beauty and perfume of these places induced us to stay there a little to buy some fruit, with which we filled our danak. We then continued on our way and arrived at Basra at four o'clock in the afternoon.

On landing I accompanied my Turk to an official of the Pasha, who received me very cordially. Meanwhile the Shahbandar[2], hearing of my arrival and that I was an excellent doctor, sent down to my boat some officials, who took all my luggage and arms to his house; and he prepared a room for me, in order that I should stay with him. After having eaten something with my Turk, I left him and went to the convent of the Carmelite Fathers.

[1] The Arab Prince 'Aya' is more correctly called Hiaya (i.e. Yahya) in Carré's book (I, 109–23). As to his unsuccessful siege of Qurna and consequent loss of Basra, see ibid., 122–23, and Longrigg, p. 118.

[2] MS. *Chabandard.* The Shahbandar, lit. 'King of the haven', was the harbour-master and chief customs-collector, with sometimes wider functions (see W. H. Moreland, *J.R.A.S.*, 1920, pp. 517 seq.).


THE PERSIAN GULF
Carré's route in 1672
" " " 1674
Miles
40 20 0 40 80 120 160
PERSIAN GULF
Basra
Mohammerah
Karun
Bandar Rig
Kharg I.
Bushire
Rishahr
Shiraz
Mand
Khor Ziarat
Nakhilu I.
C. Bardistan
Kangun
Shilau
Tahiri
Asalu
Naband
Bandar Muqam
Nakhilu
Sheikh Shuaib I.
Chiru
Hindarabi I.
Charak
Bandar Suflin
Khamir
KOH-I-KHAMIR
Bandar Abbas
Hormuz I.
Larak I.
Kung
Qishm Island
Henjam I.
Lingeh
Tumb I.
Farur I.
Nabiu Farur I.
Bahrein I.
Strait of Hormuz
C. Musandam
C. Jask
GULF OF OMAN
From Surat
Sohar
Muscat
To Diu
Miles
10 5 0 10 20 30 40
Qais I.
Carré's probable route from Nakhilu to Kung,
(adapted from Stein's map of the Gulf coast)
48° 50° 52° 56° 58°
30° 28° 26° 24°
54°

found to my great joy that its state had improved since I left it three years before, when it was in ruins and desolated by the death of three Fathers that I myself had seen die. Now it had quite another appearance. I found an Italian Father-Superior, the Reverend Hyerosnimo of Jesus[1], with two other French Fathers, who had worked marvels and by the special assistance of Heaven had re-established their House, as if they were apostolic missionaries with no aim but the glory of God, the honour of His Holy Church, and the salvation of souls. To this end they worked, with marvellous efficiency, by their doctrine, catechisms, and religious instructions, given daily to a great number of schismatic Christians, Jacobites, Nestorians, Maronites, Armenians, and the like, with whom this land is filled. But above all their manner of living, and the example of piety and virtue shown by these missionaries in all their actions, gave great weight to their charitable works. Besides this, being the only permanent Franks in Basra, they kindly help the other European nations trading in the East by sending on packets and dispatches from Europe and India[2]. They thoroughly understand the methods and ways of the Turks and Arabs whom they employ for all the needs and services required by Frankish travellers and traders in these parts.

These good Fathers, having invited me to their house, I gave orders that my luggage should be brought from the boat to their mission. I was then informed that the Shahbandar had had everything taken to his place. This obliged me to go there, believing that he wanted to examine my things for customs-duty. I was very astonished, when I arrived at the Shahbandar's house, to find a room prepared for me, with carpets and all my luggage in it, where I was asked to rest while waiting for the Shahbandar's return. He had given orders that I should want for nothing on arrival, wishing me to stay with him. Not knowing how to get rid of these Turks, who would not allow me to take away any of my belongings, I returned to the Carmelite Fathers and told them

1 Carré's statements as to the Carmelite Fathers at Basra receive corroboration from the chronicle written by Father Agathangelus and others, which has been translated and edited by Sir Hermann Gollancz (Oxford Univ. Press, 1927). The name of the Superior is there (pp. 332, 336) given as 'R.P.F. Hieronimus', i.e. Jerome, 'of Jesus Mary' and 'professus of the province of Poland', who had arrived on 3 February 1671 and was Vicar until 11 January 1674.

2 This was, for instance, done for the East India Company, as numerous records in the India Office testify.

of the hospitality which had been offered to me. The Father Superior, who was much esteemed by both Turks and Arabs, and knew their language and customs well, came with me to the house of the Shahbandar, who had now returned. He thanked him for his civility, but said I was not a person who could accommodate myself to their manner of living and that I wished to stay with the Fathers, who were of my nation. The Shahbandar then delivered up all my luggage and allowed me to go, on condition that I went to see him every day and would visit those of his household who needed medicines. I then left with the good Father for his convent, to which I took all my small belongings.

Monday, 11 *July*. A shatter, which is a courier in Persian[1], arrived at the Carmelite Fathers' convent in the morning with dispatches sent from India *via* Persia to the governors of the East India Company in France. Without losing any time, the Fathers sent an Arab with these dispatches by the desert route to Aleppo. This shatter was in the service of our Company and a servant of our office in Persia at Bander Abassy [Bandar Abbas]. I questioned him closely as to the state of our affairs in Persia, and whether there were any ships, dhows, or other conveyances at Bandar Abbas bound for India. The Persian replied that our Company's affairs in Persia were in much the same state as that in which I had left them two years ago—that is to say, in a bad way. The same agent was still there, M. Per[r]ot, under-merchant of the Company, with a single clerk. These, having nothing to do at Bandar Abbas, had gone to Shiraz to spend the hot weather there. He also said that the French in Persia were not now much thought of, since during the five years they had been in India no director, nor other responsible person, had been sent to Persia to negotiate and regulate their affairs, as the other European nations did. It was complained that, though the French had done good trade for so long in Persia with the enjoyment of all sorts of privileges, no one had ever been sent to its court to pay their respects to the king and to the principal ministers of the kingdom —a point on which the Persians are extremely sensitive.

As to the means which I sought of getting to India, he told me

[1] MS. *chatter*, i.e. Arab. *shātir*, astute, which in Pers. is used in the sense of a messenger, courier, running footman. Fryer (II, 180) called them 'shotters'; see the footnote (ibid., 180–1) for further information.

there were some merchantmen from Cambay, Sind, and the coast of India, at Bandar Abbas, but that they would not sail till later as they were obliged to wait for merchandise and merchants, who come from Isfahan, Shiraz, and other Persian towns, in the months of October, November, and December. All this news vexed me greatly and made me extremely anxious—seeing there was no one of the Company at Bandar Abbas, with whom I could consult as to the quickest way of getting to India. The Fathers at Basra advised me to go to Persia, as at Shiraz I would find agents of our Company; but, looking ahead to my affairs, I foresaw that in the present state of things I would gain no advantage—on the contrary I might be detained for a month or two. I hesitated, therefore, over undertaking such a long and dangerous journey in this season of intense heat in the mountains of Persia. In this worry and irresolution I invoked God and the Holy Virgin, who had always helped and succoured me in much greater troubles. They soon brought me comfort in this present small difficulty.

Tuesday, 12 *July*. A little Moor[1] vessel now arrived at Basra from Cambay, laden with merchandise from India. It brought us news that when passing Kongo [Kung], a port in Persia of three days' journey from Bandar Abbas, it met the Portuguese fleet from Goa[2]. The news gave me intense pleasure, as this was the best and quickest means I could find to get to India. I at once resolved to go to Kung as soon as possible, but what troubled me most was to find the means of getting there. It was not easy in the present season, when no dhows or ships go from Basra to the coasts of Persia. The journey by land was too long and dangerous on account of mountain passes, where the heat was then so great that even the natives of the country could not live there: so that I could only take the sea-route down the whole length of the Persian Gulf. I hoped at any cost to find a dhow which would undertake this voyage; but it was not easy, as at this season all the ships from India, Persia, and other places were

[1] See n. 1 at p. 141 *post*.

[2] Kung is some four miles east of Lingeh, lat. 26° 33′ N., long. 54° 53′ E. It is now only a fishing-village; but after the loss of Hormuz in 1622 the Portuguese maintained a trading-station of some importance there for close on a century (Wilson, pp. 154-56). In this period a Portuguese fleet from Goa used generally to visit Kung each year to demand the half-share of the customs of that port which Shah Abbas had granted to them (see p. 108 *post*).

expected at Basra, and they only left it in the months of October and November. I could not wait so long; and the Carmelite Fathers, seeing how impatient I was to leave at once, sent for some Arabs they knew and gave them orders to go to all the villages and little channels along the river and inquire if there was any vessel that would undertake this voyage to Kung. Two days passed without any reply from these Arabs. They were having great difficulty in finding what they sought, as everyone was occupied in gathering the harvests of corn, grapes, and fruit.

Wednesday, 13 *July.* I visited the town of Basra, which I found much changed since last I saw it in 1669 and 1670. There was less trade than formerly, the town having been abandoned by the majority of its inhabitants, on account of the extortions and pillaging by the Turks. This had also caused seditious revolts by the Arabs, who were no longer quiet. On the other hand, the Dutch had, a year ago, sent two factors of their Indian Company to Basra, not so much for trade as for the dispatch of letters and packets from India for Europe and vice versa. They also wished to be better able to intercept the packets and dispatches of other European nations. They keep a careful watch and are very clever in this, using money freely to corrupt the couriers who come and go for the Franks. They were very anxious to know who I was and whence I had arrived. They came very often to the Fathers with this object; but I never appeared, as I was known to one of them, whom I had met before in Persia[1]. The Carmelite Fathers told them I was a Portuguese, who had come from Persia and was looking for means to get to Baghdad. These Dutch were also very anxious at the non-arrival of ships from India, and were further waiting with extreme impatience for packets that were due from Europe.

Thursday, 14 *July.* Our Arabs who had gone to look for a dhow for me returned about midday. They told us that, after having made all possible inquiries, they had been able to find only one, which was very frail and badly equipped to undertake such a long voyage. But such was my impatience to be gone that I overlooked all the drawbacks of which they spoke. I called for the

[1] Carré refers to Signor Riplard [Repelaer], with whom he travelled from Bandar Rig to Basra in 1674, and whom he had met on his first visit to Persia (vol. III, chap. VII).

owner of the vessel to come to the mission, where we arranged the price, namely one hundred écus, on condition that I was to be the master of the ship, and that no merchandise or other passengers were to be taken on board, beyond the ship's company. Having put this agreement in writing, I advanced him half the money and gave him a document that I would pay him the balance on arrival at Kung. Our agreement being concluded, he asked for two days to get his vessel caulked and ready to make the voyage. During this time I had my provisions prepared and got everything that was necessary.

Sunday, 17 July. I left Basra at midday. We had hardly gone two hours when a hurricane struck us with such a furious force from the north-west that we were twice dismasted. We thought we should perish in the middle of the Euphrates, as we could reach neither bank, having our masts, sails, and rigging all trailing in the water. We were swept down by the current and had almost given up all hope of saving ourselves, when by great good fortune we passed near a canal or little branch of the river called Bongouayre, into which with the help of the tide we guided our boat[1]. We spent the day in re-stepping our masts and getting our gear in order again. We were obliged to spend the night there, while waiting for the storm to pass away.

Monday, 18 July. The weather being finer, we put out again on the river and descended gently with the current only. We did not dare to make sail on account of the sudden squalls which rose every now and then. At midday we were opposite Haffard[2], an old castle situated on a branch of the river on the Persian side. There were some Turks there, also three large ships from India, which were proceeding up river to Basra with the help of the tide. We followed our course the rest of the day and all the night

[1] This channel may have been one near Muhammera, where the river Karun joins the Euphrates. Thus 'Bongouayre' is a possible variation of Bahmeshir, the name of a channel that joins up with the river Karun near Muhammera (Curzon, II, 341). Gen. Chesney's map XII calls it the 'Bah-a-mishir river'.

[2] 'Haffard' has a name similar to that of the Haffar canal near Muhammera (Curzon, II, 336-37), and the *d* might be superfluous, as in Carré's 'chabandard'. Thevenot (vol. 4, p. 552) speaks of 'two square castles', called Haffar-Kout [*kot*, fort]. Gen. Chesney's map XII shows a 'Hiddah castle' on the Persian bank of the river, about three miles below Muhammera. This appears to be the same as that marked 'Hārthāh' in the Indian Survey map no. 10B of 1925 (War Office reprint).

before we got to the mouth of the river, which we reached next day at dawn. Our route was then in the open sea as far as the island of Garach [Khārg]. I was obliged to take the tiller and act as pilot to keep out in the open sea. My Arabs wished to sail—as is their habit—always in sight of land. We should have lost much time had we been obliged to follow the coastline.

Thursday, 21 July. We arrived at the island of Kharg about ten o'clock in the morning. My Arabs dragged their vessel up on the bank to mend it. During this time I sent a boat off to the town of Bandarick [Bandar Rig] on the Persian coast, from which we were only five leagues distant. I dispatched my Persian shatter [courier], whom I had always kept by me since his arrival at Basra, as I feared he might disclose something to the Dutch, in whose service he had been for a long time in Persia. I gave him some letters for the officers of our Company at Shiraz, to whom I sent the letters from Europe which the English had given me at Aleppo, having learnt that the agent of the English was also there[1]. I then bought some provisions to refresh my crew, and re-embarked on the evening tide. We hoisted sail, but only covered a short distance, as the wind was very feeble during the night.

Friday, 22 July. St. Mary Magdalene's Day. At dawn we were opposite the town of Bandar Rig, when we saw a large ship in the open sea going towards the island of Kharg. We made towards her and soon came up with her. On board her everyone took me for an Arab, as I showed no signs of being a Frank; and I was, therefore, received without any courtesy and ceremony. I asked to see the captain called Thomas Quin, English by nation—a peculiar and easy-going man, who commanded this vessel for a Surat merchant called Coje Minas, an Armenian[2] and a very powerful man in these countries. He had four large ships, which by their yearly trade with all the oriental kingdoms brought him more revenue than he would have got from the best estate in

[1] Thomas Rolt was then the East India Company's agent in Persia. He was at Isfahan in January 1672 (O.C. 3691). From there he went to Shiraz, which he left for Gombroon on 4 November 1672 (F.R., 87 Sur. 99).

[2] Khwaja Minaz was one of several Surat merchants trading with Persian and further Eastern ports (cf. *E.F.* 1, 226, 233). As stated by Carré, he was an Armenian (F.R. 89 Sur. 63, in sec. for 1676). Mention of Thomas Quin elsewhere has not been found; but it was then a common practice for Indian shipowners at Surat to employ Englishmen as masters, or pilots, of their vessels.

Beauce[1]. I had known this English captain for some time. He finally recognized me, but could not believe that I had come from France, as it was only eighteen months since he had seen me in Surat. He sent at once for the Armenian merchant—a Christian—who, having recognized me, heaped caresses and civilities on me. During a light repast with which they entertained me, I was much surprised to see a Dominican Father, a Portuguese who came to salute me, having learnt who I was. He showed great pleasure at meeting me and asked for a little private conversation. He inquired with great earnestness, and as if he were amazed and dumbfounded by his instructions about it, the best way to get to Europe by land. He told me he had come from China, where he had lived for twenty-two years. He decidedly had not wasted his time there, as he had with him precious stones and curious jewels, to the value of 60,000 écus. This treasure was a great embarrassment to him and made him very anxious. He asked me several times how he could escape to Europe with such a dangerous burden. I replied that I had always done my journeys everywhere without any fear, because I had taken with me only papers and packets of letters which allowed me to pass freely. As for the merchandise he had with him, I advised him not to risk it by the route I had come. I also advised him to keep the fact as secret as he could, and that he should wait at Basra till the caravan season. He could then join some respectable merchants who were returning to Baghdad with their goods, and embark with them [for the river trip] in perfect safety, if these merchants were known to the Carmelite Fathers at Basra. On arrival at Baghdad he could join a good and strong caravan, with which he would go safely to Aleppo. There he would find ships for any part of Europe to which he wished to go. I even gave him the names of certain rich merchants of my acquaintance at Basra and Baghdad, whom he could trust and travel with in complete safety. This good Father was delighted with the advice I gave to reassure him. He embraced me a thousand times and, not knowing how to show the gratitude he felt for me, he promised to recite his rosary on my account every day for a month, and to recommend me to St. Anthony for protection in my travels.

[1] The plain of Beauce in northern France is renowned as wheat-land. Clover and lucerne are also grown, and large flocks of sheep are kept on it (*Enc. Brit.* III, 270).

After an hour's talk with him, I re-embarked in my taranquaine, which is the name of the vessels that navigate the Persian Gulf[1]. I followed our route with a light wind from the sea, which took us near the Persian coast. About four o'clock in the afternoon we saw Bocher [Bushire], a little town on the Persian coast of which I will speak in another place; and, in passing two leagues below it, we also saw Richer [Rishahr], which appears to be a large fortress on the seashore, built in former times by the Portuguese at the mouth of a little river[2]. By it was a beach between two mountains and a village in a wood, the verdure of which was a pleasant sight from the sea. It was once inhabited and under Portuguese rule, but is now deserted except for some poor Persians and Arabs, subjects of the King of Persia. That night and the following day we continued on our way along the coast.

Sunday, 24 July. In the morning we saw two big ships in the open sea. We drew near to examine them and then went within hailing distance. We learnt that they were coming from India and belonged to Moor merchants of Surat, who were going to Basra, the place to which merchandise and spices from India are brought for dispatch to the Levant and Europe by caravans. Having left these ships, we came nearer the coast of Persia, where we saw in passing, about four o'clock in the afternoon, a large village called Corsiara, situated at the bottom of a bay and the foot of a high mountain which runs down to the seashore. Near it, at the mouth of a little river, is a large white mosque, on one side of which lies a stretch of sand with many kinds of trees making quite a nice little wood, and on the other side, a long chain of mountains called Sisserouge runs along the coast to the north-west.[3]

[1] Hamilton (I, 41) calls these boats 'trankies'. As to their nature and the supposed derivation of the word, see Sir W. Foster's note (ibid., I, 226), and *Hobson-Jobson*, 937, where Couto is cited as calling them 'terranquims' in 1554, and Hanway 'tarranquins' in 1753. Pietro della Valle (*Viaggi*, IV, 437; tr. Havers, 238) also speaks of the barques on the Persian Gulf called 'terrankim'.

[2] This was the former fortress of the ancient town of Rīshahr, mentioned by Curzon, II, 235, and Wilson, p. 74.

[3] 'Corsiara' probably represents Khor Ziyārat, i.e. the Ziyārat creek which is the mouth of the river Mand in lat. 28° 9′ N. and long. 51° 21′ E. It is called 'Hor Ziyarat' by the *Persian Gulf Pilot*, ed. 1924, p. 213, and 'Khore Jayhira' by Capt. Brucks, Indian Navy (*Bom. Govt. Sel.*, XXIV [1856], p. 588). The description given by Carré, however, fits in better with Ziyarat itself, which lies about three miles above the mouth of the river Mand. Sheet

At nightfall we found ourselves near the islands of Monquelay, which are very low and appear to be only sand and a few bushes. My Arabs, who feared being far out at sea, wished to pass between the mainland and these islands, but they did not know the passage and took us into a large bay, where we ran upon a sandbank in about a fathom of water[1]. We found ourselves on the verge of perishing in this place, as the sea was very rough and the waves so high that they filled our vessel with water. We feared we should be engulfed by them, as well as by a quicksand, from which we never should have escaped without the help of the tide. By great good fortune it was rising at this moment, and it came so apropos that, just as my Arabs were preparing to swim and abandon our vessel, we began to feel that we were afloat. This gave us courage, and after baling out the water with which our boat was half full, we drew away carefully from this most dangerous spot. Realizing that my men were quite ignorant both of the landmarks and the sea-route, I was obliged to take the tiller and steer the vessel myself by the pole-star at night and my experience of the islands and the coast by day[2]. My crew, seeing that I was keeping out to sea to pass to the south of the islands [i.e. Jābrin and Nakhīlu] became very alarmed. They threw themselves at my feet and implored me to keep nearer the coast, but as I saw that this would retard our progress, I let them cry and continued my course in the open sea for four days, with light winds and some calms which made the heat almost insupportable.

Friday, 29 July. My Arabs were half dead [with fright] and believed themselves lost; so, to please them, I came nearer the coast, and about ten o'clock in the morning we passed near Asselo[3], of which I will speak in another place [vol. III, ch. VI].

H-39 (Bushire) of War Office map of 1918, and section V of Stein's map no. 11, show the village as situated on a small river flowing from the mountain behind it in a range now known as Kuh-i-Mand (*Persian Gulf Pilot*, 213). They also mark a Muhammadan shrine or mosque near the mouth of the river.

[1] 'Monquelay' islands are almost certainly those of Nakhilu and Jabrin. Curzon's map of Persia calls the former *Mokeileh*, and Chesney's map of Arabia and Syria has *Monnkilah*. Stein's and the War Office map referred to in the previous note show large sandbanks in their neighbourhood.

[2] This refers to Carré's previous experience from his voyage to Basra in 1669: see the introduction, p. xxiii.

[3] 'Asselo' is 'Asalū on the north of the Nāband Bay. References to it will be found in Stein, p. 200; the *Persian Gulf Pilot*, p. 207; and *Bom. Govt. Sel.*, XXIV, 592.

As the wind was quite favourable, we made good progress until evening. We then approached a big village called Kailo, situated on a tongue of land which juts out in the sea on the right of the island of Larre[1]. My crew begged me to land at this port, to buy provisions and to get water of which we were in need. Since the place looked very pleasant, being surrounded with palm-trees and little woods[2], I came nearer the port, where there were several vessels at anchor, without in any way suspecting that my crew had designs against me. As soon as they had landed, they all fled and left me alone with a Christian Arab servant whom I had engaged at Basra. I sent him off at once to fetch them back and to inquire what sort of people were living in the village.

I waited for his return impatiently for an hour, when I saw him come back with a Portuguese renegade, who had deserted from the fleet at Goa. He had come to this coast and was hiding in this village among the Arabs, who had made him abjure the Christian Faith. This miserable man told me that I could not have fallen into a worse place than this village, and that the inhabitants were a caste of Arab bandits who recognized no authority, for they lived on this tongue of land as if it were an island, and paid no taxes or tribute except to two sheikhs who commanded them, called Zayde [Zaid] and Bouzhayde [Abu Zaid] respectively[3]. He

[1] The name 'Kailo' has not been traced elsewhere, but a comparison of this part of the journal with the narrative of Carré's return journey suggests that he landed at Nakhīlu, which is situated on a point (*Bom. Govt. Sel.*, XXIV, 594, and Capt. Brucks' chart of the Gulf in the same volume). 'Kailo', therefore, probably represents the last two syllables of that place; and 'Larre' may stand for Laz or Laza, villages on the nearby island of Bu (or Sheikh) Shuaib (*Persian Gulf Pilot*, 1894, p. 201). The following circumstances support this identification. On his return journey in 1674, Carré travelled by camel from Chiru to 'Kailo', taking the best part of a day and a night (vol. III, chap. VII, under 26 March), while Capt. Taylor in 1818 (*Bom. Govt. Sel.*, XXIV, 19) called it 'a twelve hours' journey' from Chiru to Nakhilu. On leaving 'Kailo' for Bandar Rig, Carré had to go 'at least a league' to board a dhow at a place sheltered from the west wind (vol. III, ch. VII, under 2 April), and Bandar Muqām, four and a half miles from Nakhilu, is described as sheltered from the north-west wind (*shamal*), while Nakhilu is exposed to it (*Bom. Govt. Sel.*, XXIV, 22, 594; *Persian Gulf Pilot*, pp. 9, 204).

[2] Nakhilu still has a large grove of date and other trees (*Persian Gulf Pilot*, p. 204).

[3] The names of the two sheikhs sound like Sheikh Shu'aib and Bu Shu'aib, after whom the neighbouring island is named: in 1835 it was subject to Nakhilu (*Bom. Govt. Sel.*, XXIV, 587, 594).

advised me also, when I landed among these gentry, to avoid having any trouble with them. I should, therefore, treat them gently and promise them anything they asked, for they would not fail to make ridiculous demands and proposals in order to anger me, the refusal of which would serve them as a pretext to insult and ill-treat me. They had already done this some months before to M. Mariage, one of our Frenchmen, who in passing through this place had a brawl with them. His arms were taken, he was beaten, and had to pay a large sum of money.

I had at first a great repugnance to meeting and talking to this renegade; but after I had learnt all these things, I thanked him for his good advice, saying that I would follow it, and that it would be very useful in any difficulties which might happen to me here. As none of my sailors had returned, I got their vessel drawn on to the sand and all my luggage disembarked; this I sent to the entrance of the village, to the house of a Hindu merchant[1], who accommodated me as well as he could in the hope of a gooc reward. In the evening I heard that my crew were plotting something against me with one of the two sheikhs; and I considered what precautions I should take against snares of these Arabs. I suspected they would oblige me to pay the crew of my vessel, and I wanted to forestall what might cause me the most trouble in this affair; this was not to let these grasping people know I had any money with me. I recognized that the merchant with whom I stayed was a man of honour and sincerity, so I gave him thirty gold sequins to keep for me and instructed him what to do in case of need—to wit, if the local Arabs tried to make me pay my crew, I would pretend I had no money and would ask him to lend me the sum I had given into his keeping. It was well I did so, as the results will show [pp. 99, 100].

Saturday, 30 *July*. At daybreak six scowling Arabs came to my lodging to inquire who I was and whence I had come. They said they wished to offer me their services, having vessels [MS. *barques*]

[1] MS. *un marchand gentil*. Carré's subsequent side-note 'subtillité d'un gentil', and the reference to his *caste* at p. 99 *post*, show that 'gentil' is here used in the sense of 'Gentile', which (with its variant 'Gentu') was then applied to Hindus, in contradistinction to the 'Moors' or Muhammadans. Fryer (II, 216) mentions 'banyans' as being then in Persia; and Curzon, II, 407, says the chief traders of Lingeh and Bandar Abbas in modern times were Hindu banias from Shikarpur.

in the harbour ready to take me wherever I wanted to go. These offers of service made me instantly aware that my mariners had instigated them to try to find out my plans, so I gave a very guarded reply which told them little. One of this troop, called Calfan Bachs [? Khalifa Bakhsh] of the village of Asalu, being dissatisfied, took my Arab servant a little aside and asked him what I was taking with me and if I had any money. My servant was faithful and, knowing it was a matter of life and death to us both if he betrayed me, assured him that I had nothing but some provisions and papers. The Arab was so enraged at not getting anything out of my servant that he caught him by the beard, threw him down, and put his foot on his stomach, at the same time drawing a dagger as if to plunge it into his breast. This was both to make the man speak and perhaps also to see what I would do in these circumstances. However, the others who were near me, seeing I remained quite calm and only drew my sword and pistols without stirring from my place, pretended they were annoyed at the action of their comrade and made him leave my servant alone. He escaped with so severe a fright that he had fever for three days.

The first scene in this tragicomedy having thus ended, other actors entered who played their parts better than the first had. The sheikh Abu Zaid arrived, accompanied by a similar gang of ruffians, as well as the owner and some others of my ship's company. They all placed themselves round me in order of dignity. The sheikh began with offers of service and demonstrations of friendship, as well as with assurances of his protection in this place where he said I would receive no insults or harm. After these compliments and civilities he entered on the topic of my ship's company having abandoned me. He said he had brought them here to make their peace with me and that they had left their ship only for fear that if they went to Kung, where they knew there were many Franks[1], I would have them all beheaded, because they had run me on a sandbank where I might have perished: also I had been obliged to act as navigator myself day and night, because they did not know the route or the landmarks. The sheikh blamed them severely before me for the harm they had done in undertaking such a long and perilous voyage without a pilot or anyone

[1] Besides Portuguese ships, those of other nations, such as French and Dutch, used to visit Kung.

who knew the routes of the Persian Gulf. After all this, the sheikh pointed out the claims of the owner of the vessel to the remaining half of the sum I had agreed upon with him. I replied that I believed the sheikh to be honest enough to do me justice according to the agreement, which stipulated that the sum was to be paid to him at Kung, after he had brought me there safely. I had, moreover, no money on me except for necessities; so the captain must come to Kung with me if he wished to be paid. Thereupon the sheikh vigorously took the side of my mariners and told me that not one of them would go to Kung, on account of their appalling fear of the Frankish [i.e. Portuguese] navy there. This was because they took me for a Portuguese. He told me absolutely that I must pay my ship's company, or stay where I was, until I could get money from Kung, which was not more than three days distant by land[1].

Seeing that there was nothing else to be done with people of this sort, I called the master of the house and asked him in front of all these Arabs if he knew any merchant here who had correspondents in Kung, from whom I could borrow some money at a good rate of interest. This man, to avert suspicion that I had arranged anything with him, replied at first that he did not think it could be done, alleging many difficulties; he did it so well that the Arabs grew angry with him, and to frighten him into doing me this service they represented that all his relations and caste were at Kung and I could do them injury if he refused, whereas I could be of great service to them, if I received help from him here. They all thought I was a Portuguese from Kung, before whose fleet everyone trembles when it is in Kung, as it was at that time. My host then asked me for an hour's delay to try and arrange matters with some merchants of his caste. During this time the Arab sheikh, in the hope of this money, continued the conversation with courtesy and mildness. He promised he would give me some camels to complete my journey by land to Kung, and would oblige the crew of the vessel to defray their cost out

[1] As the distance between Nakhilu and Kung is nearly 100 miles in a direct line, this would be quick going, such as only an Arab messenger might do. It took Carré six days, travelling at night till about 9 a.m., to get from Kailo to Kung (pp. 104–6 *post*); and Stein (*Arch. Reconnaisances, etc.*, p. 198) in 1932–33 took about the same time to do the shorter journey from Lingeh to Bandar Muqam.

of the money I had to pay. My merchant returned in a short time to tell me that he had had great trouble in persuading the other merchants, but at last had got 150 abbasis[1]; this sum I gave to the sheikh Abu Zaid, who took half for himself, as a reward for the labour and trouble he had taken over the affair. He withheld thirty abbasis from the other half, to pay (he said) for the two camels which he was to give me for my land journey to Kung: therefore the sailors, who thought they had done a great coup in bringing me to this miserable place, found themselves duped and defrauded of two-thirds of their pay. They then repented of their conduct and refused the balance of the money the sheikh would have given them, saying they were quite content to finish the voyage and take me to Kung. They imagined they would thus get the whole sum; poor wretched creatures, they would have been lucky to save this balance and escape from so dangerous a spot! They were much astonished, when this affair was over, at the arrival of two Arabs, sent by Zaid, the chief sheikh, to fetch the owner of the vessel: the rest of the crew were also obliged to go with him to discuss affairs which were much more delicate.

The sheikh Abu Zaid, before leaving, made me a little speech on the great obligation I owed him at having arranged my affairs so well. He said he had rendered a similar service some months ago to another Frank, who had had a row with some Arabs in this same place, and that he hoped I would recognize his help by a present. He had the audacity to ask me for thirty abbasis. I paid him many compliments and said I was very obliged for the honour and services which he imagined he had done me. I regretted I was then unable to reward him suitably, but said I would send him back a large present from Kung, when I returned the two camels which he had promised me to finish my journey; also that I would try to extract some more abbasis from my merchant for a little present, when I should see the camels at the door of my lodging. So ended the second scene. For the *entr'acte* of the third scene, being quit of them and at rest, and my poor servant not having yet recovered from his fright, I was obliged

[1] Persian coins, so named after Shah Abbas I (1587–1629) and Abbas II (1642–66). Their value was about 1*s*. 4*d*. to 1*s*. 6*d*. (Fryer, III, 152; Tavernier, I, 330). At 1*s*. 6*d*. an abbasi, 150 would exactly equal half the agreed sum, viz. fifty crowns or écus, taking the écu at 4*s*. 6*d* (p. 25 *ante*).

to ask the Portuguese renegade, and a Jew who was here[1], to order a meal for me. But hardly had I been alone for a quarter of an hour, when four Arab emissaries came to pay me great compliments on behalf of sheikh Zaid, who had sent them to invite me to take coffee with him, saying he had something to tell me. There was no option, so I had to go there. I left with the four Arabs, who conducted me to his house. Here I found about thirty Arabs seated on carpets in a circle: some had papers and pens in their hands like men of business, and some were old and white-haired men who seemed to be there to give advice in the important matters that were being discussed by the others with great zeal and heat.

When I arrived before the sheikh, he received me very civilly and made me sit near him on one of the ends of his carpet. He was conspicuous in this troop by his clothes, his carpet, and his being at a little distance from the others. I had some time to consider the attitude of these Arabs, who I thought had met to determine in what sauce they would cook me. Some were very heated and zealous in pressing their arguments, which the old men seemed to moderate: these only spoke briefly and had their conclusions written down. The sheikh, learning that I knew Persian, used it to ask me news from Basra and the state of affairs between the Turks and Arabs. Then, showing me the owner and crew of my vessel, who stood on one side as if they were about to be sentenced and condemned, 'There', he said, 'are our greatest enemies. It is very bad for them and lucky for you that you came to this port. I promise you protection and to give you all you may want from me, but these Arabs from Kharg, Bandar Rig, Durack[2], and Bushire, go every year with fleets of armed vessels to the island of Barem [Bahrein], where to our prejudice they try to make themselves masters of the pearl-fishery. The council here assembled is to settle what we will do to these robbers.'

[1] Jews were in Persia from very early times. Thus Rabbi Benjamin of Tudela (*Itinerary*, p. 128, cited by Curzon, II, 21) said (*c.* 1170) that Isfahan contained 15,000 Jews; and Fryer (II, 216 and III, 36) talks of their being interspersed in all the cities of Persia ever since the captivity of Babylon.

[2] Cf. vol. III, ch. VII, under 2 April, as to there being civil war between the Arabs of the coast at and about Kailo, and those of Bandar Rig higher up. 'Durack' may be Dauraq on the river Jerahi, the capital of the Kaab tribe in Khuzistan, the Persian province whose western border is Iraq (Sir A. Wilson, pp. 186–87; Curzon, II, 322). Pietro della Valle (*Viaggi*, IV, 452; tr. Havers, 250) speaks of 'Durec' as a neighbouring port to Basra.

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Realizing the goodwill and civility of this sheikh, who had not hidden anything from me, as the other had done, I did not trouble to speak to him of these miserable men who had fallen into the pit where I now saw them. I showed him the desperate anxiety I felt to get away as fast as I could from this place; whereupon he repeated his offers of service and assured me I could leave when I liked, without fear or hindrance from anybody. He offered me horses and an escort from his own household. I thanked him civilly and let him know that the sheikh Abu Zaid was sending two camels to my lodging. He wished me to sup with him, but I excused myself, as I wanted to put my affairs in order before leaving. After coffee, on taking my leave, he accompanied me twenty paces outside his house, in order to tell me privately that I was to let him know if Abu Zaid did not send me the camels, so that he might order them. He showed great displeasure at what I had suffered in this place without his knowledge, and told me Abu Zaid was a rascal who had arranged the scene they had played on my servant. He was very angry about it and begged me not to feel any resentment. So I left as satisfied with this sheikh as I had had reason to complain of the other one; and I was very glad to have come to the end of my troubles and brawls. Arriving at my lodging I was delighted to find my supper ready, and I ate with a good appetite the first meal I had had this day.

Not to waste the time while waiting for the camels, I will now show you in a few words what Kailo is like. The Arabs in the place are so fierce and wild that they have never wanted to be subjects or to allow any Persian to command them or to exact dues[1]. Formerly a powerful Persian king undertook to conquer them and built a fortress in the middle of their houses and tents, keeping a governor and a garrison of fifty men there for several years. The Kailo Arabs were not accustomed to be thus curbed or subjected to any one. They resolved to throw off such a servitude and regain their liberty. They kept this plot secret and arranged it so well that one night they surrounded the fortress with

[1] As to this Arab resistance to Persian authority, see Malcolm, II, 465. Curzon (II, 399) similarly says that the southern coastline of the Persian Gulf is, broadly speaking, 'inhabited by tribes of Arab origin, either wholly independent, or admitting in different degrees the sovereignty of Turkey, now [i.e. *c.* 1892] exercised from the *vilayet* of Busrah'.

machines which sheltered them from the Persian muskets[1]. They attacked the place, mastered it, and beheaded everyone there without exception. They demolished the fortress of which only two round towers, two walls, and a big door of cut stone, remain on the side facing the sea. They then retired to the islands and neighbouring places on the coast. The king did not deign to punish such an injury, as he did not know where to find the said Arabs, who after several years, returned gradually to the place. Now they are 3,000 strong with some 400 vessels [MS. *barques*], of which each family owns two or three. They use them for war, pearl-fishing, and to go to Basra for dates, rice, corn, and nearly everything else necessary for life. Kailo is infertile: it produces nothing but some wild [MS. *bastard*] dates, as it is all sand and surrounded with salt water, almost like an island[2]. A stay there is most unpleasant and it now began to be tedious for me.

About eleven o'clock at night I was just going to send to sheikh Zaid to tell him my camels had not come, when an Arab arrived from sheikhAbu Zaid to say that he could not send me any camels, unless I paid him forty abbasis more. To this I replied, by the messenger, that he could tell the sheikh from me that I had no money for him; that he ought to be satisfied with having taken all that I had; that, as he refused me the camels for which I had already paid, I was going to complain to sheikh Zaid, who had invited me to his house and treated me with courtesy, promising me horses and an escort to Kung; and that he would surely make Abu Zaid refund the thirty abbasis which he had kept for the two camels. The messenger was very startled to hear me speak in this way, and begged me earnestly to have patience. He returned quickly to Abu Zaid, who came himself with the two camels and a man to lead them. I at once loaded my baggage and put my servant on one of the camels. Just as I was about to mount the other, this rascally sheikh drew me on one side to tell me that I

[1] Presumably these machines were some kind of movable armoured targets. They may have been 'pieces of wood and iron bound together with chains and hooks', called *turah*, that were used in the Mughal army (W. Irvine, *The Army of the Indian Moghuls*, 145). Shields made of rhinoceros hide, which could 'resist a musket-ball', were also employed in that army (Manucci, II, 359); while the Indian horseman at that period carried 'a target hanging cross his shoulders, bossed' (Fryer, II, 111).

[2] As Nakhilu is situated on a point (p. 96, n. 1), this description fits in with its being 'Kailo'.

had promised him something before leaving. I was therefore compelled, in order to rid myself of him, to give yet another twenty abbasis which I had put on one side for this purpose; and, fearing that he might lay an ambush for me on the road, I begged the renegade Portuguese, while my camels were being loaded, to get two or three Arabs from sheikh Zaid's friends and people to come as my escort for the rest of the night. This he obligingly did, and immediately brought four well-armed men with him, as well as the Jew [see p. 101] who also wished to accompany me. I left Kailo at midnight. The weather was clear and favourable, and we marched quietly along the sandy seashore[1]. It was agreeably cool, which made the time seem short till daybreak.

Sunday, last day of July. At dawn we stopped in a little palm-grove, where I dismissed the six men who had escorted me. We then continued on our way till nine o'clock, when the growing heat tried us so much that we camped under the shade of some large trees. Yet, on these burning sands, I suffered all day from such an insupportable heat that I stripped myself naked and got into a large stone trough for watering cattle, which I filled with water from a nearby well[2].

Finding myself at peace here, I felt great satisfaction at having escaped the tyranny of those Arabs, whom I considered to be absolutely without scruples. But my comedy would not be perfect without a farce, which was to be played in this desert and retired spot. In the evening, when the time came to move on, the sun's rays having lost their force, I began to get anxious and angry at the non-arrival of the two camels. The Arab conductor had taken them away (he said) to graze in a suitable place, and had left me his son, a small boy twelve years old. As my own servant had not yet recovered from his fright of the day before, this boy was to serve me for drawing water and cooking. I asked him frequently where his father was, and he always replied that he

[1] This agrees with 'Kailo' being Nakhilu, for in that case Carré would probably go along the seashore to Bandar Muqam, whence he would take the route through the Gulshan valley to Charak, as Stein (*A.R.*, p. 198 and his map no. II, sec. IV) did in the reverse direction in 1932-33, cf. p. 105, n. 2. His route is shown accordingly in the inset to the map facing p. 87, which is based on Sir Aurel's map with the kind permission of his executors and of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., the publishers of the work containing it.

[2] Marco Polo, four centuries earlier, recorded this method of avoiding the heat (Yule, *Marco Polo*, I, p. 102, and n. 4 on p. 112).

would come soon. At last he arrived, but alone, about five o'clock, and I inquired for my camels. To my surprise he answered, in a doleful voice, that he had left them in a neighbouring village, and that he could not let me have them until I paid him for the journey, as the camels were his property and the sheikh had not paid him anything out of the money I had given for the said camels. I begged him at least to fetch them and take me and my baggage back to Kailo; but he replied that he would do nothing and was going back himself, leaving me there, unless I paid him his demands. I then felt that I would never get out of this labyrinth. I was alone in this desert spot, and I felt a furious longing to beat this 'Jean Doucet'[1], who acted the piteous before me while waiting for my decision. If I was to believe my servant, who wished to avenge himself for the fright and insults which he had suffered the day before, this was the best thing I could do. He implored me incessantly to kill the Arab and his son, and to throw them into the well near us. But I really had no inclination to take such a cruel vengeance for the little money that these Arabs had extracted from me. I considered that I would not improve things by behaving in this manner, so I was obliged to go gently and started to reason with this Lascard [?Lashkar], his name. Finally I agreed to pay him fifteen abbasis when he had got his camels back, so he left at once to fetch them and brought them at six o'clock. I put my baggage and servant on one of the camels and paid the said Lascard the fifteen abbasis. He returned at once to Kailo, but left his son to guide us and to bring back the camels. After this last mishap I imagined every moment that some other obstacle would occur. This made me march without stopping all night, which is the best time on account of the excessive heat during the day.

Monday, 1 *August*. We kept on for some hours in the cool of the morning till nine o'clock, when we arrived in the middle of a long plain about half a league wide with a high chain of mountains on both sides[2]. We camped under a grove of trees on the roadside

[1] The substantive 'doucet' is defined by Larousse, *Dictionnaire Universelle* (1870), VI, 1152, as 'Personne d'une douceur hypocrite, e.g. C'est un doucet fort malin; il fait le doucet, defiez-vous de lui.' To the same effect, see *Dictionnaire de Trévoux* (1721), II, 915. Carré turns it into a surname, and puts 'Jean' before it, much as we use 'Jack', e.g. Jack Frost, Jack Robinson, jackass, etc.

[2] This plain must have been the valley of Gulshān, mentioned by Stein (p. 198) and shown in section IV of his map no. 11. It lies between two mountain

near the wells of Tely[1]. Here is a group of little villages inhabited by Persians, who came to give me a thousand caresses, and furnished me with rice, fowls, butter, wood, and all that was necessary in a most obliging manner. They also cooked for me at the foot of a tree to help my servant, who they saw was ill. I now joyfully found myself at full liberty to do as I wished, having no fear of insults from these Persians such as I had suffered from the Arabs of Kailo.

At evening, the sun being low, we continued on our way and marched all night. Doing the same the two following days, we camped during the day in any village with a well and trees, and refreshed ourselves with baths on account of the hot mountain winds, which were so scorching that they burnt up everything in these valleys.

Thursday, 4 August. In the morning we arrived at a very pleasant village called Chacargue[2] and situated in the midst of several good gardens surrounded by palm-trees, which gave an admirable freshness by their shade. On my arrival several Persians seeing that my servant was looking for a place in which to rest, offered us their houses most obligingly, one of which I accepted gratefully. I was received in such a kind way that I passed a more pleasant day here than I had done for some time. I was served by the most obliging people in the world; and I can affirm that there is no nation more sympathetic to the French than the Persians, by their politeness, their delicacy, the cleanliness of their clothes, the excellence of their cooking, and their skill in everything. In the evening, when I wished to leave, they begged me in a most delightful manner to stay a day or two to rest in this pleasant spot; but the charms of this enchanting village could not keep me, and I resumed my journey about nine o'clock and marched all night.

Friday, 5 August. I arrived at the town of Kung about four in

ranges with peaks rising to over 4,000 ft. Tavernier (*Voyages*, I, 214) says the soil about the Persian Gulf is dry sand without water, so that it is impossible to travel by land from Basra to Hormuz. This supplies a reason for Carré's taking this diversion through the valley instead of going along the seashore direct to Charak.

[1] The name 'Tely' has not been identified.

[2] 'Chacargue' is evidently a mistake for 'Charargue', i.e. Charak. Carré's *c* and *r* are sometimes rather similar, and he may have misread the name in his rough notes. On his return journey in 1674 he spells the name *Chareque* and *Chareck* (vol. III, ch. VI).

the morning and went to a lodging in the middle of the town, where I rested for two hours; meanwhile all my things were being arranged for me in the house where I had lodged formerly. I then visited Senhor Emanuel Mendes, a rich and powerful fidalgo[1]. He was a former Portuguese commandant in this town, where he had lived fifteen years and had governed all their trade; but now he was leading a private life, as he had been summoned last year to Goa, where the Portuguese Viceroy demanded an account of his administration, and also extracted a considerable sum of money from him. Emanuel Mendes, accustomed to the air and the trade in Persia, then returned to Kung, where he was thriving in private trade, being well known and esteemed by the leading local merchants. This fidalgo, whom I had known a long time, received me very kindly and, after expressing great joy at my arrival, gave me a recital of the injustice and bad treatment he had received from the Goa Viceroy and those of his own nation, though he had served it with honour and credit for thirty years. This had compelled him to retire and live as a private gentleman, only trading for himself in a way which was the envy of his own countrymen. He had resolved never to engage in any business for his nation, no matter what it was; and he assured me that, if he was ever able to get honourable employment under the King of France in these eastern countries, he was capable of good service, having knowledge and experience of them for the forty years that he had been worthily employed among the Portuguese. He told me that their fleet from Goa had been in the roads of Kung for a month and that the general [commander-in-chief] and the council of this armada were at a loss to know how to carry out the orders of the Goa Viceroy. The first was to re-establish this port on the footing it occupied thirty years ago, when the Portuguese were its masters, and received half the cus-

[1] MS. *fidalgue*, i.e. Port. *fidalgo*, or *filho de algo*, 'son of something', a gentleman. The fidalgo in question was Signor Manuel Mendez Henriquez, who in 1664 was 'Agent of the King of Portugal' or commandant, as Carré describes him in the next sentence, at Kung. Thevenot, who met him in that year, says he had come out 'very young' to Persia, and had done several voyages (IV, 632, 640). In 1668 a letter from Bandar Abbas mentions him as 'Councellor in cheife' with the Portuguese fleet in the Persian Gulf (*E.F.*, 1668-69, p. 41); and in 1677, when he was described as 'superintendent for affaires of the Portugall Crowne' at Kung, he was given a passage in the *Scipio Africanus* from Surat to Bandar Abbas (F.R., O.C. 4267; Fryer, II, 150).

toms and an annual tribute of two valuable horses from the King of Persia[1]. After that they were to make an attack on Muscatte [Muscat] to retake it from the Arabs[2]; with this object the Goa Viceroy had also given strict injunctions that the fleet was to stay in the Persian Gulf to make war against the Arabs, and not return to Goa without his express orders. The general of this fleet and his council were much embarrassed and did not know how to act, seeing many inconveniences and difficulties in the matter. They had not been able to do anything since their arrival in this place, except by sending Father Emanuel, an Augustinian monk, as ambassador to the Persian court. He was to inquire as to the wishes and final intentions of the king regarding the rights and privileges which the Goa Viceroy claimed at Kung, under the firmand [*farman*, written grant] and agreement which the Portuguese had obtained from the former kings of Persia[3]. He did not expect a favourable reply to this mission, as the Persians had paid no customs, nor sent any horses, for five or six years, and the Persian court had decided to close the port and to stop all trade for a time, in order to oblige the Portuguese to abandon it, as had been done in all the other places on the Persian Gulf where they had established themselves. The Goa Viceroy had this year in vain sent a feytor [Port. *feitor*, factor] and new officers to Kung, where they could not even get any supplies, unless their fleet was in the roads to use force or intimidation. Thereby they exacted from the Shahbandar a present of a sum of money to induce the fleet not to interfere with commerce and the arrival of the ships from India that were accustomed to use this port,

[1] The moiety of the customs at Kung or Kongo was granted to the Portuguese by Shah Abbas I in 1625 (Chardin, *Journal*, I, 348; Curzon, II, 419). The earliest mention of the treaty in extant English records occurs in a letter of 17 March 1631 from Gombroon (*E.F.*, 1630–33, 146; *Cal. S.P. Colonial*, 1630–34, p. 131). Thevenot (IV, 625) in 1664 and Gemelli Careri (II, 276; tr. Churchill's *Voyages*, IV, 172) in 1694 mention a tribute of five horses annually received by the Portuguese from the King of Persia.

[2] Muscat had been under Portuguese rule from 1507, when it was captured by Albuquerque, to 1650, when the Arabs retook it (A. Wilson, *Persian Gulf*, 5, 125–27, 155; *E.F.*, 1646–50, 311; Badger, XXVII, 89–90n.).

[3] The grant of a share in the customs of Kung by Shah Abbas I had doubtless been confirmed by his successor, Shah Abbas II (1629–66), hence the plural 'kings'. The letter of 1631 mentioned in n. 1 above in fact probably refers to such a re-grant, as it speaks of the Portuguese having recently come into great favour.

since those interested in the customs objected to the closing of the port by the Persian court, as prejudicial to their business.

The general of this fleet, Antonio de Mello de Castro, was a fine man, rich and powerful, who had governed all [Portuguese] India for some years[1]. The Goa Viceroy wished only to ruin him and have a pretext to confiscate his riches and treasures, as he always did to every Portuguese whose fortune he coveted. The general was sent on this voyage with orders which it was impossible to execute, as the Viceroy well knew, for the ships were crank, badly equipped, and quite incapable of any important enterprise: nor were they in a state to winter in the Persian Gulf, where there was no harbour to afford them shelter after the season for voyaging was over.

This Portuguese fidalgo told me all these things, as he was a sensible man, who understood administration and the handling of the fleet's affairs. Knowing that I was seeking an opportunity to get to India, he told me that the general of this armada was sending a frigate to Goa to inform the Viceroy of the state of the fleet; and he advised me to visit the general and ask him for a passage to India in this ship. The joy with which I heard this news made me leave the Senhor Mendes at once. I took a boat and went on board the flag-ship, where the general received me in a most obliging manner and took me to his cabin under the poop, turning out all his officers, as he wished to speak to me in private. He was delighted to hear news from Europe, and above all expressed great pleasure at the glory and power attained by France, to which he had a great attachment, hoping fervently that he might sometime have a chance of zealously serving our great monarch. He spoke to me of the town of Chaoul [Chaul], a very important place on account of its situation, its port, and its fortifications, in regard to which there had been talk for some time past that the King of Portugal had given, or sold, it to the King of France [cf. pp. 187-8]. I then made my request to the general for a passage to India, where I had very urgent business. He told me that he

[1] One Antonio de Mello e Castro was Viceroy at Goa from 1662 to 1666. On the death of his successor in 1668, another person of the same name (a relative of the former Viceroy), with two others, carried on the administration till the arrival of a new Viceroy, Luiz de Mendoza Furtado, in May 1671 (Danvers, II, 327, 363, 364). The second Antonio, etc., was evidently the general in question.

was dispatching a ship in two days to Goa, in which I could travel; and that, even if he had not arranged to send this one, he would have dispatched another to take me to Surat. He assured me that I would not find our Viceroy there, as he had left in January with the French fleet for Ceylon and the Coromandel coast[1]. There he had done some notable exploits, having taken possession of the bay of Trinquemaley [Trincomalee], the best port in the island of Ceylon[2], and also captured, on the Coromandel coast, the strong and important town of St. Thomé[3], formerly built by the Portuguese, who had been driven from it twelve years ago by the might of the King of Golgonda [Golconda], the ruler of the maritime coasts of Coromandel and Bengal[4]. This Portuguese general admitted to me that he was very much surprised that our French squadron, flying the Royal flag, had met the Dutch with every advantage on their side, and yet let it pass on its route without a word and without even obliging it to salute the French flag[5]. He said this had so enhanced the courage and insolence of the Dutch that they published far and near that all the other European nations both feared and respected the Dutch fleet and power in India; and that it did great harm to the reputation which the French had formerly enjoyed in the East.

I stayed until evening in private conversation with him and learnt many details and useful information about these oriental

[1] I.e. M. de la Haye, who assumed the title of Viceroy on arriving with his fleet at Surat in September 1671 (Kaeppelin, 80–1; *E.F.*, I, 215). It left Surat on 31 December (O.S.), or 9 January 1672 under the Gregorian Calendar (N.S.) used in France from the sixteenth century: cf. vol. II, ch. III.

[2] De la Haye's fleet anchored in Trincomalee Bay in March 1672, but had to leave it in the following July (Kaeppelin, 91–4; *C.H.I.*, V, 68–9). Cf. vol. II, ch. III.

[3] He took St. Thomé on 14 July 1672 (O.S.) or 25 July 1672 (N.S.); cf. Love, I, 314–15; Kaeppelin, 96; vol. II, ch. IV. The news of this could not have reached Kung (a distance of over 2,000 miles by sea) by 5 August (N.S.) in the S.W. monsoon which then prevailed; and it is clear that Carré must here have incorporated his subsequent knowledge of it in the general's conversation. This corroborates the deduction (p. xxxii) that the journal was written up some months after the dates to which entries relate.

[4] The expulsion of the Portuguese from St. Thomé was effected in 1662 (Love, I, 283n.; *C.H.I.*, V, 69). Cf. vol. II, ch. IV, for a similar misplacing of this event by Carré.

[5] As to this incident, see vol. II, ch. III.

countries. He spoke of the orders of the Portuguese Viceroy, who wanted to oblige him to undertake the impossible, as he was not in a state to do anything against Muscat, nor could he stay in the Persian Gulf. In the evening, after having entertained me, he gave me a personal letter for my embarkation in the out-going ship to India, and I returned to land very pleased with the straightforwardness of this Portuguese general.

Saturday, 6 August. In the morning I received a visit from the former Portuguese factor, whom I had known five years previously[1]. He came to congratulate me on my happy return from Europe. He offered me his house and all assistance, and spent an hour with me, hearing the news from Europe. After this I called on the Shahbandar of the place. He was much occupied with an important meeting of Persians assembled to discuss the subject of the Portuguese fleet in their harbour, which gave great alarm. They were menaced at every moment by the threat of Portuguese soldiers being landed to pillage the town; and this obliged the Shahbandar and the merchants to furnish money for the expenses and upkeep of the fleet. The Shahbandar knew me very well, as I had been useful to him in my other journeys. He now showed me great friendship and begged me to use his house and his credit during my stay in Kung.

Some Arabs came to get passports for their vessels while I was with him. This reminded me of my Kailo Arabs; so I laid a complaint and demanded justice, as these Arabs were under his jurisdiction. He was amazed and displeased at the recital of my adventure; but he said he could do nothing against these people, as they were rebellious and would never recognize any authority. Nor had they submitted to two or three governors sent against them to collect some dues from that part of the country. 'Very well,' I said to him, 'with your permission, I know a way of bringing them to reason and getting the money they extracted from me by force.' The Shahbandar, who did not know what I intended to do, said I was at liberty to do what I could, and he would be delighted for me not to leave with any dissatisfaction against him. I then told him that I had the two camels which had brought me from Kailo, and that they belonged to the sheikh there, who had swindled me of eighty abbasis for their hire,

[1] The figure '5' in the MS. seems to be a mistake for '3' as Carré first went to Persia from Surat in 1669, cf. p. xxii.

whereas by right I ought only to have paid him four or five abbasis at most; that some Portuguese, who had heard of this, had advised me to put the camels in a safe place and to send back the little boy for my money, or else to sell the camels; but that I did not wish to do anything without giving him notice and taking his advice, so I put the affair in his hands to do as he thought best. This Persian seemed overwhelmed by my courtesy, and found himself rather embarrassed as to how to act in the matter. He finally told me that, as I had put everything into his hands, he could do no less than recover the money the Arabs had made me pay so unjustly; and that he would do this, if I would send the two camels to him. Feeling that his civility was more in his own interest than in that of justice, I turned the affair in a way he did not expect. I replied that I had felt obliged to complain, not because of the small money value concerned, but only to let him know that our nation would not suffer insult in any country whatever, and that, as I was quite satisfied of his desire to give me justice, all I now asked for was a little note from him to send to the Kailo sheikh, to make him aware that I had refrained from keeping his camels, although he much deserved it, so that he would know another time how to recognize a Frenchman.

The Shahbandar, who imagined he had already got hold of the camels for himself, was a little surprised to hear me say that I intended to return them in this way. He said it was necessary to punish this type of rebels, who daily insulted passing travellers. To this I replied that he was quite strong enough to make them do their duty and to punish them in any manner he wished, but that I did not want the first punishment to come by the hand of a Frenchman, because of the honour and glory of our nation, which we valued above everything else in the world. The Persian felt his honour also at stake, so he praised my action before all the assembly and gave me the writing that I had asked for. This I took to my lodging, where the little camel boy awaited me with such impatience and fear that he did not even dare to come before me to ask leave to depart with the camels. He did not doubt but that I would keep them, seeing the bad treatment and injustice I had received from his father and his sheikh.

Having arranged for some food, I called fc. my little Arab, who came before me trembling and looking s piteous that I felt sorry for him; and not wishing to make hirr suffer any longer,

I asked him if he had eaten, and if he had taken care of his camels. As he was too frightened to reply, I reassured him and told him to take courage, saying that I was quite satisfied with him and intended to send him back with his camels. The poor child, delighted at hearing this, placed his turban at my feet—a sign of gratitude—and kissing my hands made me a thousand gestures of submission and joy. I gave him a good meal, and also fed the camels. At two o'clock in the afternoon I called him and gave him the letter from the Shahbandar, which I ordered him to deliver into sheikh Zaid's own hands. I also gave him a little money for food on the road, and sent him off happy and satisfied. I spent the rest of the day in visiting some Portuguese and Persians that I knew, and stayed very late with some of them who entertained me in Persian fashion.

Sunday, 7 August. In the morning I went to pray at the church of the Portuguese Augustinian Fathers, where I found a good number of priests of many Orders who had come from the fleet, some from curiosity, some to accompany officers and captains who were their relations, and others for business little consistent with the calling of these apostolic missionaries. After the church was closed at nine o'clock in the morning, I was amazed to see the house of these Fathers immediately filled with an infinite number of Portuguese from the fleet. They had received their pay two days before, and crowded into the mission, as people do in France into a public gaming-house. They passed whole days there, indulging in games very unsuitable to the respect and moderation due in a religious house. Tables, with dice and cards, were arranged on every side of the house, even in the main entrance from the street, where the captains and other officers played, as it was the coolest spot on account of the sea breeze. I was invited several times to join these fidalgos, but I excused myself firmly, saying I did not know any games, nor did I wish to do any business with the others in this place. I knew it only too well from my former visits to this town.

From there I went to Senhor Emanuel Mendes, who had sent to ask me to dinner. I stayed with him until two o'clock in the afternoon, when I returned to my lodging, and gave orders for the purchase of some provisions for my journey as quickly as possible. At four o'clock, after the admiral of the Portuguese fleet had fired the first cannon-shot to warn all the officers and soldiers

on shore that he was about to sail, I took a little boat with all my luggage, and went on board the ship called the *St. Francis*, which was commanded by one Emanuel Andrade Fereyre [Fereira], a very dark Arab. He was from Muscat, a Christian and naturalized as a Portuguese on account of the good services he had always rendered in the fleet from Goa during their wars with the Muscat Arabs. The Goa Viceroy had rewarded him by giving him for his own the little ship which he commanded and had armed at his own expense to serve with the fleet. Several Portuguese priests were also in this ship. They had wearied of being with the fleet and had seized this chance of tasting again the sweets of Goa, for which they so longed that they could talk of nothing else.

CHAPTER IV

JOURNEY FROM KUNG TO SURAT

Monday, 8 August. At daybreak all the Portuguese army [forces] set sail and in three days arrived at the island of Larak[1], situated between Hormuz and Qishm[2], where the fleet allowed us to continue our voyage, having only come here to prevent the Arabs and Persians from knowing that a ship was being sent to Goa. While we were doing our utmost to get out of the Persian Gulf, being impeded by calms and contrary winds, the Portuguese fleet left us for Basra, where they intended to recuperate on the delightful banks of the Euphrates. During their voyage up the Persian Gulf they met several Arab vessels from Muscat, which were following the coast of Arabia for Basra, laden with rich merchandise. The Portuguese ships in the fleet could not get near enough to the land to attack them, so five little galliots, which are small light craft, built rather like galleys, and very suitable for coastal expeditions, as they have both sails and oars, were sent in pursuit. In a short time they overtook the merchantmen, some of which defended themselves gallantly, killed several Portuguese officers and soldiers, and finally sank themselves rather than fall into their enemies' hands. Others were captured, but those farthest away had time to escape by running ashore and leaving their ships fully laden to the mercy of the enemy, who refloated them and carried them off.

This exploit so terrified the whole Persian Gulf that no vessel, large or small, dared to put out to sea from any port. There was a sort of revolt at Muscat, when this news was brought by those who had escaped. The Arabs in the place, weary of the continual war which hindered their commerce and had brought to them only ruin and continual losses, made known to the Imam, their king, that they could no longer submit to live in the misery to which they had been reduced for so many years. The Imam was

[1] MS. *l'ille de l'areque*—apparently a mistake analogous to that of 'delba' (p. 22 *ante*). It is called 'Larek' by Pietro della Valle (*Viaggi*, IV, 438; tr. Havers, 58), and 'Larec' by Tavernier (*Voyages*, I, 213); but Dellon (*Voyage*, II, 80) calls it 'Areque', and Martin (I, 205), like Carré, calls it 'l'île de l'Arêque'.

[2] MS. *Kismis*. This, with variations, was the ordinary name of the island in the seventeenth century. Thus it is called 'Kismish' by Hamilton (I, 65), and 'Kismash' by Fryer (II, 158).

the same who had driven out the Portuguese from this very important place, of which he had made himself king[1]. He found himself very perplexed, as most of the inhabitants had abandoned the town and fled to the mountains; and he feared the soldiers would do likewise, as they were rather dissatisfied. He was most worried as to the lack of food in the place, for he saw no chance or hope of getting provisions so long as the Portuguese fleet was in the Persian Gulf, because everything was imported by sea—rice, dates, cumquots, corn, and butter, all came from India, Basra, and the Persian coast. But this Imam, who was a clever man and very diplomatic, showed no signs of this anxiety, nor of the straits he was in. He worked so well with fine promises, caresses, and some money-presents that he appeased everyone and calmed their fears. By also relaxing the dues and taxes he induced most of the merchants and inhabitants to return to the town, from which they had fled[2].

The Dutch, in the past year, had taken steps to establish an office in Muscat, as they had done at Basra [p. 90], in order to assure a safe passage for their letters, packets, and messengers from India to Europe. Their factors, who had come to consider that the business of the king of Muscat closely affected their trade and enterprises, were continually at the ear of the Imam, trying to make him take umbrage against the other European nations, and by this means to deprive them of their trade and admittance to Muscat. A little ship of the French company, which was *en route* to Persia from Surat, and had been there this year for some time without trading, was obliged to leave hurriedly owing to the secret intrigues of the Dutch. They pretended to the king that she had come only with the object of spying out the place. In the late troubles in Muscat they gave advice to the Imam, which he followed with much success to his own affairs, but ruin to the Portuguese trade, as will be seen shortly.

The Portuguese fleet, when trying to pass the bar of the Euphrates, encountered such contrary winds and bad weather

[1] Carré was mistaken in thinking this. The Portuguese were driven out of Muscat in 1650 (*E.F.*, 1646–50, p. 311), or perhaps in 1651–52 (Badger, pp. 89–90n.); in either case it is clear that Sultan bin Saif (ibid., 78–85) was the Imam then ruling. The Imam in 1672 appears to have been his son, Bel arab bin Sultan (ibid., 90).

[2] This agrees with the statement that Bel arab 'showed justice and integrity' during his reign (Badger, p. 93).

that they did not wish to risk a passage so dangerous in these storms. They were obliged to turn back and take shelter in Kung roads, after touching at several islands in the Persian Gulf for water and other commodities. Soon after their arrival at Kung, they saw a little ship come in from the Arabian coast and hoist the Muscat flag with a signal that she wished to speak to the Portuguese. They immediately lowered a boat to examine the vessel, which anchored by the flag-ship. An Arab of position then came on board from the stranger, and having saluted the Portuguese general, offered him a present with a letter from the King of Muscat, which asked for an interview in some specified place on the coast fairly near Muscat, to negotiate a truce or peace with the Portuguese. The general at the beginning of this campaign had been to the Red Sea, where he had terrified everyone by a descent he had made on the Arabian coast, near Mocha. Envoys at once came from the King of Mocha to ask for an interview with the general; and he made an advantageous peace for the Portuguese with these Arabs, also extracting a sum of money and valuable presents for himself. Accordingly he did not reject the King of Muscat's proposal for an interview, hoping to get even more advantages from Muscat than he had obtained from Mocha. So, without considering the ruin he was bringing on himself by direct disobedience to the orders he had received from the Viceroy of Goa[1], he sent such a favourable reply to the emissary ship that the Arab king could wish for nothing better, as it gave him great hopes that he would shortly come, with his fleet, to the place of assignation.

While the Portuguese fleet was at Kung in the state I have just described, we were having difficulty with our frigate near the islands of Hormuz, Larak, and Qishm. We took twenty-two days beating about in weather capable of disheartening the best sailors in the world. We were four times in the straits [of Hormuz] without being able to round the Cape of Jask[2]. We encountered either calms or contrary winds, with currents that swept us

[1] These were orders that the fleet was to stay in the Persian Gulf to make war against the Arabs (p. 108 *ante*). In 1671 the new Viceroy, Luiz de Mendoza, had fitted out an 'armada', i.e. this fleet, for an attack on Muscat (*E.F.*, I, 301). As to the result of the general's disobedience, see p. 177 *post*.

[2] MS. *Jasques*. Similarly the East India Company's agent at Gombroon in 1668 called it 'Cape Jasques' (*E.F.*, 1668–69, p. 41); so does Hamilton (I, 49).

several times into a large bay on the Persian coast, from which we had much trouble to extricate ourselves[1]. Twice we had to touch at the little island of Angan [Henjām, below Qishm] to get wood and water; and finally we had to go back a third time, to wait for a favourable wind. While there, our captain told me that we should be obliged to return to Kung to revictual, because (in the hope that the voyage to Goa would not take more than a month) he had brought provisions for that time alone, and now we had only just enough for eight days. This news upset me very much, as it meant great loss of time, and a favourable wind might arise at any moment which would get us out of the Persian Gulf. I could not stand such a delay, so I implored our captain to have a little patience, and asked him to let me have a boat to take me to the coast of the island of Qishm, where I hoped at any cost to buy provisions in some villages visible from our anchorage. He was delighted at my proposal, got his boat ready and came ashore with me himself. On landing we met some Persian inhabitants, who took us to the nearest village, where we found most of the provisions we wanted; and while we were there, more food was brought us from other neighbouring places, to which we had also sent. From two Arabs who came from Kung, we then heard that the Portuguese fleet had returned thither. Having had no news of it since we left it twenty-two days before, and believing it to be at Basra, whither it was bound, we could hardly credit these Arabs; but they also told us of the encounter between the fleet and the merchantmen from Muscat which had been taken by them, as well as of the embassy of the King of Muscat to the Portuguese general, and gave so many other details, that we could no longer doubt the truth of their statement.

All this made our captain resolve to send to Kung to notify the commander of the fleet of our return to the island of Henjam, where the bad weather had obliged us to shelter. His first plan was to send a messenger by land; but seeing it would take too

[1] Carré's side-note says 'one cannot get out of the Persian Gulf in July, August, and September'. This seems opposed to the fact that from June to September the north-westerly wind, known as the *shamal*, prevails there; but the *Persian Gulf Pilot*, ed. 1942, p. 33, shows that obstacles to egress may arise at the south-east end of the Gulf, as during this period the *shamal* blows from between west and south-west. Thus at Henjam the prevailing winds are chiefly from the south-west, and in the region of the Strait of Hormuz easterly winds increase in the latter half of the summer.

much time, owing to mountains and consequent long détours, I advised him to send some one by sea—this being the easiest and quickest way, as it would take only twenty-four hours with a fair wind in a small fishing boat, which could be obtained in this place. I offered to go myself to Kung by this means to expedite matters. The captain was pleased with the idea, and we at once went ashore, where, finding some fishermen, I engaged one of their boats, had it got ready quickly, and embarked that evening. We pulled all night along a coast of steep rocks, and next day a favourable and steady east wind took us into Kung roads about four o'clock in the afternoon. I went on board the flag-ship, where the general showed great pleasure that we had been delayed, owing to the aspect of affairs having changed since he had dispatched our boat. He told me that he intended, after making some arrangement with the Muscat Arabs, to return, himself, to India with his fleet, without even waiting for the reply of the ambassador he had sent to the Persian court [p. 108]. He gave me an account of his efforts to get to Basra which had not succeeded, of the encounter with the Muscat merchantmen, and of the embassy sent to him by the Imam-king of the Arabs, with which he appeared to be very satisfied, hoping (he told me) that the arrangements he was going to make with these Arabs would put the Portuguese affairs on a sound footing. They would then have no more enemies in India to deter them from striving to recover many places they had lost in these countries.

Such were the arguments and projects of this commanding officer, who relied too much on the good fortune which had hitherto attended all his enterprises. He could not see that the proceedings of the King of Muscat were only a *ruse de guerre* and a trick of an intelligent and adroit prince to gain time. The latter, finding himself in dire straits, asked for a truce, so as to have time and liberty to get provisions and help into Muscat, and thus enable him to deride his enemies, and even attack them first, as happened afterwards. I was amazed that this commanding officer, a clever, intelligent and prudent man, had taken no notice of the express orders from the Goa Viceroy to make a stern and cruel war on Muscat. This disobedience, and the possible mishaps that might occur, would give the Viceroy a legitimate pretext to carry out the designs he had for the ruin of this officer. A strange thing that I remarked in all these plans which he was making to his

ruin was the deceit of his subordinates. As is customary with grand people, he desired only to be flattered, and did not look with a favourable eye on any one who opposed him. Accordingly there was not a single one of the officers of his council, when assembled to discuss these affairs, who did not applaud and praise him to his face; but, as soon as they were on shore and out of his presence, they blamed his conduct, and even held meetings to draw up proceedings against this poor man, so as to exculpate themselves and fasten on his shoulders the entire blame, on their arrival at Goa.

After I had spent two hours in conversation with this officer, he wished to make me stay on board for a meal with him; but I told him that I wanted to buy some provisions at Kung for our ship, where they were expecting my return with impatience. He gave me a letter to the captain, of which he told me the substance, viz. that we must await him at the island of Henjam, where he would arrive shortly with the fleet. In giving me this letter, he said I could tell the captain, by word of mouth, that he might do as he wished, either wait at Henjam, or come back to Kung, if he had any business there. I slept that night in the town and gave orders at my lodgings to have everything ready for me to leave next day. My crew were even more anxious than I was to depart as soon as possible. They were not far from my lodgings, and after giving them money for tobacco, or (as we put it) something to drink to my health, I made them work all night to embark all I wished to take with me, so as to lose no time, when the wind became favourable for a start.

Next day at dawn my crew came to tell me that there was a slight land-wind and a favourable tide, so I at once embarked and made good enough progress in the morning. The wind, however, then became contrary, which caused a very rough sea, and we had great difficulty in making the eastern point of the island of Qishm. We were obliged to land till the wind abated, and also to mend our boat, which leaked at every seam. At last, after three days' and nights' hard work, I arrived at the island of Henjam, where I was anxiously awaited. Our captain was very pleased at the way I had revictualled his ship without troubling him. He gave me many thanks, and acknowledged his obligations to me for the trouble and risks to which I had been exposed in his service. I was not so pleased, on my side, for after all the work and trouble I

had undertaken merely in the hope of expediting my voyage, I now not only found, to my intense annoyance, that I had been obliged to delay it, but also I foresaw that this affair and the Muscat interview were going to postpone my business even longer. I was the more vexed, as in this season it was impossible for me to find any other way but this one of getting to India. The captain of our ship, fearing that we could not stay in our present position till the fleet joined us, decided to return to it at Kung, where he still had some business on hand and also could get any further requisites for the voyage. While waiting for a favourable wind, he got wood and water from the little island of Henjam, which is really a most useful place for that purpose, though on the south side from the sea it looks as if there was nothing on it.

The island of Henjam is situated to the south of that of Qishm. From the sea they seem to be joined together, but there is a passage about two cannon-shot wide between them to the east [of Henjam], which has a good sandy bottom in about eight fathoms of water. After passing between the islands, one comes to a large bay, where (at the north-east point of Henjam) there is a good anchorage of about eight or nine fathoms some two musket-shots from land. Just opposite it is a little square bastion made of red bricks, and on the same shore to the east are two white mosques—the remains of a town once inhabited by Portuguese, but now deserted and in ruins, except for five good cisterns of clear rain-water, which are used by the ships on the neighbouring coast to replenish their supplies. Wood is plentiful on this island, also a quantity of game. At the end of the bay to the north-east is the coast of Qishm, where there are large groves of palm-trees; these contain some villages inhabited by Arabs and Persians—sea-faring men, most of whom are quiet and courteous. They furnished us with fish, milk, dates, sheep, goats, fowls, and similar things for the ship's victualling.

Thursday, 8 September. Nativity of the Holy Virgin. We set sail from Henjam with a favourable wind from the east-south-east, which carried us into Kung roads the next day. We dropped anchor there in the middle of the Portuguese fleet. Before landing, I visited the commander-in-chief to ascertain what he had decided and whether he still intended to send our frigate to India. Seeing my anxiety about our delay, he told me his plans and said

he was leaving very soon for Muscat, whence he would dispatch our ship to Goa without delay. Finding that he had business in the place for at least three or four days more, I landed and stayed there until the day of departure.

Sunday, 11 *September*. I was invited to dinner by Senhor Gaspard de Souze [Gaspar de Souza], the Portuguese President, who had recently arrived at Kung[1]. He was a young, well-built fidalgo, witty, generous, and agreeable, who had already served in other and more important posts than this one. He paid me a thousand compliments, and said I had hurt him by going to lodge elsewhere than at his house, as he had pressed me to do several times. I had, however, excused myself, as I was not in sympathy with the Portuguese in these oriental countries. This man was certainly the most honest I had yet met, being virtuous and liberal with every mark and quality of a true fidalgo, as indeed he was. I passed a pleasant morning with him and a fine set of officers from the fleet and some priests. He entertained them all in a manner worthy of his birth.

When I returned to my lodgings at two o'clock, I was astonished to find some twenty French soldiers and sailors waiting for me. They had come in a body to beg me to help them to escape from the misery they were enduring among the Portuguese, with whom they had unhappily enlisted at Goa after deserting from our French fleet, commanded by M. de la Haye, lieutenant-general of our great King of France in the East. I listened to their complaints and the story of the miseries they were suffering among a mixture of Portuguese with five or six Hindu castes[2]. I asked all of them who it was that had obliged them to submit to such bad conditions, and found, in spite of their excuses and explanations, that it was only by caprice and the usual French light-heartedness. They would rather be miserable and in slavery among strangers than be happy and free with their own folk. For example, these poor wretches would earn more in one month in His Majesty's fleet than the Portuguese would give them for a campaign of ten or twelve months [cf. vol. III, ch. IV]. I saw they were in want and misery entirely through their own fault, so I

[1] In vol. III, ch. VI, Carré calls him the Portuguese commandant at Kung, and this expresses his position better than 'president'.

[2] MS, *castes d'Indoux*. 'Caste' is probably used here for tribe or race, as well as for 'caste' in its more limited sense: see *Hobson-Jobson*, s.v. 'caste'.

scolded them well and said that, instead of being touched with their complaints, I was delighted to see them suffer a just punishment for having deserted the service of their king. I said so many hard things about their cowardice and fickleness that they wished themselves further and regretted that they had thought of coming to me. All the same, on seeing them quite humiliated and abashed into silence, I was so touched with their pitiable state that I nearly showed them that my resolution was weakening. I bitterly resented seeing any of my nation suffer thus in these forsaken countries, where there was no resource for them, unless they were got away and restored to our Company's service. So, not wishing to discourage them entirely, I told them that their request that I should get them out of the Portuguese service here, was a thing they must not think of, while they were in Persia; but when they had returned to India, where I was going myself, I promised to use all my influence to withdraw them from the Portuguese and to return them to the service of our nation. They were in a wretched state, worn, haggard, and famished, as in the Portuguese ships they had only boiled rice and salt fish to eat [cf. vol. III, ch. III]. I therefore bought three quintals of ship biscuit, which I divided among them before they went back to their ships. Some of them told me they thought of leaving the fleet here and going into Persia. I soon disabused them of this idea, saying that they would be worse off there, because the Persians made all wanderers and vagabonds become Muhammadans before giving them work, and this would be an everlasting disgrace to them. I was so alarmed that some of them would be cowardly enough to take this last desperate step that I thought it advisable to warn their officers, who were on shore, to see that they all went on board.

The principal affair which was keeping the fleet in the Kung roads was the disposal of the merchantmen that had been captured. Many local Arab and Persian merchants were anxious to buy these prizes, as well as the prisoners and the merchandise; and seeing that the fleet was daily preparing to sail, they made very large offers to the general and the Portuguese factor. The merchantmen, being prizes of war, should in honour have been taken in triumph to Goa with the Arab prisoners; but, as they were laden with rich merchandise, and large presents were offered for the Arab prisoners alone, as also for the dismantled vessels,

these were disposed of without consideration of the wrong done to the Portuguese reputation and against the interests of their king. This happens not only at sea but in every town and place which the Portuguese still hold in India. The honour and service of their king is the last thing considered by the officers of the administration: each one uses his charge, employment, or dignity, only as a means to amass wealth, so as to keep slaves and lead a life *à l'Indienne* [*sic*].

Monday, 12 September. In the morning some Persian friends sent to invite me to a hunt. I went at once to meet them at the rendezvous, where we mounted horses. We then rode over a plain to the foot of some mountains, whither we found people had preceded us with hawks, dogs, and other sporting equipment. Some had slept there overnight to mark where the beasts were in hiding, and they showed us the places where they had seen gazelles and bustards. As soon as we found the game, the hawks were let loose. Each one attacked a gazelle and brought it down in its first flight, helped by the dogs, which were amazingly keen and swift. It was a royal sport to see how skilfully these Persian falcons follow their game in flight and, when in front of their quarry, swoop down and blot out their eyes with their wings and talons. The gazelle, thus blinded, falls down bewildered, whereupon the dogs leap on it[1]. The riders have to hurry to prevent injury to the falcon, in case it has not time to rise when the dogs arrive and seize the game.

We had splendid sport until midday, when the heat obliged us to seek the shade of a wood, so thick and leafy that it hid a little village. This was situated in a cool and charming valley where we passed the rest of the day, and found everything possible to delight us—good food, delicious wines, perfumes, baths, and harmony. I should have much enjoyed all these pleasures, had I not been so worried and preoccupied with the delay in my journey. We returned in the evening to the Shahbandar's house, where they found it necessary to finish up with a

[1] Fryer (II, 305) gives a similar description of hawking in Persia, saying 'some of them [the hawks] in their swoops are so courageous as to seize the heads of deer or antelopes, and seating themselves with their talons between their horns, pick out their eyes'. Ovington (161) gives much the same account, as well as a description of the way in which the hawks were trained for this, probably taken from Thevenot, III, 360, or Lovell's translation, ed. 1687, pt. 2, p. 105–6. Fryer (II, 304) also mentions that they killed birds 'as big as wild turkies'.

splendid repast, which kept us up nearly all night. I left very pleased with the civility and courtesy I had received from these Persians, who made a thousand protestations of eternal friendship for me.

Tuesday, 13 *September*. About midday I took a boat in which I had put some supplies and went on board our ship. Shortly afterwards the commander-in-chief fired the warning shot, and all the Portuguese fleet set sail with a light favourable wind, which took us slowly out to sea. We passed the night between the islands of Pulor and Elfanem, situated about five leagues south-east of Kung[1]. The next day we had little wind or were becalmed, and suffered much from the excessive heat.

Thursday, 15 *September*. We began to feel the change in the monsoon by the north-west wind which blew all day[2], and enabled us to continue our route to the east. Next morning we were a cannon-shot off the south of the island of Larak, which lies opposite Bandar Abbas and between the islands of Hormuz and Qishm. There the chamal [Arab. *shamal*] freshened to the west and at midday we rounded Cape Mozando [Musandam], but were becalmed at night. On Saturday, the 17th, we tacked

[1] In the MS. 'south-west' has been corrected to 'south-east' in French; and an easterly course was the one more likely to have been taken by the fleet to get out of the Persian Gulf: cf. the first sentence in the entry of 15 September. The two islands would, in that case, have been those below the south-west point of Qishm, which in Hamilton's map of the sea-coast of Persia (I, 38–9) are called 'Tomb', as also by Capt. Brucks, one 'Great Tomb' and the other 'Little Tomb', in his map of the Persian Gulf and account of them in *Bom. Govt. Sel.*, XXIV, 530, 601. The same two islands are named 'Tunb' and 'Nabiu Tunb' in the *India and Adjacent Countries*, Sheet No. 18 (Parts of Persia and Arabia); 'nabiu' probably is the Arabic word *nubuw*, distant, remote. On the other hand, Carré's 'Pulor' looks like the name of the island now called 'Farur', which lies to the south-west of Kung. Thus the map that forms the frontispiece to vol. I of Malcolm's *History of Persia* calls it 'Polior', as also does Capt. Brucks (p. 599). Below it is a smaller island called 'Nabiu Farur' in Sheet No. 18, and 'Nobeuze' or 'Nobfleure' by Capt. Brucks (p. 599). The latter seems to be an obvious corruption of Nabiu Farur; and Carré's 'Elfanem' may be a similar perversion, the *l* being a mistake for *b* in his original note of the name and the preliminary *n* being omitted, as in his 'Kailo' for Nakhilu. If this surmise is correct, the words 'south-west' should have remained in the text.

[2] Cf. the statement of Fryer (II, 307) that 'the north-west winds began to bring the winter's cold' in September. This wind is the *shamal* referred to by Carré just below. In Arabic the word means 'north', but in the Persian Gulf it is applied to a wind blowing from the north-west.

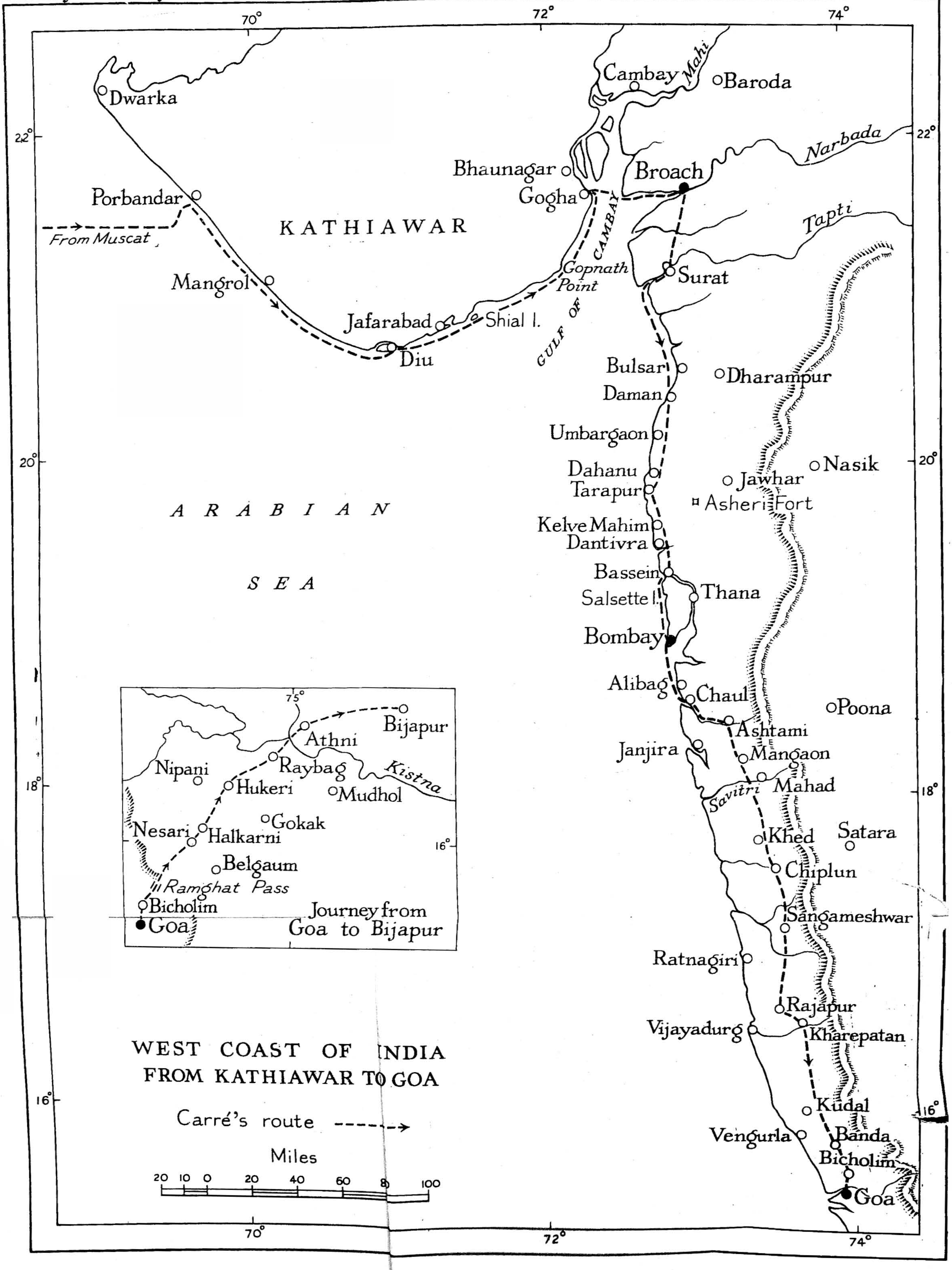
In the evening, with a favourable west wind, we set sail and made good progress all night along the coast towards Muscat.

Monday, 26 September. In the morning, as we were sailing, the commander-in-chief fired a cannon-shot for a council of war. The other officers of the fleet came at once on board the flag-ship and a meeting was held until noon. It was resolved that our frigate, which was under orders for Goa, should leave that very day, and continue its voyage to India. But our captain, who was both Arab and from Muscat, was required to stay behind with the general to serve as interpreter in the negotiations with the king. In his place, to command his ship, they appointed the captain-mare-guerre [Port. *capitao de mar e guerra*] of the flag-ship, that is to say the senior captain under the commander-in-chief. This man was a European Portuguese who had made his fortune in India. He wanted to go to Goa, so as not to lose the chance of getting back to Europe in the ships which leave for Portugal during the months of January or February. It was also decided to send three galliots to Diu, whither the fleet intended to go after settling the affairs of Muscat.

After all these resolutions the commander-in-chief sent to inform me of them, so that I might arrange either to continue my voyage in the ship that was going to Goa, or else, if I preferred it, to travel in a galliot to Diu. As I considered that I would get to Surat sooner from Diu than from Goa, I embarked in the galliot of the Captain Salvador George. He was an Indo-Portuguese—a fine, well-made man, but rather gipsy-like in face, and Indian by nature. I got on well with him, for I have the faculty of doing so with everyone I meet without any constraint or embarrassment on my part, as I fall in with their bents, humours and inclinations. In this way I go where I wish without giving anything away as to the business or other reason for which I am travelling in these countries, or even as to my destination. It is advisable for European travellers in the East to keep their business to themselves and to disclose as little as possible.

We slowly left the fleet in the evening and set our course to the east-south-east, having with us the frigate for Goa, which we had to escort as far as the latitude [MS. *hauteur*] of Diu. We had great difficulty in keeping our course, as we had variable winds and inconvenient calms during the first days of October.

On Saturday, the 8th, we estimated we were as high as Diu,


WEST COAST OF INDIA
FROM KATHIAWAR TO GOA
Carré's route
Miles
20 10 0 20 40 60 80 100
70°
72°
74°
22°
20°
18°
16°
Dwarka
Porbandar
From Muscat
KATHIAWAR
Mangrol
Jafarabad
Diu
Shial I.
Gopnath Point
GULF OF CAMBAY
Bhaunagar
Gogha
Cambay
Mahi
Baroda
Broach
Narbada
Tapti
Surat
Bulsar
Dharampur
Daman
Umbargaon
Dahanu
Tarapur
Jawhar
Nasik
Asheri Fort
Kelve Mahim
Dantivra
Bassein
Thana
Salsette I.
Bombay
Alibag
Chaul
Poona
Ashtami
Janjira
Mangaon
Mahad
Savitri
Khed
Satara
Chiplun
Sangameshwar
Ratnagiri
Rajapur
Kharepatan
Vijayadurg
Kudal
Vengurla
Banda
Bicholim
Goa
ARABIAN
SEA
75°
Bijapur
Athni
Nipani
Raybag
Kistna
Hukeri
Mudhol
Gokak
Nesari
Halkarni
Belgaum
Ramghat Pass
Bicholim
Goa
Journey from
Goa to Bijapur

being at twenty-two degrees, latitude north[1], so the frigate, which was going to Goa, wished to leave, but detained us all the morning to take in wood, water, and other necessary things, of which they were in need from us. Afterwards she left for Goa, going south-south-east, while we sailed to the north[2].

Sunday, 9 October. This morning we noticed a change in the water. The sea was very green, thick and dirty, by which we judged that we were near land; but we only sighted it at five o'clock in the evening, to the north-east, very low land looking like large meadows. With light winds we approached them that night so slowly as to have full leisure next day to study the coasts of Cambay[3].

Tuesday, 11 October. At noon we passed quite close to the little town of Porepatan[4] on the south-west coast of Cambay. It is on the seashore and has a lovely river, which is bordered on one side with many large leafy trees. These adorn the town, and as most of its houses, mosques and pagodas, are white, the view from the sea is very pleasing. As we approached this place, we saw a crowd of people running from all sides in a terrified manner, and they lit fire-signals in various parts of the coast. A favourable north-west wind took us gently along these shores, which are embellished by fine villages, gardens, woods, and vegetation.

Thursday, 13 October. About ten o'clock in the morning, as we were following our route along the coast, we saw a large vessel

[1] The island of Diu lies in lat. 20° 42′ to 20° 45′ (*Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, VIII, 433), and the line 22° is, therefore, considerably to the north of it, e.g. the ship might have been somewhere slightly below the level of Dwarka in the north-west corner of Kathiawar.

[2] MS. *nord nordest* (the latter word struck out). Carré seems to have been doubtful about the ship's position, and has probably misstated it, for if she was as high as lat. 22° N., she would have to sail to the south (instead of the north) to reach Diu. The real latitude may have been nearer 21° N. and the longitude over 69′ E. from Greenwich, so that, sailing due north, the ship sighted the Kathiawar coast above Porbandar (lat. 21° 41′ N., long. 69° 40′ E.) the next day.

[3] Diu had been ceded to the Portuguese by Bahadur Shah, Sultan of Gujarat. That kingdom was often called Cambay by Europeans, and the term included those parts of Cutch and Kathiawar which had been held by the rulers of Gujarat.

[4] Porbandar, on west coast of Kathiawar. The white effect mentioned by Carré was probably due to its buildings being of Porbandar limestone (*Imp. Gaz. Ind.*, XX, 191; ibid., *Bombay Presidency*, II, 344, 373–74). The 'river' is really a creek (*Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, VIII, 629).

on the same course as ourselves. We gave chase and it immediately drew near land. As we pressed it so hard that it could not escape, it took shelter under an old fortress, where it anchored a little off the land, the crew not wishing to beach the ship with its cargo. We followed it straight into this place, and had hardly arrived when we saw the shore crowded with people who ran from all sides and made signals to the ship, advising the crew to beach it and to escape by land. But the latter took no notice, recognizing only too well that it was not a good thing for them to land in this place, which they knew. Having then approached this vessel within cannon-shot, we hoisted our Portuguese flag at the ensign staff and furled our sails. They raised their anchor and came on board to reason with us. They showed by their passport that the ship was from Diu, laden with rice and other grain from this coast. Our commander, therefore, set her at liberty, and they kept near us, as they feared meeting Sangani or Malabar pirates[1], who frequent these coasts of the Gulf of Cambay.

Before setting sail, we stayed a little to examine this town Mangalorpatan[2], which was within cannon-shot, and in the middle of a wood so thick that most of the houses were hidden. There were two small boulevards on the shore, and a sort of fortress, as also an old and ruined castle, the *enceinte* and foundations of which come down to the sea by a little cove with anchorage for small craft only. This place must have been very important when the kings of Cambay had governors and garrisons all along this coast, from which they drew large revenues; but all these strongholds have been abandoned and ruined since the kingdom became the tributary of the Great Mughal. Now there are only

[1] The Sanganis, or Sanganians, were well-known pirates, inhabiting the coasts of Kathiawar and Cutch, with Beyt as their principal centre. The Malabar pirates frequented the Malabar coast, but occasionally came as high as Surat (cf. *E.F.*, I, 232). The Vāghers (or Vādhels), who also came from the north-west corner of Kathiawar and were noted pirates (*E.F.*, 1668-69, 12n.), would have been a better combination with the Sanganis.

[2] 'Mangalorpatan' is Mangrol, below Porbandar in lat. 21° 7′ N. Its old name was Mongalpur Patan, the former word becoming Mangalor, corrupted later to Mangrol (*Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, VIII, 542). Hamilton (I, 82) calls it 'Mangaroul', and says that 'wild deer, antelopes, and peacocks are so familiar that they come into the very houses without fear'. This may have been helped by the 'thick wood' mentioned by Carré.

some seafaring people, a few traders, and a great number of bandits and vagabonds who live only by grazing their flocks. This prevented our companion from going ashore, as they knew that most of the people who were lining the beach had come there only with hopes of pillage, if they had run ashore. The wind having freshened at noon, we pursued our course, keeping always near the coast.

Saturday, 15 October. At dawn we sighted the island of Diu, and after we had got near it, about noon we saw a small boat come out, sent by the Governor with a pilot to take us into harbour. He made us drop anchor where we were, on account of the strong currents which run east and west[1]. At nightfall we entered on the flood tide, and anchored at nine o'clock at the entrance of the bar of Diu.

All night we saw large bonfires, rockets, and other fireworks, which they were letting off over the town, as it was the feast of St. Theresa, which the Portuguese had celebrated that day at the Carmelite church with great ceremonies.

Sunday, 16 October. At daybreak we set sail and passed below the fortress saluting it with one cannon-shot. We then came near a little fort in the middle of the entrance of this port, which thus marks two passages—one at the side of the fortress where only small craft can pass, and the other on the land-side for large ships which can pass at high tide by keeping very near the coast. On arrival in harbour, our captain took me to see his brother, Manuel George, who was also captain of a galliot; he had a house in the town, where we rested a little. About ten o'clock we went to the church of St. Dominic to hear the High Mass of the Rosary, of which they were celebrating the octave with great ceremonies. The Portuguese Governor of the place, with a very pompous suite, attended at the Mass with much devotion. The Rector of the Paulists[2] preached, and there was a procession of the Blessed Sacrament. There was music every evening with imposing ceremonies, followed by fireworks, cannonades, masquerades,

[1] According to the *West Coast of India Pilot*, p. 69, the currents in the Arabian Sea, off the west coast of India, run SE. or SSE. from January to September, and NNW. in November and December.

[2] I.e. the Jesuits. In India they were called 'Paulists' because of their habit of dedicating their churches and houses to St. Paul (Tavernier, *Travels*, I, 159; *Hobson-Jobson*, 688).

and such like things, on which the Portuguese spend more money than on true religious objects.

Sunday, 17 *October*. I passed the day in visiting the religious houses of Diu, which (as well as the town) showed the sad traces of the three days' pillage by the Muscat Arabs in 1669[1]. In the morning I went to the Convent of the Carmelites, which is very magnificent and situated in the highest part of the town. I was received with great courtesy by the Father Superior, who showed me all the house. It is very big, with good air and in a very advantageous situation. The Father informed me that, when the Portuguese were powerful in this country, this convent ordinarily supported twenty monks, whereas now they were so poor that they could hardly keep three; they had nothing to live on but the alms they received, with which they were hoping gradually to repair the damage done by the Arabs in the late sack.

Afterwards I visited the Convent of St. Francis[2], where I found three courageous monks; these were working to rebuild their church, which had been entirely destroyed by the Arabs. Their house is very large, with fine cloisters and buildings. It has a cistern with such fresh and wholesome water that it supplies nearly all the town. The Paulist Fathers of the Society of Jesus have also, in the middle of the town, a splendid house, which in a very short time had been rebuilt in all its beauty after the ruin caused by the Arabs, for these Fathers have very large revenues and employments which bring them great riches. They have the management of all the munitions of war, for towns, fortresses, and naval armaments, in every Portuguese possession. The other Portuguese bear a bitter animosity towards these good Fathers, imagining that they misuse this honourable service given them by the King of Portugal[3]. They govern all [Portuguese] India, in matters both temporal and spiritual, with a superiority and

[1] According to Dutch records, this raid took place in December 1668, but a letter from Bombay of January 1670 gives the year as 1669 (*E.F.*, 1668–69, p. 257, read with pp. 36–7, showing that a date subsequent to 15 January 1669 was intended).

[2] Carré's side-note shows this convent as belonging to the Franciscans. It is now a military hospital (*Imp. Gaz. Ind.*, XI, 362).

[3] As stated by Carré, the Jesuits were administrators for military stores (India Office, 'Portuguese Transcripts', trans. 'Noticias', pp. 366–477: cited by Irvine in Manucci, IV, 451–2).

address that render them redoubtable to any who dare to work against this holy Society.

The royal Monastery of St. Dominic[1] has also a very high rank in this town. I went there to pay my respects to a young Superior, a well-made, talented man, whose special attainments enabled him to maintain and uphold the splendid privileges they have received from the King of Portugal and the Holy Inquisition, of which they have the direction in India, as in Portugal and Spain[2]. This Father showed me the beauties of their house, the reparations he had effected, and the treasures of their church. He then took me into his room for a private conversation. He told me of the splendid revenues they received in [Portuguese] India, and of the power and privileges they enjoy. He discoursed at some length on the benefit they had gained for our Holy Church by their care of all orphan children (even Hindus) whom they took by force from the arms of their relations on the death of their father[3]. They baptized them and put them in places where they would be brought up and instructed in our holy religion. Moreover, he informed me of the power and authority they had over children, girls, women, and all Christians, who had no relations, nor any home to go to. They took care to provide for them by sending them to fidalgos, wealthy people, and other places deemed suitable for their upkeep.

While I was talking with this Father, something occurred which confirmed these last statements. He was informed that two women wished to see him. After learning who they were, he told me that they were some of the women about whom he had been speaking, and that they had come to complain of the Portuguese

[1] The MS. here has *monastère* instead of *convent*, the word Carré ordinarily uses for 'monastery'. This one is now in ruins (*Imp. Gaz. Ind.*, XI, 363).

[2] The Dominicans were associated with the Inquisition in a special way, the inquisitors being usually chosen from their ranks; and in 1618 Philip III, king of Spain, gave them the privilege of having one of their order as a permanent member of the Supreme Council, in which all power in Inquisition matters really concentrated (*Cath. Enc.*, VIII, 30, 37, XII, 368B; *Enc. Brit.*, VII, 519, XII, 378). As to this extending to India, cf. *Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, I, pt. 2, p. 60.

[3] Thus a petition by Christian, Hindu and Muhammadan inhabitants of Bombay in 1667 says: 'They [the R.C. priests] tooke orphan children from whomsoever they pleased and perforce made them Christians, stopping the eares to the cryes of the mother and kinreds just complaints of their discontents' (*E.F.*, 1665–67, 309–10). See also *E.H.I.*, VII, 345, as to Khafi Khan's complaint on the subject.

man with whom they had been placed. As he had treated them badly, and they did not want to stay with him any longer, they had come to ask the Father to send them elsewhere. He went down to the church porch to tell them what to do while waiting for the transfer. I went with him, and was surprised to see two lovely, smiling young girls, covered only with a sort of light garment which the women wear here[1]. They did not look objects of pity. In coming towards them, the Father indicated the elder, who was about eighteen; she had in her arms a six months' baby which she was suckling. 'There,' he said, 'you can see the lack of conscience and the meanness of our Portuguese. I sent these two orphans to a fidalgo to live in his house. After having this fine baby that you see by this poor girl, he was so mean-hearted as to maltreat her, in order to oblige me to take her away and place her elsewhere.' He told me that he often had similar cases on his hands, which caused him much trouble. Thereupon I highly praised him for the charity he showed to such unhappy people. On returning to my lodging that evening, I had no sooner recounted my calls to some Portuguese officers who were there on a visit than they one and all scoffed at the roguery of these good Fathers. I was surprised and scandalized, as the Portuguese honour priests and monks more than any other Christian nation.

Wednesday, 19 *October.* I visited the fortress, which is quite completed and is, no doubt, the strongest of all those possessed by the Portuguese in India. It is distant a half cannon-shot from the town, and is situated to the south of the island on a steep rock, overhanging the sea. On the side of the town it is surrounded by a large ditch, hewn in the rock, like that of the fort of Bel Isle [Belle-île]. This is twenty feet broad, thirty feet deep, and is filled at each tide by the sea; but it can be emptied by opening well-made locks[2]. The bastions are faced with cut stone, and are about thirty feet apart. There are two bridges, about fifteen feet wide, leading to double gates, which are separated by the guard-room and a little chapel. The interior seemed to me to be a little town,

[1] The MS. gives the name of the garment as a *paigue*. This probably corresponds to *pambre*, from Mahr. and Guj. *pāmarī*, a sort of silk cloth or a kind of coarse shawl (cf. *Hobson-Jobson*, 665). This, however, would cover only part of the body, and a sāri would be a more likely garment.

[2] The fortress is still separated from other fortifications by this deep moat, which is cut through the solid sandstone rock, and to which the sea formerly had free passage (*Imp. Gaz. Ind.*, XI, 363).

where the 3,000 men of the garrison can easily be lodged, as it was quite surrounded by large buildings, two or three stories high, as in Europe. There is a parish church and another one for devotions dedicated to St. Thomas[1]. They formerly possessed great revenues, but the ecclesiastics I met there were having squabbles and lawsuits with the Dominican Fathers about the privileges of which I have already spoken.

I had time in the rest of the week to visit the town, the churches, the port, and the neighbourhood. Taking into consideration the size and strength of the town and the number of inhabitants that might be accommodated in such a large place, I could not but be amazed that the Portuguese had not the courage to defend themselves against the Muscat Arabs, who, without any resistance, took the town with all its riches and treasures, and carried away 6,000 Christian women as slaves. They left sad traces which will ever remain, having destroyed the roads and demolished the principal houses. It is indeed pitiable to see the results.

Having only to cross the Gulf of Cambay to reach Surat, I did not trouble myself to find something for this crossing, as I had heard that two Portuguese galliots were about to go to Cambay. They were commanded by the brother of the captain with whom I had come. He invited me to sail with him, and assured me that he would land me at a place, whence I could easily get to Surat. I was delighted to find so good a chance, which was much safer than if I had engaged a local vessel, involving the risk of capture by Malabar or Sangani pirates that cruise round the Gulf of Cambay in this season.

Sunday, 23 October. The ninth day of the Feast of the Rosary ended with a solemn service at the church of the Dominican Fathers. There were a sermon and a grand procession of the Blessed Sacrament all round the town, together with music, concerts, and other ceremonies, in which the Portuguese delight. But I was not pleased at the troops of dancing girls and masqueraders, who danced with very indecent postures in front of the procession. This detracted from the devotion and respect due to such a solemn occasion. In the evening, after the blessing, the

[1] The parochial hall of the once beautiful church of St. Thomas now serves as a place of meeting for the municipal chamber (*Imp. Gaz. Ind.*, 'Bom. Presidency', II, 587).

fête was completed with fireworks, dancing girls, and a comedy [*sic*] acted in the church of the Dominican Fathers.

At eight o'clock, having been warned that the galliots were about to sail, I embarked in that of Captain Manuel George, in the company of several other Portuguese; these were going to Cambay, where they hoped to ship merchandise to Mozambique, a place with which the Portuguese have considerable trade.

About ten o'clock at night we left the bar of Diu and went to anchor not far outside; we stayed there all next day to await a galliot which was not ready to start with us.

Tuesday, 25 October. The galliot for which we were waiting having joined us in the morning, we set sail with a favourable tide and light winds, and in the evening cast anchor near the Islands of the Dead, to wait for the breeze which had died away. These three little islands are thus named in memory of a very tragic episode which took place there at the time of the Portuguese greatness in this country. They had been obliged to send all their Diu forces to punish some rebels and people of the country who had retreated to these islands and fortified them. Here they disturbed the neighbouring country, as they refused to submit to the Portuguese rule, nor did they recognize any other sovereign power. They fought so bravely against the Portuguese from Diu that they were victorious on two occasions. The Viceroy of Goa, Dom João de Castro, was obliged to send a large force there with two of his sons. All perished, to the grief and rage of the Viceroy at the loss of his two children. He, therefore, embarked another large force from Goa and other places in India, and went himself against the rebels. A bloody battle took place, in which the Portuguese, though victorious, lost over 2,000 men.

The islanders, seeing that they could no longer resist, nor have any hope of a compromise, resolved to leave nothing that could benefit their conquerors. They therefore assembled all their women, children, and belongings and riches, and hemmed them in with wood and other combustible things, to which they set fire, so that all were cruelly put to death. They then attacked the Portuguese, who exterminated them. Since that time the islands have been deserted and retain the name of 'islands of the dead', in remembrance of the great number of people who perished there. After this exploit, the Viceroy pushed along the coast and subdued

Gogues [Gogha], Baroche [Broach], and other towns, which could not resist the angry and victorious Portuguese[1].

Wednesday, 26 October. In the morning, with a light wind and the current, we reached the point of the Castellet, where we anchored for some hours near two little islands, once fertile and inhabitated. Formerly they had powerful governors, who ruled several neighbouring towns and villages on this coast; but they are now deserted and in ruins through the mad jealousy of a father against a son. They each governed an island, and waged such a cruel war with one another that both perished, and the islands became deserted and uncultivated[2]. At the point of the Castellet there is an obstruction, dangerous to the passage of vessels, as it stretches far into the sea[3]. We kept well outside it on the following night, aided by the current and a light north-west wind.

Thursday, 27 October. We passed quite close to the west of the island of l'arrous[4], which is very low and flat, covered with vegetation and fruit-trees. Formerly it was well peopled, having good water, and producing all the necessaries of life, but it is now

[1] The name 'islands of the dead', and the tragedy that was its origin, are confirmed by Portuguese historians, e.g. Gaspar Correa (*Lendas da India*, III, 398–408) and Feria y Sousa (Portuguese Asia, tr. John Stevens, I, 347–48); but the story, as recounted to Carré, contains exaggerations and inaccuracies. The event occurred in 1531, when the Viceroy was Nunho da Cunha, and not João de Castro, who captured Diu in 1545. For English accounts of the slaughter, see Whiteway, *Rise of the Portuguese Power*, 1497–1550, pp. 225–27, and Danvers, I, 401. Thomas Best in 1612 calls the three islands 'iles of Mortie' (Hakl. ed., p. 37). The main one is now known as Shial Bet, and the islands are thirty-six to thirty-eight miles east by north of Diu.

[2] The name 'the Castellet' has not been traced: but the point mentioned appears to be the promontory of Gopnath, which juts out at the south-east corner of Kathiawar, some twenty-five miles below Gogha (often spelt Gogo). The two small islands he mentions are shown in *India and Adjacent Countries*, Sheet No. 46, one being just above Gopnath Point, and the other about two miles to the north. The war between father and son may be that between Govindji Gohel, who in 1622 usurped the throne of Gohelvad (which includes this part of Kathiawar) from his nephew Akheraji, and the adherents of the latter, who succeeded in gaining possession of it in 1636 (*Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, VIII, 389–90; Wilberforce-Bell, *History of Kathiawad*, 115–16: A. K. Forbes, *Ras Mala*, I, 434–35).

[3] Shoals extend for nearly four miles from Gopnath Point (*West Coast of India Pilot*, p. 268).

[4] Now known as Piram, about seven miles south of Gogha (*Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, VIII, 66). The name 'l'arrous' may be 'l'arrons', and in that case it seems that Carré may intend a *double entendre* with *larrons*, thieves, as the MS. has *l'ille aux*

abandoned owing to the frequent raids of pirates. They go there to get provisions and generally lurk in wait for ships going to or coming from Cambay, which has one of the largest trades in India[1]. This island is only three leagues away from the land, a little below the town of Gogha, where there is only a passage for small craft[2]. There is a canal to the east, known only to the local pilots, for the passage of ships, which trade in this gulf. On the west side (by which we passed) there are two dangerous sand-banks, dry at low tide, which we had much difficulty in avoiding on our way up to Gogha. We arrived there at night and anchored at the entrance of the bar.

Friday, 28 October. I landed in the morning to see if I could hire a ship for Broach. Among the crowd of people assembled at the landing-place from curiosity was a Hindu called Banouva [Bhanoba], who saluted me and said he was a broker to the Portuguese and worked for all the Franks who came here. I went to his house to rest and he quickly found me a local man Nangy [Nanaji] Tatta, owning a good vessel for which I made a bargain. He arranged to leave that evening, as he needed the rest of the day to get it ready and to ship some merchandise that he wished to take with him. Afterwards this banian took me to see the town of Gogha, which is one of the most ancient on the coast. It is fairly large and commercial and is inhabited half by Moors [Muhammadans][3] and half by Hindus. The former live haphazardly—sometimes at war, sometimes as bandits, and sometimes as seamen, without any rule to guide them, save what takes

l'arrons in the text and *Islle des l'arrons* in a marginal note. As to the island having been a piratical stronghold, see *Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, I, pt. I, 230, and A. K. Forbes, *Ras Mala*, 306–9. The Abbé sometimes wrongly inserts an apostrophe, cf. 'l'areque' at p. 115 *ante*.

[1] Tavernier (*Travels*, I, 56) says that Cambay 'was celebrated for its traffic when the Portuguese flourished in India'; and though the town lost much of its commerce later on, Hamilton (who first came to India in 1688) describes it (I, 86) as 'still a place of good trade'.

[2] This apparently refers not to the main roadstead, but to a creek or natural basin, close to the town, which is dry at low tide, but at high water offers an entrance to small craft (*Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, IV, 339).

[3] MS. *des mores*. In Spain and Portugal the followers of Islam were chiefly known as invaders from Morocco; hence the Muhammadans, whom the Portuguese met with on their voyages to India, on whatever coasts, were alike styled *Mouros*, and this usage spread to Holland, France and England: cf. *Hobson-Jobson*, 581–83.

their fancy, as occasion offers. Just then they were busy getting ready a naval force to act in the pay of the Great Mughal against King Savagy [Shivāji], the rumours of whose advance made everyone tremble[1]. And all this was at the expense of the Hindus who, being quite ignorant of the art of war and caring only for trade, which they have entirely in their hands, are compelled to finance such wars for their own preservation. I saw nothing remarkable in this place other than its antiquity[2]; its harbour is a little narrow river [creek], which runs a short way inland and then turns to the north. Ships and small craft can only enter and leave it at high tide, and then with much difficulty, because of the sandbank at the entrance of the bar.

Having finished all my business on land, I returned on board my galliot to pack my belongings, and to thank the Portuguese captain for his courtesy and kindness in having brought me to this place. At nightfall the master of my hired merchantman, which was anchored near us, came to tell me he could not leave till next day, as he did not wish to risk meeting pirates after dark. This obliged me to pass yet another night with my Portuguese host, who gave me a farewell entertainment.

Saturday, 29 October. An hour before dawn we set sail with a favourable wind, which took us to the coast of Broach in about six hours. We anchored about evening at the mouth of the river Rheüa[3], to await the high tide. We took two days to get up this river, which is very wide, with its bed in a flat country, inhabited entirely by Hindus, some of the most superstitious in India. As we passed, we saw several who were burning dead bodies on its banks with ceremonies and strange antics.

These Hindus have this year suffered an intense persecution from the Mughal, who (as a zealous follower of Muhammadan

[1] In 1672 Aurangzeb assembled a fleet in the river Tapti to assist the Sidi (his admiral) against Shivaji; and in August two frigates arrived from Gogha with about 1,000 men (*E.F.*, I, 224). For the alarm due to an expected attack by Shivaji, see p. 142 *post*.

[2] The bandar (harbour) of Gogha was in ancient times one of the ports of Gundigadh, which was during the reign of the Gahlot dynasty of Valabhi a place of some importance (*Ind. Ant.*, III, 278). A suggestion that it may have been the Astakapra of Ptolemy (*Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, IV, 340n.) does not seem to be well founded (*Ind. Ant.*, V, 314).

[3] The river Narbada is also known as the Rewa, whence comes the name Rewa Kantha for a part of Gujarat which it borders (*Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, II, 340).

law) has wished to destroy all their pagodas and idols[1]. They were obliged to calm this tempest with sums of money and presents so valuable that they had to strip their idols of their best jewels to save themselves from such persecution. The Muhammadans instigated it, as they consider they are rendering great service to their prophet when, by any sort of means, they make people of other faiths embrace theirs. They esteem it to be so superior to other religions that it ennobles anybody who follows it, because of the privileges and the authority they imagine it confers over those of other nations, whom they hold in contempt.

Monday, last day of October. I arrived at Broach about three o'clock in the afternoon, and having landed I was taken to the customs-house; there I found a Shahbandar called Agha Jaffer [Jafar], a Persian, who received me very courteously. He offered me his services and influence in the place, and obliged me to rest in his house. He informed me that Broach was very rich, with a great trade, and very convenient for carrying on business between Cambay and Surat. He said he would be delighted to see an agency of our Company established here, and was extremely anxious to be of service to the French nation. On learning that I was going to Surat, he begged me earnestly to inform the directors of his wishes, and promised to give them more privileges than he had ever accorded to the Dutch, who already had an agency in the place. I thanked the Shahbandar for his obliging offers, and promised all he wished, although I knew right well the pitiable state of the affairs of our Company at Surat. Far from being able to open new branches, they were working to dissolve those already established with great cost, of which I will speak more fully later on [pp. 152–55].

Having a little spare time, I employed it in visiting the town of Broach, which is separated into two parts, the upper and the lower. The first is the more ancient, and on one side lies on high ground over the river, where its steepness renders it very inaccessible. On the other side [away from the river] is a part enclosed in half-ruined walls[2] with some ramparts, of which only their shape is now visible. The Governor with his officers and the principal

[1] In April 1669 Aurangzeb ordered the demolition of all Hindu schools and temples (*Maasir-i-Alamgiri*, trans. in *E.H.I.*, VII, 183–84).

[2] Thevenot (pt. 3, p. 18) similarly speaks of unrepaired breaches in the walls of Broach.

Muhammadan merchants lives here. The lower town is new, and extends from the river to about a cannon-shot inland. Here are the bazars, the customs-house, foreign merchants and Hindus, who do the principal trade in this place.

The Shahbandar, having finished his business, took me to his house, from which he turned out all the Moor officials[1]. He regaled me in the Persian most obliging manner and told me that, since he had been in the Mughal service, he had never thus entertained the Dutch, though they made daily overtures to him with this object and the desire to gain his friendship and goodwill. He could not suffer the stupidity, pride, and brutality of this low nation, which has nothing to recommend it except the luck it had had in establishing itself in India, at a time when the weakness and decadence of the Portuguese enabled it to take all their important possessions in these Eastern lands, as I have already mentioned in my first memoirs.

Tuesday, 1 November. At daybreak the Shahbandar of Broach, having kept a vessel ready for me to cross the river, sent six peons to conduct me there and to get me a cart on the other side. This was ready, when I disembarked, to take me to Surat. From there I had only two short days' march to do, and I travelled all day in fertile and pleasant country, where I found many woods surrounding lovely tanks [reservoirs] that were full of duck and other sorts of water-birds. To cool myself, I passed several hours in stalking them, as if on a walk, under the shade of a great number of large leafy trees which border these tanks. On every side of them I saw troops of idolatrous nymphs [*sic*], who were performing the ceremonies that precede their repasts. In the evening I arrived at a large walled village, called Mamulpatan, where I passed the night pleasantly, but with much company, as the village was so full of wandering Hindus, with wives, children, and baggage, that there were not enough houses to accommodate such a crowd. More than half of them were in the streets or were camping in tents under trees and round tanks outside the village. I learnt that all these Hindus

[1] MS. *Tous les officiers mores.* Carré uses the noun 'more' as an adjective here and elsewhere, just as Fryer speaks of a 'Moorman' and 'Moor merchants' (I, 231), 'Moor peons' (I, 307), and a 'Moor Governor' (II, 40). It is constantly used in the same way in the East India Company's *F.R.*, as well as by other writers of this time: 'Moor' is accordingly retained as an equivalent for 'Muhammadan' in the translation of Carré's journal.

were from Surat and were fleeing inland with their goods and treasures from the fear of a third visit by King Shivaji to that town[1].

Wednesday, 2 November. After having marched all day in a fertile and plesant country like that of the preceding day, about two o'clock in the afternoon I arrived at a little town called Doliman on the Tapti river, three leagues above Surat[2]. I found a ferry-boat, crossed the river and reached Surat at the end of the day. I stayed at the headquarters of the Company, where I found MM. Gueston[3] and Baron, now chiefs and directors-general. They were working with great zeal and devotion to restore the Company's affairs, which were in a disgraceful state. They were still in the same confusion as when I left Surat two years ago.

I could not help marvelling that those who had been sent from France to straighten up affairs and to put everything on a peaceful basis were led by a strange fatality to cause only more disorders than before. The arrival of the director M. Blot[3], a capable and business-like man, could well, and indeed had begun to, lead to such improvement in everything that astonished both European and local people. They said openly that this man was a marvel as, though he had just come from France, he had a greater grasp of the business of this country than many of those who had been engaged in it for years. Oh, unhappy France! We never wish to be contradicted or to believe that anyone is superior to ourselves. The director M. Caron was the oldest and most experienced man in the business[4]; but he was extremely jealous of his supreme

[1] Great alarm was caused at the end of October 1672 by news that some of Shivaji's forces had arrived within thirty-five miles of Surat, and there had been a similar scare in the preceding June (*E.F.*, I, 220, 224). The village named by Carré has not been traced; but 'Mamul' may be a corruption of Panaul(i).

[2] Variao, three miles north of Surat on the north bank of the Tapti, was the usual place for crossing it on the march of forty miles between Broach and Surat (Fryer, III, 158n.). The name 'Doliman' has not been traced.

[3] M. Blot arrived at Surat in October 1671, and M. Gueston in March 1672 (Kaeppelin, pp. 80, 84). Martin (i, 317) calls Blot 'un homme vigoureux . . . qui était aussi un homme de main'

[4] François Caron (spelt Carron by Carré) was a Dutchman of French origin, who had served twenty-six years in the Dutch East India Company with distinction and was living in retirement in Holland when he was made director-general of the French Company in 1664 (Kaeppelin, p. 9; Carré's book, I, 6; Tavernier, *Travels*, I, p. liii). He arrived at Surat in February 1668 (Kaeppelin, 55; *E.F.*, 1668-69, p. 1; see also p. xx *ante*). He left Surat with de la Haye's fleet in January 1672 (Kaeppelin, p. 82). Carré's book (I, 95) gives his age *c*. 1669 as 70.

position and rank, and aspired to a pre-eminence that M. Blot could not concede to him.

There they were, both playing against one another, and sometimes with such fury that one saw nothing but outbursts of passion and spite, and actions which only dishonoured our nation, and were prejudicial to the poor Company. M. Caron spitefully began to threaten that he would abandon its interests and affairs entirely, whereupon M. Blot replied that he was quite able to do everything himself and that things were not so bad that he could not undertake to put them on a proper footing. Matters remained in this state for some time. M. Caron then loaded two of the Company's ships with valuable merchandise, and left Surat in the present year with the Royal squadron, commanded by M. de la Haye, to carry out some plans and enterprises which he had long contemplated against some places in India. Afterwards he had resolved to go to France to give an account of his administration, and to complain of the insults and injustices which he claimed to have received. M. Caron, having thus abandoned Surat, left MM. Blot and Baron[1] in charge of the Company's affairs. They agreed fairly well, as M. Baron had a gentle, accommodating nature, and disliked brawls and discords. He therefore agreed to everything proposed by M. Blot, who then set himself to work at the Company's affairs with a zeal and devotion that made him both beloved and feared. Every junior was obliged, by his example, to work hard and do his duty properly.

Things now began to improve and get into order under these two, MM. Blot and Baron, when a ship, the *St. Esprit*, arrived from France with yet a third director-general, M. Gueston, who directly he landed, offended M. Blot. It was not long before they became jealous of one another on the question of superiority. There were many pinpricks, such as the one [Gueston] asking the other 'whether he did not understand him', 'whether he did not know who he was', and 'did not the other realize in what capacity he had been sent from France to this oriental country'? To this the other [Blot] replied that there was no difference in their powers and capacities, that both were directors-general, and that one could judge between them only by seeing who conducted the

[1] Carré here, and henceforward, spells the name 'Barron', though previously (pp. 43, 44, 142) it is given with only one *r*. The latter is retained throughout, as being the usual spelling.

business better and with greater success. Things came to such a point that the other officers of the Company did not know what to do or how to conduct themselves towards the two directors. One took offence if the other was consulted first about business to be handled, letters to be signed, orders to be given, and the like[1]. All this placed our affairs in a state which gave entire satisfaction to the English and Dutch, who were envious and jealous of us. They were enchanted at seeing that these brawls and pinpricks between our chiefs were only ruining our business among the nations of the East, whose merchants are quiet, peaceable, and sworn enemies of discord, and are easily discouraged at the least sign of trouble due to such quarrels. They say with some reason, that, if the heads of the same nation cannot agree and have confidence in one another, they will have even less in strangers like themselves whom they do not know, and with whom their intercourse is only superficial.

Samson was the Company's broker—one of the most cunning and clever Hindus of his time[2]. He was a little perturbed at the absence [p. 143] of his principal supporter, the director M. Caron. He saw that the two other directors were at loggerheads, so he proceeded to flatter both and to be very assiduous in everything required of him by them. He well knew that M. Blot was a man of business who would not easily be duped; and indeed he showed by the purchase of, and other dealings in, merchandise that he was capable of the employment with which he had been honoured by M. Caron in making him the Company's broker. So M. Blot being quite satisfied with him, could not refuse the letters of recommendation for which Samson asked with much persistence, and confirmed him in his post of broker. Samson hoped to receive the same appreciation from M. Gueston, which he solicited eagerly but without success. Here he found quite another man, one who would not move so quickly, for he had no

[1] Martin (I, 375-76) similarly makes remarks about the quarrel between the two directors which Kaeppelin (p. 84) sums up as 'ils se brouillèrent et une guerre de chicane commença entre eux'.

[2] Mr. C. A. Kincaid informs us that Samson is still a very common name among the Beni Israel (Bani Israil) or Indian Jews in Gujarat who have moved north from their early settlement in the Kolaba district: see R. E. Enthoven, *Tribes and Castes of Bombay*, 1920, I, 67, and S. M. Edwardes, *Gaz. of Bom. City and Island*, I, 247-51. On the other hand, Martin (I, 224-25) describes him as belonging to the Bania caste, and Carré also speaks of him above as a Hindu.

proof as yet of the broker's capacity, and he wished to see some results of his zeal and fidelity in the Company's service before granting him anything. Samson was very surprised at his refusal to recognize him as the Company's broker, and lamented this to M. Caron's hangers-on, who advised him to have patience until his return. They deluded themselves with the expectation that M. Caron would soon come back to Surat, though he had openly declared, when he left, that he would never return as long as M. Blot was there. The broker took this affair very much to heart, and was so distressed that he complained to M. Blot in the hope of advancing his claims, with a result that was not what he expected. M. Blot replied that this refusal did not surprise him, as he considered M. Gueston was acting very prudently and was quite right in refusing such a request before he had proof of the broker's probity and good intentions for the welfare and the service of the Company. He added that the broker ought not to vaunt and magnify the letter that M. Blot had given, for if he was found out in any cheating, it would not prevent his being dismissed with ignominy from the Company's service. This reply brought the broker to heel, and made him bitterly regret the absence of M. Caron, from whom he had always received soft words, courtesy, and approbation of everything he did. Fearing that M. Caron was not returning to Surat, he began to form plans for leaving the Company's service, as he was convinced that, in the position in which he was, he would not lose anything thereby. In the five years he had been with the Company, he had acquired three or four fine vessels, which were always on voyages to the richest kingdoms of the East and brought him immense profits. Even in this year he had a ship called the *Pearl*, which he had freighted to the Company on half profits, and which M. Caron had sent to Bantam. Moreover, the broker had built two or three splendid houses in the centre of the town, whereas he had hardly a roof to his head before the French came to Surat[1]. But, having done so well, he did not wish to leave the Company on his own initiative, for fear of being charged with bankruptcy. The directors, on their part, made him wait outside their door, whenever he went to ask for leave to go, on the ground that he would

[1] Martin (I, 142–43, 224–26) held a similar view of the broker Samson, who (he says) had gained Caron's complete confidence, but was 'le plus grand voleur' to be found at Surat.

prefer their getting some one else, as they had no confidence in him. They did not intend to grant his request, as he had in his hands a large sum of money and much property belonging to the Company, a matter which he did not want to have discussed.

The affairs of the Company were in this state at Surat when M. Blot, who seemed strong enough to live a century, died suddenly in October of this year[1], leaving everything in the hands of M. Gueston. He began to govern as he wished without fear of contradiction, for he had only M. Baron, who had always been neutral and indifferent about anything that passed between the other two, with a sole desire for peace and unity, and the good of the Company, that irritated one of his *confrères*, as he could never win M. Baron's full support. Consequently M. Gueston, finding himself free to do as he liked without restraint, but lacking M. Blot's knowledge and genius in trade, applied himself to making new rules that were quite different from the previous ones[2]. He tried to prevent many abuses and licentious acts, which were not good or helpful for our business; boarding and other expenses were regulated; wages were paid only in merchandise which was stored in the warehouses; the officers in the factory had less liberty of absence and of resort to amusements, than they had formerly.

Such was the condition of the Company as I found it on my arrival at Surat. I was received with all possible politeness by M. Gueston for the first few days, but from certain private conversations I discovered that he mistrusted me, which obliged me to be more reserved with him. Though he gave me many marks of goodwill, I never could be open with him, because he insinuated that he realized, from the letters he had received from France about me, that I had been sent to spy on his actions. I was so deeply wounded at this that I determined I could not stay in a place where I was suspected, and where I heard nothing but murmurs and complaints from discontented people on every side. Some lamented that their positions, which they had filled faithfully and honestly, had been taken away and given to newcomers; others complained that they had received no wages or diet-allowance; others objected that they could not live like

[1] Martin (I, 376) and Kaeppelin (p. 85) say that Blot died on 24 August.

[2] This account of what happened after Blot's death is corroborated by Martin (I, 376–77).

monks in a cloister, nor submit to the sound of a bell for their meals and their retirement in the evening [for prayers, cf. p. 201 *post* and the similar remark in vol. II, chap. III], after having lived in quite another way previously. In fact I saw nothing but discontented people, and I heard constant murmurs and complaints, which distressed me very much, as I knew that all M. Gueston's actions were for the good of the Company.

But the worst of it was that they were too late in wishing to establish orders, which are customarily obeyed with wonderful discipline in the companies of other European nations. Here it was not the same, right down to the broker Samson, who came several times to complain to me that the directors did not treat him with the civility shown by M. Caron; that M. Gueston insulted him continually with abuse and rebuffs; and that he would suffer this no longer. He said that they did not trust him; that they wished to return merchandise already in store for months, which MM. Caron and Blot had bought for shipment to France; also that he was not allowed to resign, for which he begged every day. I always sent him away with the same reply that I gave to all those who came to tell me of their grievances. I informed them that I did not mix myself up with the affairs of the Company; that there were two directors to whom they could complain; and that they alone had the power and authority to make any changes that they desired.

At that time there was a Moor Governor at Surat, who was so tyrannical with the merchants that no one knew what to do about it. He was insatiable and, instead of being satisfied with the rich presents and large sums of money which he received from every side, became so insupportable that it seemed the more he got, the more he ill-treated those who, he knew, could satisfy his unjust claims. This at last compelled some of the principal merchants to write to the court of the Mughal, complaining of the bad treatment they were receiving from him. But they did not know that the Governor had a brother, as wicked as himself, with the king; he had the ear of the ministers and skilfully managed to intercept all the Surat letters to the court. The letters of these poor merchants having thus fallen into his hands, he immediately sent them to the Surat Governor, who thus learnt of their just complaints against him. He at once sent to inv
to come to his house for some important bus

there, thinking that a favourable answer had come from the court. They were, however, very surprised on arrival to find the Governor in a furious rage. He threw himself on the leader of the band and beat him with slippers, which is the greatest insult that can be done to them. He then showed them the letters of complaint that had been sent to the court, and bullied them so much that they were obliged to find a considerable sum of money for him immediately; and to complete this tyranny he seized two large ships of an Armenian merchant called Coje Minas, who only got them back after some time by large gifts[1]. This oppression was inflicted on all sorts of people—Moors, Hindus and Europeans. The Governor heard that many Hindus and their families were leaving the town, both to avoid his extortions and from fear of an attack from King Shivaji, of which there was much talk. He had all the gates shut, and posted guards everywhere for some days, while he levied a fine of more than a million deniers. This, he said, was for the pay of the soldiers whom he had brought to defend the town against Shivaji[2].

The European companies were not exempt from the blows of this Governor, who since his arrival had never ceased to treat them with insults and indignities. The climax came when secret information was received that he intended to massacre, and so rid himself of all 'the hat-wearers' [topiwālās, i.e. Europeans]. This obliged our three companies (French, English and Dutch) to fortify themselves in their factories at Surat and Swally, never going out, unless well armed and with a guard. They lived thus for several months, in joint defiance till this Governor, seeing that the Europeans continued on the defensive and would no longer suffer insults, decided to be conciliated by presents and a

[1] The Governor of Surat from January 1672 to November 1677 was Ghiyās-uddīn. Carré's main statements as to his rapacity and tyranny are corroborated by the Surat factory records of those years, e.g. in October 1672 the factors reported that Khwaja Minaz, the Armenian merchant mentioned by Carré, had been beaten with slippers and staves by his orders, until he had almost died, for writing to the Emperor about injustice done him by the Governor (*E.F.*, I, pp. xvii, 227).

[2] This demand is similarly corroborated (*E.F.*, I, 221); but the money was not levied, as the merchants objected and the panic abated (ibid., 121–22). The amount mentioned by Carré (taking the livre at 1*s.* 6*d.* and the rupee at 2*s.* 3*d.*) comes to about Rs. 26,000, which is in fair agreement with the Rs. 20,000 that Aungier said was demanded from the merchants. Sarkar, *Shivaji*, 193, puts it at Rs. 45,000, raised subsequently to Rs. 60,000.

large sum of money, of which he was very avaricious[1]. However, he was not really pacified, for he always showed great animosity against Europeans. Sometimes he would send a most inconvenient demand for money; he would also try to prevent their amusements and ordinary walks; and he actually forbad our three agencies to blow trumpets, as was the custom, during their meals, or even in the streets when the chiefs of the Company went into the town[2]. He fondly imagined that he would receive a large sum of money to purchase these privileges; but he was very much mistaken, as things came to such a point that they openly defied his folly. Our three nations resolved not to send him any more presents, nor to visit him, nor show him any courtesy[3].

The English President, Maistre Angier [Governor Aungier], a man of high qualities, would not suffer the insults or meanness of this Moor, so he left Mr. Gré [Matthew Gray], a merchant in the Company, with some clerks to attend to its affairs [at Surat], and retired to Bombay, where he established his Council, resolving never to return to Surat, at any rate not during the rule of this Governor[4]. In these bad circumstances MM. the directors of the French Company also held themselves apart. They paid no visits to the Governor, nor on account of the state of affairs did they send to the Great Mughal the valuable presents which they

[1] This passage probably refers to incidents in 1671. In July a brawl, in which some drunken Dutch seamen attacked some Muhammadans and wounded one of them, induced the Governor to prohibit Europeans from employing Muhammadans or carrying arms. Thereupon the English, French, and Dutch head-factors at Surat suspended business and retired to Swally. The Governor was anxious to get them back again; and after a month's negotiations he accepted their demands for better conditions of security. This was achieved without any presents to him (*E.F.*, I, 210–14).

[2] The Governor objected to trumpets being used in the factories or in the streets, but said this was under Aurangzeb's orders (*E.F.*, I, 219, 251).

[3] In 1671 the French director, M. Baron, refused to be on visiting terms with the Governor, but the English and the Dutch resumed their former friendly relations with him in August (*E.F.*, I, 215).

[4] This passage is wrong in suggesting that Aungier left Surat because of the Governor's conduct. At the end of May 1672 he went to Bombay, where he stayed till September 1675; interference with trade at Surat was no doubt one reason, but the main one was the need for his supervision of the new 'settlement' of Bombay, which the Crown transferred to the Company in 1668 (*E.F.*, I, 42–3). The Governor of Surat tried to prevent his departure, in order to extort a large present, but Aungier refused this and succeeded in getting his consent to it without one (*E.F.*, I, 218–20).

had at Surat: rather did they leave them to perish and rot entirely in the warehouses. But their greatest worry was not about these affairs, which were very unimportant compared to the value of four ships which they had at Surat, and two more which they expected from Persia[1]. They did not know what to do, as they feared to risk them in any voyages because of the war with the Dutch, who had a fleet in these seas. Moreover, they had warehouses filled with beautiful and rich merchandise for France, which they did not want to dispatch this year, although there was really much less risk in sending these ships to France than to Persia and other places, whither they finally resolved to dispatch them[2]. I shall speak more fully of this in another place [vol. II, last part of ch. IV].

A few days after my arrival in Surat, we received letters from the factory at Masulipatam with news of the state of that country: they told us that the whole kingdom of Golconda was in arms against the French. MM. the directors-general knew that I had resolved to go to St. Thomé by land, in order to give His Majesty's letters personally into the [French] Viceroy's own hands. They tried to dissuade me from this, making out that it was impossible because of the dangers and difficulties I would find in having to cross two or three kingdoms on the way. They proposed that I should go in one of the ships that were being sent for the relief of St. Thomé, to help the Viceroy who was being besieged by a powerful army of the King of Golconda. But I represented to them that I could not wait for two or three months before these ships sailed[3], and that they would run a greater risk of being taken by the Dutch than I would of being arrested on land. Finally these gentlemen told me firmly that they would not allow me to leave, unless I gave them the royal dispatch in order to make a copy of it, which they proposed to send to the Viceroy by a [safer and] devious route, so that he should be sure of getting this copy at any rate, for they did not believe that I would ever arrive at St. Thomé without being robbed on the journey. I was a long time before deciding on such a ticklish proceeding as to open His Majesty's dispatches; and I would never have agreed to it, if

[1] The ships from Persia arrived at Surat in January 1673 (Kaeppelin, p. 86).

[2] M. Gueston went with two ships to Persia in March 1673 (Kaeppelin, p. 88).

[3] They left Surat in February 1673, taking Baron with them (Kaeppelin, pp. 87-8).

these gentlemen had not shown me the orders and powers they possessed in such an important matter. They gave me proofs of this, as they showed me a packet from His Majesty which they had received from France a few days before by the sea-route. They had opened this to make a copy, which they had risked sending by land to the Viceroy, while they had kept the original for greater safety. They ultimately gave me so many convincing reasons that I recognized it was only their zeal that made them take this course, in order to have His Majesty's affairs conducted with every care. So I agreed to what they wished; but before I would comply, I obliged them to give me a signed document in which they acknowledged, in the following terms, that they absolved me from blame for such a hazardous proceeding:

We declare that, in consequence of the deliberation which we had today, we asked the Rev. Father Ambroise [Ambrose], Superior of the Capuchin Fathers in this town[1], to open, under the seal of secrecy, a packet from H.M. the King brought by M. the Abbé Carré and addressed to M. the Viceroy: the original of which, in cypher, has been given back, resealed by the Rev. Father Ambrose, to the said Abbé Carré, and the copy retained by the Father is to be sent by another route. This precaution will ensure the Viceroy learning the wishes of His Majesty which, being contained in a cypher, cannot be known by other persons. Executed at the Factory of Surat, 12 November, 1672.

(Signed) The directors-general of the Royal French Company,
GUESTON. BARRON.
Brother AMBROISE DE PRÉVILLY, Capuchin.

My business with these gentlemen being thus concluded, I prepared all that was necessary for my journey. I found a vessel going to Daman, in which I had no trouble in securing a passage, as it was commanded by M. Nicolas Vidal, a Frenchman from Provence, who had lived in this country for twenty years. He had married a beautiful Portuguese lady at Daman, whither his ship

[1] Father Ambroise de Prévilly, or Preuilly, succeeded Father Zenon de Baugé as head of the Capuchin Mission at Surat in 1651, and held this post till his death in December 1675 (*Franciscan Annals of India*, Agra, January 1930, pp. 31–3). He was employed as a mediator in the dispute with the Governor of Surat mentioned in n. 1 at p. 149 *ante* (*E.F.*, I, 211). As to his great influence with the Governor, see Thevenot, v, 62, 64–5, 91–3.

was returning. I hoped to continue my journey by land from Daman to Goa, and thence to the kingdom of Vijapour [Bijapur].

Some days before my departure the directors dispatched two pattamars [MS. *patmards*, runners], one to the Viceroy at St. Thomé, and the other to Rajapur with orders to M. Boureau, chief of the factory there,[1] to go to the factory of Tilcery [Tellicherry], settle its accounts with M. Flaccour[2], remove all the goods of the Company, and close this agency[3]. They did not consider the prejudice to the Company and the dishonour to our country which that would cause. Was it not a fine thing and a great honour to our nation to abandon factories on which we had spent large sums in building houses, warehouses, and other accommodation! We had also been obliged to give large presents there in recognition of the protection and goodwill of the princes and nobles of the country. We had got to know the nature of the local merchants and the way to trade with them. We were also beginning to be esteemed by the local inhabitants, from whom we received all sorts of civilities and obtained privileges and exemptions never accorded to other European nations. When these factories [at Baliapatam and Tellicherry] were first established, I had seen with much pleasure the joy and eagerness with which the princes and nobles of these places had invited us there, though they had always refused them to the Portuguese, the English and the Dutch[4]. What could they now think or say of

[1] Jacques Boureau was the founder of the Rajapur factory in 1670 (Kaeppelin, 60, 89, 173; Manucci, IV, 415).

[2] He was François de Flacourt, then French chief on the Malabar coast, who afterwards became 'second' at Pondicherry (Kaeppelin, 85; *E.F.*, I, 292–93, 303; Manucci, IV, 215n.).

[3] As to Gueston's orders to close the Rajapur and Tellicherry factories, cf. Kaeppelin, 85. It is doubtful, however, whether Carré means to include Rajapur as one of the places from which French factories were to be withdrawn: he does not specifically mention any such proposal here or elsewhere, and it seems more probable that he uses the plural 'factories' in the subsequent sentences to cover those at Mirjan and Baliapatam. In January 1673 the English factors at Baliapatam reported that Boureau had come to examine the accounts of the Tellicherry factory, with orders to dissolve it, if he saw occasion (*F.R.*, 106 Sur. 84).

[4] This statement is inaccurate as to the English and the Dutch. The English Company obtained permission to settle at Baliapatam or Cotacuna, as the fort they occupied was called, in 1669, before the French came in 1670; and the Dutch, if not settled at Baliapatam or Tellicherry, had strong influence there (*E.F.*, 1668–69, 259, 263–64, 266–67; I, 288–89, 306, 315).

our nation, seeing how we were thus lightly abandoning the trade we had begun so well! Was it not a fine thing for our nation that in the previous year we saw the Dutch at Mirzeo [Mīrjān] taking possession of a fine factory with its detached buildings, warehouses, a garden and other accommodation, which they found complete! I had myself seen them built by our French, who actually abandoned the factory as soon as it was finished. The Persian Governor, Coja Abdella [Khwāja Abdullah], whom I have already praised in my first Journal[1], was so surprised and disgusted that, because of the affection he had for our nation, he opposed the Dutch for a long time, wishing to prevent them settling in this place[2], which is one of the most convenient on the coast for spices and other merchandise, with a river very suitable for the transport of goods[3]. He always hoped the French would return, but he was dispossessed by another governor, who was very fond of presents. The latter allowed them to take possession of our factory, and they at once hoisted the Dutch ensign on the spot where the French flag had flown. All this was most prejudicial to our Company, for the Dutch, triumphant at finding such a convenient establishment without any expense to themselves, then began to spread a rumour everywhere that the French being unable to continue their trade in India, were obliged to abandon their factories and leave the country[4].

If [the loss of] this factory, which had only a junior merchant and a clerk in charge of it, caused so much stir in the country to the dishonour of our nation, we must expect even more disastrous results from the abandonment of the factory at Tellicherry. It had been established with much trouble, due to opposition by the Dutch, who moved heaven and earth to prevent it. But, in

[1] Cf. p. 271 *post*, as to Carré having met him at Mirjan. This was probably in 1668, when his book (I, 81) says he went down the Malabar coast with two of the French Company's vessels: cf. p. xxii.

[2] Dellon (*Voyage*, I, 128: II, 40) mentions the same 'Cojabdella' as a Persian Governor of Mirjan, who was extremely civil to the French and showed great regret at their leaving the place. They had settled there in 1669 (Kaeppelin, 62).

[3] Mirjan is 28 miles south of Karwar, and the English factors at the latter place also used it for obtaining supplies of goods. Thus Fryer (II, 39) in 1675 was met there by the Company's state-barge. The river is the Tadri; it has an estuary, on the south-eastern end of which the town is situated (*Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, XV, pt. 2, p. 330).

[4] Cf. Kaeppelin, p. 85, as to Carré reporting to Colbert that the Dutch, who succeeded the French at Mirjan, proclaimed that the French Company was so poor that it had had to sell this factory to pay its debts.

spite of this, we succeeded, owing to the might and help of the King of Cananor [Cannanore] and other neighbouring princes who had invited us there and gave us every possible assistance. We found that our first post established at Baillepatan [Baliapatam] was too inconvenient on account of its distance from the sea; so, as a further token of their protection and friendship, they gave us Tellicherry, which is much more advantageous for obtaining merchandise, for accommodation, and for easy access by ships, as I have mentioned fully in describing the place in my first Journal[1]. I had seen the beginning of this factory and the expenses entailed in making suitable houses and storerooms, all in a fine enclosure and situated on the best part of the coast[2]. I was, therefore, so moved on learning of the orders which the Surat directors were sending to dissolve and abandon this factory, that I could not restrain myself from showing my resentment to the director Gueston. I impressed upon him the harm and dishonour that this order would cause to the Company and to our nation. I said so many things in trying to prevent this action that he was obliged to tell me that he was doing nothing on his own responsibility, but on the orders he had received from the Directors of the General Chamber at Paris to stop all trade in India and to reduce the Company's business to two or three factories. I admit that I have seldom been more surprised, and I could not

[1] Baliapatam is five miles north of Cannanore, whose king governed it. The French first came there in 1668 on their way to Calicut; but the English, who went to it shortly afterwards, successfully opposed their getting a permanent footing there. Either because of this, or because they thought Baliapatam was unsuitable, the French in 1670 built a factory at Tellicherry, to the south of Cannanore and near Mahé (Kaeppelin, p. 62; *E.F.*, 1668–69, 122, 194, 266, 272–73; 1, 290; Dellon, *Voyage*, 1, 121, 132). The English factory at Baliapatam was withdrawn in 1675, the place having been found unfit for 'profitable trading' (*E.F.*, 1, pp. xx, 334, 341).

[2] Carré's book (1, 81) states that he passed along the Malabar coast in 1668; but from this passage it looks as if he, like Dr. Dellon, visited the French factory at Tellicherry on that coast, in 1670. This, however, conflicts with the evidence mentioned at p. xxiii that after his return from Basra to Surat, probably with Frotter on 20 January 1670, Carré left on a second journey to Persia and Basra in March or April 1670, and was still there in October of that year. This would prevent him from witnessing the erection of the new buildings at Tellicherry, which were ready about June 1670 (Kaeppelin, p. 62). But the remarks which he says he made in his first Journal about the advantages of Tellicherry suggest that he recommended the establishment of a factory there, and at Surat he would hear of its subsequent progress.

imagine what aim or design the French directors could have in sending this order to close down factories, which had been opened so quickly and inexpensively in contrast with the trouble, expense, and time, devoted by the other European nations, in order to get places for their trade in this country.

One evening, in a private conversation with M. Gueston on this subject, we became somewhat heated in trying to convince each other by our arguments: he was for closing down the factory at Tellicherry and I wished to preserve it[1]. 'What,' I said to him, 'obliges you to do this? Is it the expense? The house, storerooms, gardens, in fact all the premises of the factory, are in perfect order. All expenses are over, and its utility and profits are beginning to compensate for the outlay.' 'Ah!' he replied, 'how about the officers in these factories?' 'Why,' I answered, 'these officers of whatever rank get only their wages and upkeep. You would have to give them that, if they were recalled to Surat; and they would not cost the Company any less than in these other factories, where they are obliged to keep exact accounts of all that passes through their hands.' Then M. Gueston said: 'What about our war with Holland which hinders all the trade and commerce of these factories?' 'We must,' I replied, 'employ policy in following events as they occur. You must bear in mind that this war will last for only a few years, after which it will be of no use looking for these advantageous places, as they will by then have passed into other hands. Moreover, we shall have lost all the credit and reputation of our nation with the princes and merchants of this country, which is a most essential thing for Europeans among Orientals.'

Finally, to convince the director-general, and to let him have some insight into the practices of this land, of which he knew nothing, I gave him a little account of the development of the English Company here, in the following manner. 'We have seen,' said I, 'how the English Company had in the beginning to endure much greater opposition than we had. The Portuguese were then all-powerful in India, and they persecuted the English for having dared to put their noses into the trade of the Persian Gulf. The latter, by a wise policy, gave way before the strength

[1] Carré's arguments did not convince Gueston, who in January 1673 wrote informing Colbert that he intended to suppress the Tellicherry factory (Kaeppelin, p. 86). Its abandonment, however, did not take place till 1682 (Kaeppelin, p. 181n.; *E.F.*, III, Malabar coast, 1682).

and pride of the Portuguese, and remained so quiet for two years that they began to think the English had left India. They had, however, sent to England for help, which came when it was least expected. Meanwhile the English, having astute chiefs among them, took advantage of this respite and arranged a secret treaty with the King of Persia, Chack Abas [Shah Abbas]. The latter, aided by the English fleet, fell on the Portuguese like a thunderbolt. They were driven out of Hormuz and lost at one blow all the trade of the Gulf, which was the richest in the East, as it is the way by which all valuable merchandise from India goes to Persia, Tartary, Turkey, and to Europe by the land-route[1]. Since then the English have had many quarrels, difficulties, and reverses of fortune, which, however, have never shaken the stability of their Company; and without going any further have they not also, in 1666–67, had a cruel war with the Dutch? The latter were powerful in the Indies; and the English, finding themselves without ships or any help, were a thousand times worse off than we are now. Yet they never thought of giving up any of their factories on the [western] coast of India, at Surat, Bombay, Baliapatam, Corouard [Karwar], Calechut [Calicut], Thanor [Tanur], Mengalor [Mangalore], and on the Coromandel coast at Madras and Masulipatam, and at their places in Bengal, also in the kingdoms of Achem [Achin], Persia, and Bantam, etc.[2] Their chiefs, who

[1] The events leading up to the English and Persians joining in the successful attack on the Portuguese at Hormuz were fortuitous, not deliberate, as Carré suggests. By 1619 the East India Co. had established a factory at Jask; and in December 1620 four ships that had been sent there from Surat were waylaid by a Portuguese fleet of four men-of-war from Lisbon under an able commander, Ruy Fereire. A fight took place between them off Jask, which resulted in a victory for the English. In view of this opposition a stronger force of nine vessels (five ships and four pinnaces) were sent from Surat on the next voyage to Jask in December 1621. Neither the Company nor the factors at Surat had intended that they should join in an attack on Hormuz, or in any other operations by the Persians against the Portuguese: the proposal that the vessels should join in it was only made by the local commander after their arrival, and was reluctantly agreed to, as a refusal would almost certainly have meant the loss of the trade the ships had come for (*E.F.*, 1618-21, XXVII-XXIX, XXXII-XXXIII; 1622-23, VII-X; Wilson, 138-39, 142-48).

[2] The Dutch war of 1666-67 did not much affect the English factories in India, except those on the Malabar coast (*E.F.*, 1665-67, III-IV). The Company had no factory at Mangalore, nor at Tanur (below Calicut); but the Calicut factors took refuge at the latter place in 1666-68, owing to a dispute with the Zamorin (*E.F.*, 1665-67, pp. 217-18; 1668-69, p. 101).

were both politic and clever, sent orders to all the officers in these factories to keep quiet, and not to let their enemies, or the inhabitants, know on any account of the dire straits in which they were, hoping that time, which always brings changes, would help them to put everything on a sound footing. This actually happened, and since then they have succeeded so well that they now live in great pomp and splendour and have the greatest trade in India. Useful lessons can be learnt from all this by new-comers in India.'

'The English in the East have three heads, independent of one another. They have each a separate jurisdiction and limited power, which is an excellent policy to prevent the jealousy, pin-pricks, and disorders that are apt to occur in places where several chiefs try to rule together[1]. Bombay, Persia, and Fort St. George on the Coromandel coast, are the three places where these three chiefs reside[2]. They all work for the same Company, whereby it cannot fail to be enriched, as these posts are the most advantageous for trade and commerce in the East. Bombay deals with all the kingdoms of the Mughal, the Malabar coast, the Gulf of Cambay, the Red Sea, and other adjacent kingdoms. Persia [i.e. the factory at Bandar Abbas] does all the trade with the Persian Gulf and Bàsra, and receives all Indian goods and spices, which it sends on to Turkey, the Levant, and Europe, by caravans. Fort St. George, otherwise Madras, has the commerce of the Coromandel coast, Bengal, the kingdoms of Bijapur, Golconda, China, Siam, Achin, Bantam, etc., where the best trade in the East is carried on. Therefore all their affairs are in such fine order that their ships never fail to make good and fortunate voyages, by which their credit and reputation are enhanced as much in England as in these oriental countries. They know so exactly when to take advantage of the monsoon winds and arrange so well that they never lose a voyage. Also one never sees their ships staying three or four years in India, as some of our ships have done. The expense of their repairs and of the upkeep of their crews costs much more than

[1] In a report to Colbert, Carré made the same criticism of the French method of several chiefs jointly ruling, and Kaeppelin, p. 81, agrees that this was one of the chief reasons for the failure of the French Company in India.

[2] Gerald Aungier had gone to Bombay. Carré, therefore, substitutes this place for Surat, which was the ordinary head-quarters of the President and Council, to whom the Chief or Agent in Persia was subordinate.

the profit from any trade they may do while in this country, or from any merchandise that they may take to France after so long a voyage.'

'The ships of the English Company leave London generally in January or February at the latest. They go straight to the Cape Verde islands, where they stop a short time for provisions; from there they lay a course to pass to the north of the island of St. Lawrence [Madagascar]. If they want to revictual, they stay a few days at the island of Anjouan [Johanna] in nine degrees of latitude south, about sixty leagues from the north point of the island of St. Lawrence [Madagascar]. They never fail to arrive in the month of June on the Coromandel coast, where they generally stay two or three months loading goods at Fort St. George, Masulipatam, and places in Bengal; after this they leave in or about October for Surat with the change in the monsoon, and *en route* stop at all their factories on the Malabar coast, where they take in spices and other merchandise, which they find ready for them in the factory-warehouses. They manage this coast trade so well that they generally arrive at Surat at the end of November, where they have a whole month to finish loading the ships with merchandise from India, Persia, and the Red Sea, received at Surat in October and November. Finally, having finished their loading, they leave Surat in January and go straight to St. Helena, an island situated in sixteen degrees [really 15° 30′] of latitude south, which belongs to the Company. Here they take in provisions for the rest of their voyage to England, where they arrive usually in June or July at the latest. This is the longest time the English ships stay in India and the voyage often takes only a year or fifteen months[1]. One never sees any ships of their Company stay in this country to make trips to Persia, Basra, the Red Sea, Bantam, Achin, and other commercial places, because they would then be obliged to

[1] This account of the annual voyages of the English Company's ships has some inaccuracies. Thus separate fleets were usually sent to Surat and Fort St. George. No doubt in 1673 the Company sent all the year's ships to Madras, whence they were to sail up the Malabar coast to Surat for their final lading, and news of this intention may have misled Carré; but this was an exceptional measure due to the Dutch war of 1672–74 (*E.F.*, I, 230). The ships for Surat generally left England in March; ships for Fort St. George in December or January. The ships for Madras often arrived in July or August, and generally left for England in January, as at Surat. A minor mistake is that Johanna lies in 12° S., and not 9° S.; it is over 200 miles from Madagascar.

take at least three years for their voyages. Overhauling would be necessary, and that, together with the pay and upkeep of the crews, would cost much more than the profit made from the merchandise obtained in such long voyages.' 'But,' said M. Gueston, to whom I told all these things, 'what do they do for ships in trading with all these oriental countries?' 'They have all they want,' I replied, 'as they hire local vessels for these trips. Inconceivable profits are made by those who understand this trade. There are even chiefs amongst them, and private people, who have their own ships, which (as I have myself seen) sometimes bring them a profit of 60,000 écus [£13,500 at 4*s*. 6*d*. an écu], all charges paid, in a single voyage from Surat to Persia. And all this is done without detriment or prejudice to the interests of their Company, whose ships or money they do not use, except in its business, and which they serve faithfully.[1] They send, every year, an exact account and lists of all the goods and money received from England and of the goods purchased in India, so that the Company in England and the officers in India do their business and trade with honour and advantage. It is done in such a gentlemanly fashion that I earnestly wish the affairs of our own Company could be on the same footing, of which I have just given a picture, and shall say much more later on.'

Though I saw plainly that M. Gueston was disquieted by my presence in Surat, as he thought I had been sent to keep an eye on his conduct, I had the satisfaction of seeing that he sought to have long conversations and private interviews with me. One day he complained that I was not open with him, that I did not reveal the instructions and memoranda I had received from France, and that I ought to confide in him more. I replied that any memoranda and instructions I had brought from France dealt only with abuses and frauds committed against the Company at the beginning of its establishment from lack of honest and devoted officers, so that it would not be of much use to him if he did see them; but that,

[1] The Surat factory sometimes hired ships for such voyages, but in 1670–77 most of the voyages in question were made by vessels built or bought at Surat and owned by the Company (mainly for the defence of Bombay), of which there were about five. A large number of the chiefs and other Company's servants (as well as private persons known as freemen) had their own ships for private trade; but records show many instances of such trade being excessive and highly prejudicial to the Company, as well as of the misuse (if only for a time) of money belonging to it, for private purposes.

if he wished, I could give him some remarks and notes which would be useful and advantageous to the Company's affairs, namely the rules and orders which are the pillars and solid foundations of the English and Dutch Companies, and promote the prosperity of all their trade. M. Gueston said he would be delighted to have a note in writing of what I suggested, so I gave it him as follows:

Instructive remarks on the strict methods in which the English and Dutch Companies in the East Indies manage their trade; factories and navigation.

FACTORIES

1. No chief or subordinate officer is appointed to any factory until inquiries show his capacity, morals, and honesty. Each is given the employment for which he is found capable by a strict examination; and above all no promotion is given by favour or any such consideration, but for merit alone. All this tends to good service.

2. The Chief of a factory has absolute power over all the other officers[1]. This is confirmed by an authentic document signed by the directors [of the Company], containing the orders to be observed in every factory, which cannot be altered in the least way by the Chief, on pain of losing his post and salary. This produces strict obedience and pleasant relations between the junior and superior officers, for each one keeps his position and duties so exactly that he is rigorously punished without compunction for disobedience, disorders, or quarrels, and the Chief dare not contravene these orders prescribed by the directors [of the Company].

3. The diet expenses are regulated in every factory according to the number of officers, with a special rule as to extraordinary

[1] This statement needs qualification. Though the chief of a factory had naturally great influence over its inmates, authority was vested in the factory council, over which he presided and in which he might be outvoted by other members of it. Nor had the council an absolute power over all the officers in the factory: it could only inflict minor punishments, and (in cases of gross misbehaviour) suspend the offender pending orders of a superior authority. The Dutch factories had a similar system of Presidents and Councils, and gradation of officers (Sir G. Birdwood's *Report on the Records of tl : India Office*, p. 55; introduction by Prof. Geyl to *Journal of the East India oyages of Bontekoe of Hoorn*, p. 16).

expenses, of which the Chief keeps an exact account, for instance when they are obliged to receive and regale strangers. This prevents the great expenses that the Chief, or other officers, might feel inclined to incur in debauches, feasts, and other useless entertainments, which are very prejudicial to the business, reputation, and good name of the Company.

4. The Chief in every factory must take great care to ascertain all the trade in the place where he is stationed, and he must make a general statement of all the merchandise, prices, and qualities, and send a memorandum of it in proper form to the head office. He must also inform it of all goods which can be sold with a good profit in the place.

5. The officers in every factory, in buying merchandise, either for export to Europe or for Eastern trade, must, as far as possible, deal direct with the merchant selling it, or at least, if possible, accompany the broker, or at any rate send a reliable man to watch and prevent the swindling which generally takes place in the sale and purchase of goods[1].

6. The Chief in charge of a factory is obliged to act in all the Company's affairs with probity and openness, so that he will serve as a model to all his officers, to encourage them to follow his example of devotion and zeal in their business. He must also keep good order in the factory, and watch over all under him to see that they do their duty, giving everyone the occupation suited to his aptitude and capacity.

7. It is the duty of the Chief to prevent illicit private trade, and to keep an eye over his officers to see that they are not in league with the brokers. The latter, when there is a large coup to be made, generally try to gain them over by presents, or loans of money, or of goods to sell at half profits; and this is very prejudicial to the Company.

8. The Company's officers must always act with sincerity, good faith, and honesty, and keep their word inviolably with the local merchants, to give a good reputation and renown to the Company and their nation.

9. The Chief must never allow gambling or debauches in his house, and must have a special care against impiety, oaths, and quarrels, to obviate the troublesome results of such things, which

[1] Tavernier (*Travels*, II, 31-32) gives some instances of such frauds on the French Company.

produce only scandals, and bring the Company into bad odour with strangers who hear of them.

10. Finally the Chief, being a mirror to his officers and a model on which they should base their actions, must above all see that divine service is held with due respect on the days and at the hours appointed for it, and must make everyone in the factory attend it; and he must punish any blasphemer or brawler without compunction. If such person is found incorrigible, he must send him as soon as possible to the head factory to be made a soldier or sailor, so that he may not corrupt the others by his evil example[1].

SHIPS

There are several essential things to be considered when ships are sent to trade in Eastern foreign kingdoms.

1. If merchandise is taken on freight, it is of the greatest consequence to have honest, far-sighted and experienced persons to deal with the strangers and Eastern merchants who desire to lade goods on the ships, and to count the bales and note the quality and quantity of the goods, so as to obviate the abuses which often arise from an arrangement between the brokers and the merchants; thereby often half of the freight is lost by their putting twenty [bales] as ten, and thirty as fifteen, as I have shown fully in my first Journal[2].

2. It is of great consequence that the goods shipped for the Company should be saleable at a good profit in the places to which they are sent, so that the ships can gain enough to cover the expenses of their crews and the voyage; and for that it is necessary to send with them officers well versed in the sale and purchase of

[1] In 1669 the Company's laws for Bombay contained regulations regarding attendance at divine services, etc., in its settlement there (*B.J.*, pp. 19–20; *Hedges' Diary*, II, 317). There were also standing orders for its factories on the subject, which are mentioned by Ovington, pp. 235, 237–38, and Anderson, ed. 1856, p. 365. Fining, however, was the ordinary punishment for failure to attend the services, either on weekdays or the Lord's day, without lawful excuse (cf. *B.J.*, pp. 8, 83; *M.R.*, 1678–79, p. 127). But Carré does not mention that all the rules he cites were often disobeyed by a chief and those subordinate to him: thus in 1669 divine service was held only on Sundays in Bengal (*E.F.*, 1668–69, pp. 297–98).

[2] Tavernier (*Travels*, II, 34–36) mentions frauds in shipping, or unlading, goods. Though this one does not find a place among them, Carré probably speaks from actual experience in making this charge.

merchandise. This should prevent the swindling of the Indian brokers, who usually take all the profits of the merchandise entrusted to them, if they are not carefully watched. I have insisted on this enough, when writing of the Persian rascalities of the broker Argy [? Harji], during the first voyages that I made to Persia and Basra in our French Company's ships[1].

3. [In the case of the other two Companies] before the departure of the ships, the heads of the Company place an agent in each vessel with full power to act in affairs of trade[2], and give him also full authority to obviate the disorders and quarrels that are usual between the ship's officers and those engaged in commerce regarding the command: each one claiming to govern and have the direction of the Company's affairs. I have seen much trouble arising from this in my first voyages.

4. [In the case of the other two Companies] the Company's merchants, who go with the ships to engage in trade, have written orders as to their expenditure during the voyage. They are expressly forbidden by it to advance any money or goods to junior officers, or to the crews on account of their pay beyond what is allowed in the orders. This is to avoid the prodigious expenditure ordinarily incurred in these ships by the licence taken by the officers to dispose of the Company's money and effects as they like.

5. [In the case of the other two Companies] it is expressly forbidden to the officers of the ship, or to those in trade, on pain of instant dismissal and loss of pay, to go for trade to places other than those to which they have been sent. This is to prevent abuses and swindles, with great prejudice to the business and reputation of the Company, such as taking merchants and their valuable goods to distant and unauthorized ports where they are disembarked to save custom dues. The amount thereby gained is divided between the merchant and the captain of the ship; and I have often seen great trouble arising from it.

6. On the arrival of the ships at their destinations, the expenses and refreshments of their officers should be regulated in order to

[1] The first ships of the French Company sent to Persia were the *Marie*, the *Force*, and a hired vessel, the *Saloman*, which left Surat with Martin and Frotter on 18 April 1669 (Kaeppelin, 57). This statement, therefore, shows that Carré first went to Persia in 1669 (cf. p. xxii *ante*).

[2] In 1670–79 the commander generally acted as such an agent and a supercargo was unusual in the ships of the East India Company, though one was sometimes sent for special voyages such as to Persia, Siam, and the Far East.

prevent the disorders and confusion which they generally cause in the factories, by open house being kept for them at every hour of the day, so that trade is hindered and prevented.

7. [In the case of the other two Companies] the officers sent to conduct the Company's affairs are obliged, on arrival, to show the Chief of the factory the list of merchandise and goods for that place, and to work in conjunction with him and the brokers; also to be sincere and courteous in dealing with foreign merchants. This is to prevent the cheating and underhand dealings that occur when officers or brokers do business secretly with the merchants.

8. [In the case of the other two Companies] the commercial officers and the head of the factory are obliged conjointly to make an exact statement of all their trading transactions, and each one, in regard to himself, has to keep a journal of all that occurs during the business. Of this three copies are to be made, one for the use of the factory, another for the directors [of the Company], and the third to serve as an account of the property dealt with and the management of their voyages, so that the Company can see clearly the price of each kind of merchandise and the profits that can be made in each of their settlements. I have never seen this practised in our French Company during all the five years they have traded in the East[1].

9. During the stay of the ships at the factories, if there are other ships, European or foreign, the officers must not, under pretext of honouring their nation, be extravagant in firing salutes, or in other useless and forbidden ostentation[2].

10. During the negotiations between the head of the factory and the commercial agents in the ships, an exact register must be kept of the presents they are obliged to give to the governors of the towns, to the customs-officers, and to the princes of the country, as well as of the gifts they receive in return from these princes, officers, and governors. It is only fair that the Company, having to bear the cost of such presents, should be informed in what manner strangers recognize the civilities and courtesies paid them.

[1] All these eight rules, and No. 10 of the previous set relating to factories, are marked with a star, which does not appear against any others, and which presumably is meant to distinguish them as the most important.

[2] Thus the English Company in 1678 issued orders against the excessive firing of gun-salutes and 'shooting at "healths"' in the East (*Ct. Min.*, 1677–79, pp. 150–51, 154).

11. The officers sent to act for the Company, and their brokers, must not fraudulently misuse the rights and privileges belonging to the Company which are given by the Pashas, governors, and customs-officers. It should also be expressly forbidden to all the officers of the ships, on their return, to take private freight of gold, silver, pearls, and precious stones, which the merchants of Persia, Basra, the Red Sea, and other places give them to convey to India. Such officers do not hesitate to share with these merchants half the profit obtained by avoiding customs-duty; and this causes much trouble and unpleasantness with the governors and customs-officers to the dishonour and prejudice of the Company.

12. Finally, both the naval and commercial officers must treat civilly and kindly all the foreign merchants that travel with their goods in the Company's ships. This will conduce to the esteem and good reputation of our nation, and the merchants will thereby be induced to make use of the Company's ships in their voyages and trade.

This is what I gave M. Gueston to satisfy him and induce him to put a stop to his continual complaints about the coolness and reserve with which I treated him. Had he not shown me the suspicions he had about my return to India, I would have given him more interesting and pleasing information than that contained in these instructions, which he would have done better to establish at Surat than to take his fatal voyage to Persia[1]. I shall speak of this [vol. II, ch. IV] after I have described the journey that I am going to make to St. Thomé, where I may easily meet the same fate that was soon to befall this great man in Persia.

As I was on the point of leaving Surat, the directors-general, having learnt that there were French deserters all over the country, particularly in Portuguese towns, both from our Company and from the fleet of the Viceroy, handed me a quantity of papers, signed by them and bearing the seal of the Company, in the form of a general amnesty which I was to show, and [in proper cases] give, to any deserter I found. This was to induce them to return to their duty, by surrendering themselves at Surat, or at the nearest Company's factory, where they would be well received and taken back into their employments on the wages that they had formerly received.

[1] In 1673 Gueston died in Persia, either on the journey between Bandar Abbas and Shiraz (Kaeppelin, p. 88) or at Shiraz (vol. II, ch. IV).

CHAPTER V

JOURNEY FROM SURAT TO GOA

Saturday, 19 November. I left Surat at daybreak to go to Swally, where, finding that Captain Nicolas Vidal's ship was ready to start, I embarked in it, and we set sail about midday with a favourable wind, which brought us in sight of Daman in twenty-four hours; but, the wind having failed about twelve o'clock on the following day, we had difficulty in approaching the bar on account of strong currents.

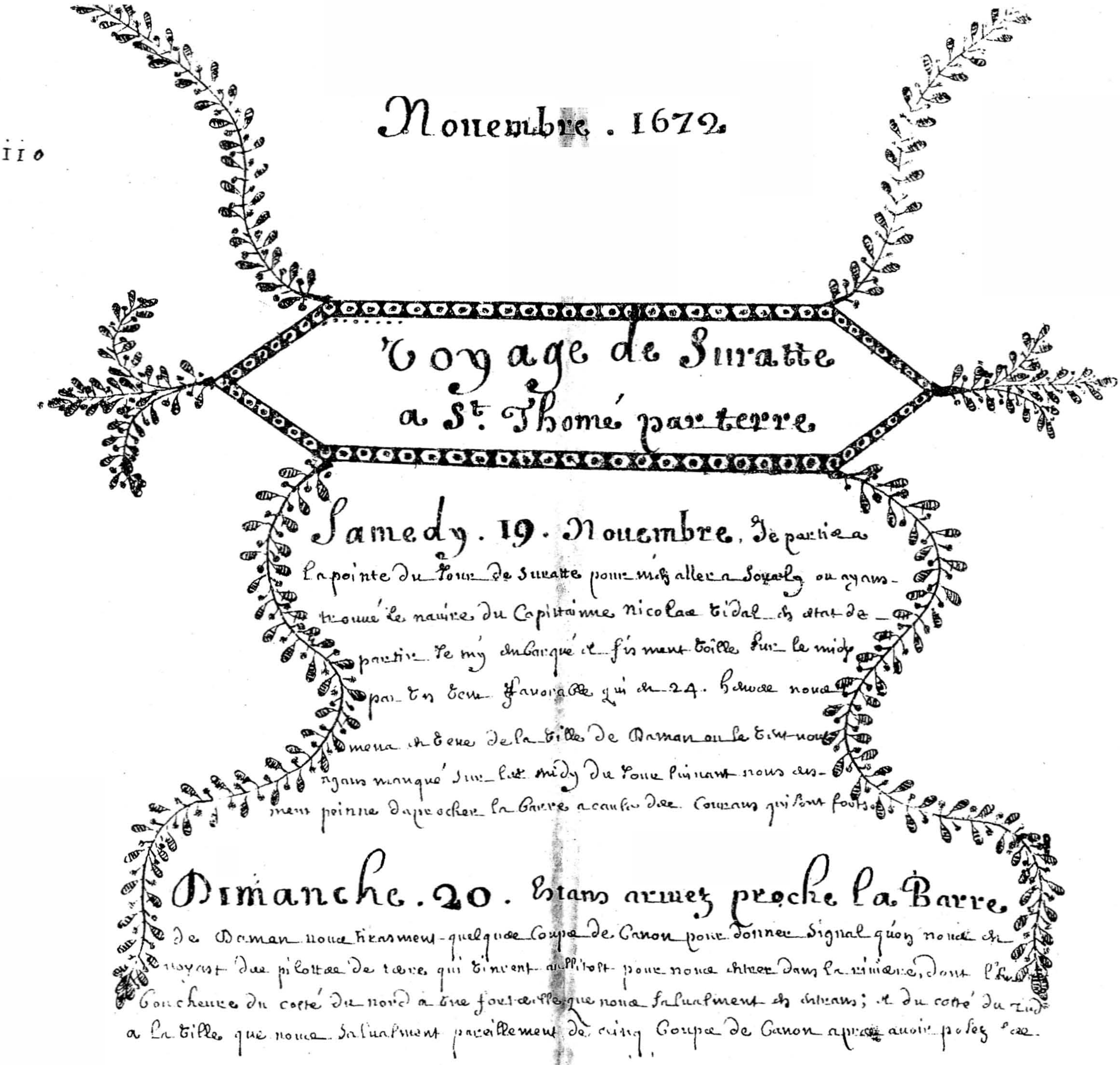
Sunday, 20 November. Having got near the bar, we signalled by cannon-shot that we wanted pilots, who came at once to take us up the river, at the mouth of which there is a strong fortress to the north[1]. We saluted it in passing, and we also gave the town on the south side a salute of five guns, after having dropped anchor.

The harbour is simply the breadth of the river and about a musket-shot wide. It accommodates only a few ships, as it is so narrow, but it has one great advantage in being within a stone's throw of the town. I landed with our captain, and we went to call on the Governor, Dom Emanuel Furdade de Mendouse [Furtado de Mendoza], a relation of the Viceroy at Goa[2]. He received us somewhat haughtily, and in a very hectoring manner. I was surprised at M. Vidal being treated in this proud way, since the Governor makes use of him both to amass wealth in trade and for his secret pleasures, as I shall explain in another place [vol. III, ch. III]. I could not contain myself with this domineering fidalgo: so I left as soon as I could, giving as an excuse that I feared to inconvenience him, because he appeared to be indisposed, as Portuguese so often are. I went afterwards to M. Vidal's house, where he made me lodge during my stay at Daman.

The town of Daman is situated in latitude 20° N. [really 20° 25′ N.], and is three days' journey by land from Surat. It lies on the seashore. The country is fertile and delightful, abounding

[1] The river is the Damanganga, which has a bar at its mouth (*Imp. Gaz. Ind.*, XI, 129). A 'small castle' at the entrance of Daman harbour is mentioned by J. Nieuhoff (*c.* 1662), see Churchill's *Voyages*, edn. 1704, II, 197.

[2] Dellon (*Voyage*, II, 98) names the governor Manuel Furtado de Mendoza, and says he was 'a bastard cousin-german' of the Viceroy. The latter had the surname of de Mendoza Furtado (p. 109 n. *ante*).



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Nouembre . 1672.

Voyage de Suratte
a St. Thomé par terre

Samedy . 19 . Nouembre, Je partis a
la pointe du Tour de Suratte pour m'y aller a Soualy ou ayant
trouué le nauire du Capitainne nicolas Vidal en estat de
partir je m'y embarqué et fismes Voille sur le midy
par un Vent favorable qui en 24. heures nous
mena en Veue de la Ville de Daman ou le Vent nous
ayant manqué sur les midy du jour suiuant nous eus-
mes peinne d'aprocher la Barre a cause des Courans qui sont forts.

Dimanche . 20 . Estans arriuez proche la Barre
de Daman nous tirasmes quelques Coups de Canon pour donner signal qu'on nous en
uoyast des pilottes de terre qui vinrent aussitost pour nous entrer dans la riuiere, dont l'em-
bouchure du costé du nord a une forteresse que nous saluasmes [illegible]; et du costé du sud
a la Ville que nous saluasmes pareillement de cinq Coups de Canon apres auoir posez [illegible].

SAMPLE OF TEXT, JOURNAL, 1672–4

Part of p. 110, I.O. MS. The fainter decorative spots are red in original

in food, fruit, and all that is pleasant in life. It is a most agreeable place, and formerly was so coveted by the kings and princes of the East, as an epitome of the delights of India, that the Great Mughal twice sent armies of 200,000 men against it; but they could do nothing[1], as the place is well finished and fortified, and the most symmetrical one that the Portuguese possess in India. It is surrounded by strong walls with several fine ramparts, each protecting one another. All this is encompassed by a large moat which was formerly filled at high tide, but is now nearly blocked up on the land-side from the prevalent neglect and misery. All the streets are large, and there are four principal gates, with ramparts which correspond and defend one another. Its buildings are not high, but are well constructed of hewn stone. There are many fine churches, including a cathedral, which the Portuguese call the Church of Saÿe [Port. *sé*, a bishop's see], and those of the Mother of God and of Pity[2], which are served by secular priests. The Paulists, Dominicans, Cordeliers[3], and Augustinians have also each a magnificent house. They formerly flourished and worked marvels for the salvation and conversion of the infidels and Hindus in this country; but now they all seem asleep and absorbed in very different occupations, far removed from their ministry and priesthood. There are so few priests now that there are not enough to serve the churches; and the two outside the town—viz. Our Lord of Remedies, and Our Lady of Augusta—have no services from want of clergy.

There are three principal officers, who have complete power,

[1] In 1582, under Akbar's orders, his troops in Gujarat attacked Daman, but were repulsed with considerable loss (*Akbarnama*, tr. Beveridge, III, 410, n. 1; V. Smith, *Akbar*, p. 203; Danvers, II, 42). In 1638 Aurangzeb (then Viceroy of the Deccan) sent an army which, after conquering neighbouring territories, besieged Damân, but was unable to make any impression on its fortifications, or to starve out the Portuguese, while the sea remained open to their vessels. The latter also made successful sorties: later in the year the imperial forces withdrew from the siege, on the Portuguese agreeing to pay the emperor the same rent for Daman that they had given to the previous ruler (*E.F.*, 1637-41, pp. XVII-XVIII, 214; *C.H.I.*, V, 200). Tavernier (*Travels*, I, 145) says the Mughal army consisted of more than 40,000 men. These may be the two attacks referred to.

[2] Dellon (II, 98) says there was a magnificent parish-church (presumably the cathedral) and four other churches of the communities mentioned afterwards by Carré. 'Saye' is old French for 'see'; and Pietro della Valle (tr. Havers, p. 69) also says the cathedral was called 'the church of the see'.

[3] A popular name for the Franciscan Recollects.

govern everything in the town, and have considerable revenues. These are the Governor, the feytor [factor], and the ovidor [Port. *ouvidor*, lit. auditor]. The feytor represents the king, receives all the revenues of the town, and expends them on useful and necessary things. The ovidor administers justice, a very honourable position with the Portuguese. He has jurisdiction over any troubles, discords and brawls that may arise: also he has the power, on any death, to take over the heritages of orphans or absent heirs, to avoid their being dissipated by other people, who else might get possession of them[1]. These are the principal officers of all Portuguese towns in India, from which they formerly drew splendid revenues through customs and trade; but nowadays they have degenerated and are slack, cowardly, and effeminate, given over to sloth and pleasures, and leading odious and immoral lives on what they can extort from the lands and villages in their charge. They obtain large contributions, but most of this money belongs to the churches and convents. The town is inhabited by Christians, both Portuguese and half-castes[2]. They will not allow Moors, or Hindus, or people of any other heathen religion, to live there. The latter dwell in the outskirts and neighbouring villages, so that in Daman one can hardly find two hundred men who bear arms. Most of the houses are filled with women, who make dainties and sweets, and with troops of slaves, who have hardly any food but rice and fish.

I heard that there were some of our deserters in this town, so I sent for one of them, who sought out and brought all the others to see me. They all said at first that they would be delighted to return to our service, provided I could get leave for them to resign from the Governor, who had engaged them, and who did not allow them to cross the river or go far outside the town. I was therefore obliged, much against my will and inclination, to pay a second visit to the Portuguese governor. My request that I might be allowed to send these Frenchmen to Surat so surprised him that at first he was quite unable to reply. Finally, not know-

[1] As to *ouvidors* being generally trained lawyers and their judicial powers, cf. Malabari, *Bombay in the Making*, pp. 26–35. Their jurisdiction covered the safeguarding of orphans' estates; thus, when Cooke took over Bombay from the Portuguese in 1665, he appointed two persons under the *ouvidor* to take care of such estates, 'one for the white people and one for the blacks, as it was formerly' (*E.F.*, 1665–67, p. 45).

[2] MS. *mestisses*, from Port. *mestiço*, a half-caste.

ing how to refuse it, he told me that he would send me an answer that evening, after he had spoken to the men. As soon as I left, he called them to his house and managed so well that they lost the desire they had previously shown to resume their duty. Afterwards they all came and gave me the same reply with ridiculous and arrogant proposals, viz. that they should receive, not only their back pay, but also a year's advance, and other similar demands. I thus saw that these low wretches preferred to continue a miserable life among the Portuguese rather than return to the service of their king and country. I sent them away, and did not trouble myself about them any longer. I now thought of getting everything necessary for my journey. I engaged two Canarin [Kanarese][1] servants, and some coolies, that is, people who carry the palanquins and baggage of travellers.

There were then at Daman two young kings of this country—one of Javare [Jawhar] and the other of the Cosles [Kolis]. They had taken refuge for the past two months with the Portuguese, to escape the triumphant armies of Prince Shivaji, before whom everyone trembled. He had taken the country of these two small kings, who had their castles near Daman[2]. They drew from the Portuguese a subsidy of 60,000 mamudis, for which they were to prevent incursions into Portuguese territory by thieves and bandits inhabiting their dependencies of Coles [Kolis] and Chotia, for the purpose of pillaging villages, gardens, and country houses, as they used to do[3]. Prince Shivaji, after conquering the

[1] 'Canarin' was then a common name for the inhabitants of the part now known as Kanara (properly *Kannada*) on the Malabar coast (*Hobson-Jobson*, 152–54).

[2] In June 1672 a large Maratha army under Moropant Pingle captured Jawhar—a small state to the north-east of the Thana district—from its Koli Raja, Vikram Shah, who fled to the adjacent Mughal district of Nasik. Advancing farther north he threatened the other Koli state of Ramnagar or Dharampur, whose Raja, Som Shah, fled to Chikli, 33 miles south of Surat. Moropant took Ramnagar in the first week of July, and its Raja took refuge in the Portuguese territory of Daman (Sarkar, *Shivaji*, pp. 191–92, 194; *E.F.*, I, 220). From Carré's statement that the two Rajas had been for two months at Daman, it appears that Som Shah had joined the other Raja there.

[3] The Raja of Ramnagar was called 'Chautia' by the Portuguese, because from at least 1579 he had undertaken to protect the territories under Daman from the depredations of his unruly subjects, in consideration of a contribution called *chauth* (lit. a quarter, *sc.* of the land revenue), which was regularly paid to him (Biker, *Tratatos da India*, II, 61–85; Surendra Nath Sen, *Military System*

territory of these two kinglets, sought to seize their revenues and privileges, so he sent an ambassador to Daman to treat with the Portuguese about the annual rent of 60,000 mamudis to be paid on the conditions accorded to the fugitive kings; and, to make his embassy more important, he also sent 4,000 horsemen as his envoy's escort to the gates of Daman.

The Portuguese had not the least idea of such an embassy, and had learnt from their spies and the runners, whom on the report of Shivaji's conquests they had placed all over the country, that his troops were advancing quickly toward Daman. They at once feared he was going to besiege the place and all the more as they imagined this was because he wanted to seize the persons of the two kings, who were hiding in the town. They were seriously alarmed: all Christians from outside, capable of bearing arms, were ordered into the town: and the Governor assembled all the inhabitants and gave each a charge and duties according to his rank and capacity. Everyone placed himself at his post. The walls and bastions were inspected; the artillery was put into order; arms were distributed where necessary; and in short all preparations were made for the defence of the place. Then news came that Shivaji's troops were below the towers and belfry of the town, and that the neighbouring country swarmed with the enemy. The Governor immediately sent to the managers at the arsenal of war-munitions to tell them they should open the magazines as quickly as possible for bullets, powder, balls, and other such things; but the Paulist Fathers in charge of these magazines and munitions, from which they draw large revenues and rents, were not alarmed at the universal commotion occasioned by panic. They sent a cold reply to the Governor that they would not give any munitions before receiving the money for them. The Governor lost his temper, and the captains and officers of the town protested and made a great outcry at being kept waiting; but all this was of no avail. The Fathers in charge wanted the money, otherwise they would give no munitions. The town

of the Marathas, pp. 28–36, and *Foreign Biographies of Shivaji*, p. 237, n. 1; Manucci, II, 132, IV, 431n.). A similar arrangement had, no doubt, been made with the Raja of Jawhar. A mamudi was a silver coin current in Surat and the adjacent parts, then worth about $10\frac{1}{5}$*d*. (Tavernier's *Travels*, II, 330; Fryer, II, 125–26. For further information as to its history, see S. H. Hodivala, *Historical Studies in Mughal Numismatics*, pp. 115–30).

was, therefore, obliged to await the attack by Shivaji's troops, and there is no doubt that, had they come with ill intent against the town, it could have been captured without resistance, in the same way that the town of Diu, some years previously, had been taken and pillaged by Arabs. It is quite certain that, if the inhabitants of such a big town had had good leaders, and those leaders the proper means of defence, not a single Arab would have returned to Muscat; for they would have prevented the Arabs from scaling the walls, as they actually did, without meeting any resistance.

However, Shivaji's envoys did not come to Daman to make war. They stopped at the outskirts of the town, waiting for someone from inside with whom to parley. They were amazed at not finding anyone in the suburbs to whom they could notify the object of their visit. Shivaji's ambassador was, therefore, obliged to send one of his men to the gates of the town; and as soon as his wishes were learnt, he was allowed to enter the place[1]. His peaceful mission caused as much joy and calm as their arrival had occasioned trouble and alarm. So the Portuguese, on learning that Shivaji, far from wishing to make war, had sent these visitors only in order to come to some arrangements with them about his new conquests, received his envoy with every sort of courtesy, and gave him great hopes of obtaining favourable replies from the Viceroy at Goa, on the subject which he had come to negotiate[2]. Consequently the ambassador and Shivaji's troops went back to their camp without having committed the least injury or insult in the Portuguese territory, through which they had passed.

This was the state of affairs when I arrived at Daman. A Portuguese grandee whom I visited there, gave me an account of this event, expressing his astonishment and saying that it was very fortunate no one had got angry with the Paulist Fathers, for if any one had offended them in the slightest degree, they would not have hesitated to obtain satisfaction for it by certainly ruining the former. The Portuguese told me other stories of this nature

[1] Carré's book (II, 27-31: cf. its translation in Sen's *Foreign Biographies of Shivaji*, pp. 238-40) and Orme (34-35) give a similar account of the panic into which the inhabitants of Daman were thrown by this embassy from Shivaji. It adds details of the divided counsels as to what should be done, and the extreme disorder in the town's defences (pp. 28-30).

[2] According to Carré's book (II, 32) the demands were granted.

to which I disliked having to listen, so as to have to report them here, just as I cannot overlook anything that I observe in the rest of my journey. So, to omit nothing, I add another story that he told me. Shortly before this affair of the embassy from Shivaji, the Goa Viceroy had ordered the Portuguese at Tarapour [Tārāpur][1] to send two cannons to Daman, and to demand the money for them from the Paulist Fathers who managed the arsenal there. The latter refused to receive them and sent them back, because they would have been obliged to pay for them. They flouted the Viceroy's order in a matter where they showed him that they had more power and authority in this country than he had.

Tuesday, 22 *November*. I had prepared all my equipage to leave at daybreak, but received a message from a Portuguese fidalgo, Dom Francisco Gonsalve de St. Paye, one of the richest citizens of Daman, asking me to wait an hour for him, as he wished to accompany me to Tarapur, where he was going to visit his farms and tenancies. I waited till seven o'clock, when I saw my Portuguese arriving with an escort of slaves, armed with matchlocks, javelins, and some of a sort of blunderbuss[2], so large and bulky that its balls must have weighed at least two lb. I was amazed at the weight of the arms which these Caffres[3] are obliged to carry, while following on foot their masters' palanquins, which go more quickly than a horse would.

At last I started with my fidalgo while it was coolish, but this soon gave place to great heat from the sun. The sand on the shore was so hot that our poor coolies, though quite accustomed to fatigue, were obliged to stop from time to time to rest under the shade of the trees which grow along this coast. The first *aldée* we passed was Nargolle. (An *aldée* in Portuguese means village, country-house, farm, or rented place[4].) It is a dependency of the

[1] Tārāpur is a port in the Mahim subdivision of the Thana district, about forty miles south of Daman and sixty miles north of Bombay. It then belonged to the Portuguese.

[2] MS. *bacquemarde* from Port. *bacamarte*, a blunderbuss.

[3] Ar. *kāfir*, an infidel, an unbeliever in Islam: a term applied by the Arabs to pagan negroes, which was adopted by the Portuguese, and from them by other Europeans in India (*Hobson-Jobson*, p. 140).

[4] Port. *aldea*, from Arab. *al-dai'a*, a farm or village: in Portuguese the word includes (as Carré says) a villa, etc., as well as a village (*Hobson-Jobson*, p. 12). Nargolle is the sea-port Nārgol, one mile north of Umbargaon (*Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, XIV, 291).

Paulist Fathers, who draw 1,000 écus in rents from it. We crossed a large river, which flows into the sea near here. Afterwards we passed St. Jésme [James], another aldea of a Portuguese fidalgo, who generally lives in an old castle, facing a pleasant sea-beach. Some hours afterwards we forded two rivers, which swell at high tide and penetrate far inland. At night we reached Bourouly [Borivli], a large aldea, and rested in an old chapel, which is now used only as a shelter for Christian travellers. Next day, the 23rd, we left at daybreak, and marched until midday, when we rested at Danou [Dahanu], a large town inhabited half by Christians and half by Hindus. It has an old castle[1], whose only interest is its antiquity and in which the local fidalgo lives. There is also a pretty church served by a very decent sort of priest, who civilly met us on our arrival and made us take our meal with him. There is a large river navigable for small ships up to this aldea. It then separates into two branches, which flow from far up the country, one to the east and the other to the south, where it rises at the foot of a high mountain. This has a peak, which resembles a belfry, and which can be seen far out at sea on approaching the Cape of St. Joan [St. John, i.e. Sanjān][2]. In the evening we arrived at Tarapur, where we stopped at the house of the fidalgo who had accompanied me. He wished to entertain me, and insisted on my staying with him.

Thursday, 24 November. In the morning I went to the church of Saye [Cathedral], where I heard Holy Mass with music, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. It was attended by a good congregation of Portuguese and local Christians with great devotion. I returned to the house, intending to leave, but my host would not allow me to do so, and obliged me to stay the rest of the day, so that he might entertain me and show me the gardens and pleasant retreats surrounding this town. These are all its best ornament; it has nothing else to recommend it, as it has been destroyed several times. There are not more than one hundred Portuguese, mostly half-castes who are Christians and descendants of Portuguese. The rest of the inhabitants are Hindus, heathens,

[1] The old fort at Dahanu lies on the north bank of the creek, at a little distance from its mouth (*Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, xiv, 55).

[2] This is the conical funnel-shaped hill of Mahalakshmi (1540 ft.), known to Europeans as St. Valentine's Peak (*Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, xiv, 218–19; Fryer, I, 210n.). The Dahanu river has two branches, one to the east and the other to the south, but neither of them rises near this peak, according to Survey of India, Sheets Nos. 46D and 47A.

and other people of the country. Its port is nothing much, as only small ships can enter it by the river, which is fordable at low tide.

The Portuguese had for some months past been badly treated by the Kolis and Jawharis, desperate people who ordinarily live in the neighbouring woods and mountains. They have such great aversion and antipathy towards the Portuguese that they have never submitted to them. This year they made a sortie from their woods and mountains like raging lions, and fell like a torrent upon the outskirts of Tarapur. They burnt aldeas, ravaged the country-side, and began to give much anxiety to the people in the town, when Shivaji arrived with his army in their territory. He chased them back to their mountain retreats and demolished their forts, castles, villages, and every other dwelling. Having pursued them to the tops of the mountains, he conquered them so effectively that their kings were thankful to escape to Daman, as I have already said [p. 169]. The town was very fortunate in so escaping the danger of being pillaged. This fate could not have been avoided as it had no walls round it, nor any sufficient fortress to prevent an entry.

Before leaving the place, I called on the father-in-law and the wife of M. Pierre Martinot, a Frenchman from Provence, who two years ago had married a young Portuguese lady. She was pretty and graceful, and possessed all the qualities that endear ladies in this country. It would have been wiser, however, if M. Martinot, after his fifteen years in India, had upon his marriage gone to live, not among the Portuguese, but in Surat or some other place in India, where he would not have been enslaved by his wife and her relations, as I shall show he was on my return to this place [vol. III, ch. II]. However, I received every courtesy and civility from the Senhora and from all her Portuguese relations. Captain Martinot was then on a voyage from Surat in an Indian ship which he commanded.

Friday, 25 November. I left Tarapur an hour before dawn, and marched all the morning along the sea-shore. About ten o'clock I crossed the river Pasme, which is navigable by ships[1]. It flows from the north-east well inland through country irrigated by it and pleasantly filled with aldeas, woods, palms, rice, grain, arrack [palm] and other trees, which are all useful and profitable.

[1] This must have been the river Dudh, which enters the sea about five miles above Mahim. The name 'Pasme' may be from Paum, a village near its mouth.

Afterwards I passed Mahim, a little town full of Christians, who have four churches. Formerly they enjoyed great wealth and privileges; now they can hardly support some poor priests to administer the sacraments. We crossed the river [creek] by a ford at low tide. From here an old rampart in front of the town is visible on the banks of this river, as also an old round chapel, graced with large windows and balustrades that catch the breeze to refresh passers-by and travellers stopping there for rest. The river flows from the south and rises in some mountains. I arrived that evening at Quelme[1], a large aldea on a fine river, with two lovely well-kept houses on its banks, belonging to the fidalgo of the place, Dom Phylipe. He is one of the richest and most powerful Portuguese in these parts and passes his life here in luxury, fêtes, promenades, and other ways which reflect in some measure the former grandeur and magnificence of the Portuguese in this country. Besides these two mansions, in which he generally lives, there are two little forts, one commanding the river [R. Mur] and the aldea, and the other near its mouth to protect it from the sea[2]. It is a trading-place much frequented, on account of both the fertility of the land and the convenience of its river, to the great profit of this fidalgo. The inhabitants are mostly Hindus, with some native Christians.

Saturday, 26 November. At daybreak I crossed the river by boat, and was surprised to find it so wide and deep from the sea to the town, where ships can discharge their cargo. To this place it comes from the north, watering a large plain, and has its source in some high and well-wooded mountains, sheltering a number of people who live like savages, away from intercourse with traders or the outside world, just as the Kolis and Jawharis do[3].

[1] This is Kelve, about two and a half miles south of Mahim on the other side of the creek at that place. It is called 'Kielme' by Pietro della Valle (IV, 131, tr. Havers, p. 70), and 'Kellem' by Hamilton (I, 104, 236).

[2] The fort protecting the creek from the sea is probably that now known as the Alibag fort near its mouth, and the other is the one on the north side of the creek near a village which in 1634 was occupied by fifty Portuguese families (*Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, XIV, 199, 200).

[3] This caste may be the Varlis, of whom over 50,000 were in the Jawhar and Dharampur states in 1921 (*Imp. Census*, VIII, pt. 2, 187), and who still have no regular craft or occupation, are passionately fond of hunting in their woods, and dread schools for superstitious reasons (*Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, XIII, pt. 1, 183–84; Enthoven, *Tribes and Castes of Bombay*, 447–53).

These frequently hide in this locality, whence they sally to ravage and pillage the neighbouring country.

After having marched all the morning, about seven o'clock we arrived at Cora [Kora], a large aldea which we passed without stopping, to take advantage of the coolness before the sun's rays got too hot. In passing we saw a fine country-house and church lying in the midst of a large palm-grove and other fruit-trees which surround the aldea. We also passed Dantura [Dantivra], a pleasant little town, and on its right a little island called Arnard, which is well peopled, with good water, very fertile and covered with trees: so much so that a fidalgo at Dantivra, who joined me for half an hour, said that the English were in treaty with the Goa Viceroy for the island, on which they wished to settle[1]. At Dantivra we took a ferry-boat and crossed the river, which is large and deep and waters the surrounding country. After having marched all day in intense heat, I reached Bassin [Bassein] about four o'clock in the afternoon. There I fortunately met Senhor Antonio Camel d'Abreou, Governor of the island of Varseva [Vesāva][2], of mixed French and Portuguese descent. He heard that a fairly important Frenchman had arrived, and came to welcome me and offer his services. He told me he was a relation of M. Baron, director-general of our Company in India. He found me quarters in the town, where he kept me until the evening of the next day.

Sunday, 27 November. After having prayed at the church of the Dominican Fathers, I went to the port to engage a boat for Bombaimg [Bombay]; and on returning to my lodging, I met Senhor Salvador George, captain of a galliot of the Portuguese fleet, who had taken me from Muscat to Diu. We recognized and saluted each other; and I could not avoid breakfasting at his house. There I met all the captains of galliots whom I had known in the Persian Gulf. They told me that they had only been here for fifteen days and that all the fleet had been recalled by the Vice-

[1] This is the island of Arnāla, off the mouth of the river Vaitarna, which forms a big bay opposite Dantivra. The report that the English coveted the island is unlikely and uncorroborated by extant Factory Records.

[2] Vesāva, or Versova (as it was generally then called), is on the coast of Salsette, but lies on what is an island at high tide, except for a causeway connecting it with the mainland.

roy to Goa[1]. On its arrival he had arrested their general [commander-in-chief], Antonio de Mello de Castro, and had confiscated all his goods and riches, worth two millions[2]. The general was imprisoned in a tower of Goa till a ship should leave to take him to Portugal for trial on the charge of making a truce with the King of Muscat, and of having returned to Goa contrary to his orders, which were to stay in the Persian Gulf and continue the war against the Muscat Arabs. The Viceroy was sending back the fleet as soon as possible against them, under the command of a young general who had newly arrived from Portugal, with orders from the king that no quarter was to be given to, nor terms arranged with, the Arabs, until they had been dislodged from Muscat and all the other places on the Persian coast that they had taken from the Portuguese. A frigate from Goa had also started for the Persian Gulf, and all the galliots now in the port of Bassein were under orders to join her as soon as possible. They were to blockade Muscat to prevent help from the sea, while awaiting the arrival of the main fleet. I also learnt from these officers that the Governor of Bassein had been arrested under the Viceroy's orders and was closely guarded in his own house, on suspicion that General Antonio de Mello had entrusted him with some of the [confiscated] treasure on his arrival there. This prevented me from visiting the Governor, for fear of offending these Portuguese and of arousing their suspicions, as they knew I had received much kindness and civility from General de Mello. I pitied this unfortunate man with all my soul, more especially as I saw that in this assembly of officers there were many who seemed devoted to him in his prosperity, but after his arrest and his misfortune were the first to give evidence and take proceedings against him. One can therefore rightly apply to this poor general the fine passage from Virgil, '*Donec eris felix*', etc.[3]

1 A letter, dated 6 November 1672 from Aungier, states that Antonio de Mello had arrived at Bassein, having made a truce with the Arabs for six months (*F.R.*, 106 Sur. 9).

2 Taking the livre at 1*s.* 6*d.* and the écu at 4*s.* 6*d.*, this sum represents £150,000, if livres (not deniers) are intended, as is probable from the general's possession of 'riches and treasures' (p. 109 *ante*).

3 This passage is not from Virgil, but in Ovid's *Tristia*, I, ix, 5. The first two lines are:

Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos;
Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.

After leaving these naval officers, I visited the town of Bassein, which I found larger than Daman, very well built in European style, with broad streets, a fine square in the centre, and several lovely churches[1]. The principal Portuguese officers are from Europe and called Reinols[2]. There are also rich and powerful fidalgos and their families—people who live only for pleasure and luxury, and whose sole object is to seek the quickest means of squandering the revenues they draw from their fine aldeas in the country. The other inhabitants are Portuguese half-castes, and they even allow Hindus and other indigenous people to stay in the town, because of its large trade. This is due to the river, which makes a good port, thereby enriching the town. The best sugar in India is made here[3], and is exported at great profit to Persia and Arabia.

Near the town there is a high and precipitous mountain called Assery [Asheri], which is one of the curiosities of India. On its summit is a platform, on which there is a town resembling a fortress, inaccessible [*sic*] on every side[4]. A very large spring rises at the top of this mountain, and flowing down in several streams forms a river which irrigates the plain below. Its water is wonderfully fresh and pure, until the river joins another one, when it loses its name and colour[5]. This place was formerly the residence of a

(So long as you are fortunate, you will number many friends;
If the times become clouded, you will be alone.)

The poet proceeds to illustrate the sentiment by references to animal life.

[1] Fryer (I, 192) says that there were six churches within the walls of Bassein. According to the *Imp. Gaz. Ind.*, VII, 120, Bassein had a cathedral, five convents, and thirteen churches.

[2] MS. *renols*, from Port. *reino*, the kingdom (of Portugal). The word was used to distinguish the European-Portuguese from the country-born.

[3] Fryer (I, 192) observed that the land about Bassein was 'fruitful of sugar-canes'.

[4] This must be the hill-fort of Asheri, near a tributary of the river Vaitarna in the Mahim taluka of the Thana district. It was taken by the Portuguese in 1556: and they built a strong place on it, though it needed little help from art (*Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, XIII, 452, 456). As to its inaccessibility except at one point, and then only by climbing an almost perpendicular staircase, with a precipice below it and protected by an iron door, fixed horizontally, see ibid., I, pt. 2, 48, and XIV, 12–13.

[5] One branch of the tributary mentioned in the preceding note is shown by Sheet No. 47A/S.E. as rising at or near the top of Asheri: and as the tributary flows for less than ten miles before joining the river Vaitarna, which has a long course, the water of the former is likely to be much less muddy than that of the latter.

king of the country, who defied the power, grandeur, and pride of the Portuguese. He died leaving two male children, who fought a cruel war against each other for the possession of Asheri. Finally they agreed to lay their differences before the Portuguese, who awarded the right and possession of it to the elder one. The younger was so enraged that he resolved to destroy his brother by any means in his power. He could do nothing by force of arms, but succeeded with the help of poison, which is a most dangerous weapon in the East. Consequently this young prince, fearing the power of the Portuguese, sought their friendship and allied himself with them to such an extent that he became a Christian; and dying without children, he left this place to the Portuguese, who have held it ever since[1]. They have had to defend it several times in these last years against the power of Shivaji. He has a great desire for this place, as it is so near his own fortress of Drougue, which is situated almost like Asheri, on a high mountain only a day's journey from Bassein. Shivaji took this after the death of the last King of Melingue, who had likewise usurped it from the King of Cambay, its rightful owner[2].

At four o'clock the captain of the boat which I had hired to go to Bombay came to tell me it was time to leave, on account of the tide and a scant, though favourable, wind. At this news

[1] No historical corroboration of this story has been traced, unless it refers to the struggle between the two brothers Khwaja Jahan and Zain Khan for territory which extended into the Konkan: but this was towards the end of the fifteenth century, and the Portuguese do not appear to have taken any part in it. According to De Couto, *Decadas da Asia*, VII, 229 (cited by A. F. Nairne, *The Konkan*, p. 44), the fort of Asheri was obtained by the Portuguese in 1556 by bribing its Abyssinian commander to surrender it for a payment of Rs.6,500.

[2] 'Drougue' probably represents 'durg', the Konkani name for a hill-fort. The one in question is probably Mahuli, which lies about twenty-five miles from Bassein, not far below the Tansa lake. It was taken by Shivaji from the Mughals in 1658, and was surrendered by him under the treaty of Purandhar in 1665: but his peshwa (prime minister), Moropant Pingle, recaptured it in 1670 (*Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, XIV, 220; Grant Duff, I, 201; Sarkar, *Aurangzib*, 197, 211, 218). In the last sentence 'Melingue' may represent 'Mahuli' with the *i* lengthened by the Konkani nasal twang, cf. 'Bombaimg' for Bombay, or it may be the Konkani word *molen*, where the *n* is nasal, meaning 'forest'. By the 'last king' Carré may mean Husain, the last of the Nizam Shahi dynasty of Ahmadnagar, which had ousted the Sultan of Gujarat (called the 'King of Cambay' by Carré) from many of his possessions in the Konkan (*Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, I, pt. 2, 30–32; *Bom. City Gaz.*, II, 22). Husain, after his capture by the Mughals in 1633, was imprisoned at Gwalior (*C.H.I.*, IV, 193; Sarkar, *Shivaji*, 19).

neither the charms, nor the comforts, of this delightful town could make me lose a moment. In a quarter of an hour I had embarked with all my baggage, and was ready to start. We had the choice of two routes, one by sea and one by river. Hearing there were Malabar pirates all along the coast, I thought it wiser to go by the [Ghodbandar] river which forms a sort of island [Salsette] from Bassein to Bombay. We left the port of Bassein with a favourable wind and tide, and passed near a big village to the north-east of the island, called Baxel. It extends along the banks of the river up to the summit of a high hill, where there are a fine castle and several country houses[1]. The Governor of this island receives from them a monthly revenue of 3,000 pardaos[2], half of which goes to the Governor and feytor [factor] of Bassein. From the sea [by Bassein] to this place the river runs through a flat country; it then winds through high and wooded mountains, so thick that only tigers, boars, and other wild beasts, who are plentiful, can live there. After meandering through these frightful mountains for some six hours, we re-entered low country, where the river separates into several branches[3], but it loses neither its depth nor its size, for in its course it receives other tributaries, which render it navigable throughout.

At midnight we arrived before Tana [Thānā], which is situated in a fertile and pleasant spot on its banks. We stopped for an hour at the entrance of the port to land some Portuguese, who had asked me for a passage. This town is inhabited by Portuguese native Christians, as well as Hindus who come from Bassein. It is defended only on the side of the port, where there are two

[1] Carré's 'Baxel' probably represents Ghodbandar, ten miles north-west of Thana, which Fryer (I, 190–91) calls 'Grebondel' and describes as 'a large neat built town of Martin Alphonso's: and at top of all his house, fort and church, of as stately architecture as India can afford'. Gemelli Careri (III, 32, tr. Churchill's *Voyages*, IV, 194) calls it 'Gormandel'.

[2] A marginal note says that a Portuguese pardao is worth twenty-five sols. In Tavernier's time it was reckoned at twenty-seven sols (*Travels*, I, 330). At the former rate, taking sixty sols to an écu (ibid., I, 327) and the écu at 4*s*. 6*d*., the pardao would be worth a little more than 1*s*. 6*d*., round about which its value was generally reckoned (*Hobson-Jobson*, 674; Burnell, 112n.).

[3] This seems to refer to the junction of the river Ghodbandar with the Ulhas river, which has several tributaries (*Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, XIII, 10). The mountains are the Kamandurg hills in the Bassein taluka, and the Kanheri hills in Salsette, which are still thickly wooded.

little ramparts, one to the east and the other to the west of the entrance to the landing-place; but at present they are of no use, as their only arms are the thorns of the wild bushes that grow round these old walls. They told me that the Paulist Fathers derive a great revenue from this place. They have a magnificent palace there[1], many aldeas in the country and fortresses on the coast; and they are both feared and mistrusted in these parts. I was invited to land and stay there the rest of the night; but, knowing what sort of repose the Portuguese generally take on arrival in their towns and aldeas, I thought I would rest better on board, while continuing my course. I therefore thanked my Portuguese passengers for their obliging offer, and set sail, so as not to lose the favourable weather we were having.

Monday, 28 November. I arrived at Bombay at dawn, and having landed, I had my baggage taken to the house of a Frenchman, who, I was told, kept an hotel in this place. I was astonished to recognize him as Simon de Mahy of Orleans, who, after serving many years in Madagascar with our Company, had come to India, and entered the English service here. He had just married a young Portuguese, and would have been doing fairly well, had he known how to manage his little fortune better [cf. vol. III, ch. II].

Governor Aungier, President of the English [Company], had no sooner heard of my arrival in Bombay than he sent an officer to call on me. This obliged me to return his call the same hour, when, after mutual compliments, he reproached me very kindly for not having, as an old friend of his, taken up my abode in the Fort. He made me stay there two days, in order to talk to me about some affairs and hear from me the news from Europe. There were then in Bombay a Paulist Father and some Portuguese grandees from Goa[2]. They had come to treat with the English President about some rents and claims which they said they possessed in the dependencies of Bombay. The President had

[1] Fryer (I, 188) says there were at Thana seven churches and colleges, 'the chiefest [being] one of the Paulistines'.

[2] The Paulist Father was probably the Jesuit procurator, Padre Reginaldo Burguez, who represented the Jesuits in the negotiations before Gerald Aungier, and whom he described as 'a wise and public-spiritted man' (*E.F.*, I, 41, 47). Others, such as Padre Gaspar Alphonso, had come from Goa previously in connection with the dispute (ibid., 205).

made arrangements about this, following orders he had received this year from his Britannic Majesty. For this purpose he had been sent an extract from the agreement made with the king of Portugal as to the island of Bombay. He was ordered to fortify the place and to build a town; also to recover the yearly rents and revenues, which were judged to be about 22,000 pardaos[1]. On the news of the war with the Dutch, the President then had some 2,000 men working in the Fort to heighten the bastion on the land-side, and to finish a ditch round the Fort which was to be filled with sea-water[2]. At the end of the day, when the great heat was less, the English President ordered his palanquin, two carriages, and several fine Persian horses, and invited all his suite for a promenade. He wished me to be one of the party, to show me the layout of the new town, of which he had already made the plans and laid the first foundations[3]. This will, no doubt, be one of the sights of the country, as it has a harbour which can hold a great number of ships, half a cannon-shot from the Fort. It is on one of the finest inlets of this coast, deep, wide, and very convenient for the transport and shipment of goods. Ships can refit and winter there, sheltered from hurricanes and bad weather, which occur generally in the rainy season and at the change of monsoons. Also, this is the principal place held by the English in

[1] Aungier received orders from the Company in 1670 to make careful inquiry into the title of the claimants to attached lands in Bombay, and to recognize only such as would have been good against the king of Portugal (*E.F.*, I, 17). The 22,000 pardaos mentioned by Carré no doubt comprise the 20,000 zerafins, which the landholders agreed to pay under 'Aungier's Convention', signed by both parties to it on 12 November 1672 (ibid., 47), the pardao being another name for the zerafin (*Hobson-Jobson*, 675).

[2] The news of the war with the Dutch had been brought by the Company's ships in September 1672 (*E.F.*, I, 49). The work on the fortifications mentioned by Carré was probably the earthen outwork, containing a large bastion and two half bastions, with a ditch outside it, which is mentioned in Aungier's comprehensive Report on Bombay (F.R., O.C. 3910, f. 12, reproduced in *JBBRAS*, for August 1931, p. 31.)

[3] Bombay was a mere fishing-village when it was handed over by the Portuguese to Humphrey Cooke on 8 February 1665 (*E.F.*, 1665–67, p. 66); and on its transfer by Charles II to the East India Company on 23 September 1668 little had been done to improve the place (*E.F.*, 1668–69, pp. 55, 61, 94). The task of founding the new town fell on Aungier, who became President on Sir George Oxinden's death in July 1669 (ibid., 182–83). He drew up plans for it, as stated by Carré, and was the 'true founder' of Bombay (Hunter, II, 214).

the East, and they keep in it a good garrison and their most valuable merchandise[1].

Tuesday, 29 November. I passed nearly all day in private conversation with the President on the affairs of our European Companies in this country. He showed me the cause of their profits and losses, and the wrong they did to one another in not combining their interests and intellects in several matters, so as to oblige the Indians to comply with their wishes, as the Portuguese did before the coming of the other European nations, who have spoilt everything and seem to have but one aim, namely to ruin one another. The local merchants profit greatly by this, as the three European nations import nearly all the same kind of goods and are often obliged to dispose of them at a considerable loss. He also spoke, with much prudence and sympathy, of the brawls and disorders which he had always seen occurring in our French Company, and said he was surprised to see so many zealous and well-meaning directors spoiling everything by little pin-pricks and quarrels on imaginary points of honour, because of the belief possessed by each of these gentlemen that he was greater or more capable than the others. He also considered it very prejudicial to the advancement and ability of the Company that all the new directors brought with them from France relations, friends, and hangers-on, whom they promoted and put into office and employments, for which they were not fitted. This was very prejudicial to those who were thus deprived of appointments, of which they were more deserving from their practical knowledge of trade and business in this country. Such a thing was absolutely forbidden in the English Company, and the President had express orders not to advance anyone, nor to give any employment by favour, or on any other consideration whatever but that of appointing only those who were found capable from long experience in trade and on a strict examination of their capacities, and even of their morals, while no libertines, nor evil livers, who serve only to ruin business, were permitted among them[2]. In a

[1] Bombay had an English and Indo-Portuguese garrison, then consisting of about 300 men (*E.F.*, I, p. viii); but most of the merchandise was kept at Surat.

[2] The Company in 1669 had issued orders of the kind referred to by Aungier, whereby (with due regard to seniority) preferment was to go to those that were 'most able and fitt for the places whereunto you shall ap[p]oint them . . . without favour or affection'; and 'unfaithfull, unable, slothfull, negligent,

word he showed me the good order, the sound policy, and the beneficial rules, that govern its trade in this country, so that I was no longer astonished at its immense profits and splendour.

Afterwards we had some conversation on the successes of our Viceroy in the East. When he arrived at Surat with his powerful fleet, all India trembled. Everyone hoped that it would be the scourge to humble the pride and arrogance of the Dutch in this country. Yet all the East was surprised and amazed to learn that our Viceroy, on meeting the Dutch fleet, did not oblige it, nor even tell it, to salute the royal flag of France. Then we discussed the establishment that we French had aimed at making in the Bay of Trincomalee, and the President said it was undoubtedly the best and most advantageous move that could possibly be made for our nation, as it gave us an assured harbour for refitting and wintering our ships, which were being lost for want of such a place. Also we had the protection and friendship of the Cingalese king, the most powerful in Ceylon. He said our Viceroy had made a great mistake in not assisting this prince in the plans he had formed, in reliance on help from the French to drive the Dutch from Ceylon. This Cingalese prince had plainly shown his hatred of the Dutch by the assistance of men, food, and everything else in his power, that he had given the French on their arrival in this country[1]. It was astounding to learn that, even while our squadron was in the Bay of Trincomalee, the Dutch actually moored their fleet in full view of it near the bay, and that they had seized two of our French ships, laden with provisions and munitions, without any resistance on our part to these insults[2], and (as a surprising climax) our Viceroy abandoned this place, without fortifying it or leaving a sufficient garrison to defend it against the Dutch, who had brought their fleet there solely for the purpose of driving away the French. It would have been

swearers, or deboiched' servants were to be removed from their 'imployments' (*E.F.*, 1668–69, pp. 186–87). The Company's 'Laws for Bombay', and their general rules, also contained penalties against intemperance and libertinage on the part of their servants (*B.J.*, pp. 24–25; Ovington, p. 237).

[1] Later on (II, ch. III) Carré himself agrees with Aungier's opinion that de la Haye would have done better to have remained at Trincomalee. For references to the negotiations with the king of Kandy and the assistance he gave to the French fleet, see Kaeppelin, p. 92; Delestre, 101–5; Martin, I, 329.

[2] The two French ships seized by the Dutch were the *Phénix* and the *Europe* (Kaeppelin, 93; Delestre, 130–35). Cf. vol. II, ch. III.

much better had our Viceroy stayed in the bay with his fleet to fortify it and supply it with everything necessary for resisting the enemy which he saw so near him. This would have been more advantageous to our nation than the taking of St. Thomé, where the Viceroy and our French were now being besieged by the powerful army and all the forces of the kingdom of Golconda, as we were quite incapable of continuing its defence without prompt help from France. I remarked, therefore, during this conversation with the English President, which lasted all the morning, that he did not much approve of all the plans and enterprises of our Viceroy, nor of the government of our Company. He showed, however, that he was generously inclined and bore great goodwill towards our nation. I have always noticed this, and he gave me a proof of it this very day, in regard to a favour for which I asked him and which he accorded me in a most gallant and obliging manner.

On arrival in this place I had perceived that there were many Frenchmen bearing arms in the English service[1]. I found two whom I knew and who were of good family, MM. Leons and de la Robertierre, one from Blois and the other from Angers. They assured me that they would be delighted to return to Surat with others of our nation, if I could obtain their liberty and discharge from the English President. I therefore went to see him on this subject, and had hardly made my request when he granted it at once in a very kind way. He at once called these two Frenchmen, who came before him. 'Truly,' he said to me, 'you were right in asking for the two young men, a request which I cannot refuse because you have made it, but I assure you it is with real regret, as I have been charmed with their virtue, their wisdom, and their good behaviour.' After having overwhelmed them with praises, he told his secretary to make out for each a certificate of his service and discharge, and having ordered some wine, he drank with them before dismissing them. After this, when I stayed to supper with the President, he told me most obligingly that all the French in this place were at my disposal, and that I might send back to serve our nation all those who wished to return to it. There were also about twenty men now at sea, whom he promised to discharge on their return, if they desired to leave.

[1] As early as 1670, there were three Frenchmen serving in the Bombay garrison (*E.F.*, I, 9).

He said he wished to render all possible service to our nation, notwithstanding that the English Governor at Fort St. George had written that he was very dissatisfied with our French at St. Thomé, and very irritated at our Viceroy there having seized the ship of a very rich English merchant of Fort St. George[1]. This is a somewhat long story of which I will speak more fully in another place [vol. II, ch. IV].

Wednesday, 30 *November*. The English President having procured me a vessel, I left in the morning by sea for Chaoul [Chaul], hugging the coast from fear of meeting Malabar pirates. At three o'clock in the afternoon we passed to the east of two little islands called Candery and Oudery[2], about three leagues from land. The larger one, Khanderi, is the farther out to sea, is covered with woods, and appears to have two small round hills. The other [Underi] is nearer to the land, is flatter, and covered in the centre with some small trees and vegetation. On its south side, extending well into the sea, is a long obstruction, on which we unfortunately ran aground, and had much difficulty in getting our vessel afloat again[3]. Afterwards we coasted and passed the mouth of the river of Tal [Thal], which has two large villages, one on each side. This river extends inland to the east and is bordered by large shady trees, almost like a forest, up to the foot of some mountains where the river turns south and with many windings runs as far as Chaul[4]. In the evening we tied up on another little river for the night, as we did not wish to risk meeting any of the pirates, who generally keep close to the bar of Chaul to seize small ships or boats passing there.

[1] The French on their arrival at St. Thomé had seized the sloop *Ruby*, belonging to William Jearsey, a former chief of the East India Co.'s factory at Masulipatam, who was then a freeman trading at Madras (*E.F.*, II, Madras, 1673; Love, I, 321).

[2] These were the two islands, Underi and Khanderi, generally known as 'Henery Kenery', about seven miles south of Bombay.

[3] The *West Coast of India Pilot*, pp. 218–19, confirms Carré's description of the two islands, and says that 'rocks, dry at low water, extend 3½ cables southward [of Underi], and nearly join the reefs from the mainland'.

[4] Thal is a small port, three miles north of Alibag, and about opposite Henery Kenery. There is a small river about a mile below Thal, which (to use Carré's, but not the English, idiom) flows eastward to some mountains; but it does not then turn towards Chaul. Perhaps Carré refers to the Alibag creek, which (to use the same idiom) flows south-east to within some three miles of Chaul, but this does not go near any mountains.

Thursday, 1 December. I entered the Chaul river[1], where there were two ships and some smaller craft anchored under the castle. On landing I called on the Portuguese Governor, who received me with great courtesy; but as soon as he learnt I had come from France he thought my object was to observe the state of this place, and asked me several questions about it. In spite of inquisitive inquiries on my part, I never could find out why most of the Portuguese in India are convinced that their King intends to give this town to the King of France; and seeing that several other fidalgos, who came there, had the same idea as the Governor, I did not choose to allay their suspicions. And to keep them in suspense, I would not let them know the object of my voyage, and to all their questions I gave the same answer that I was going to Goa to treat with their Viceroy on some important affairs. This confirmed them in their belief, and I was much amused at the rumour that at once spread all over the town that the French were soon coming to take possession of Chaul. Wherever I went, fidalgos and other inhabitants followed me about, trying by civil questions to find out something from me about this rumour; and I gave them the same reply as I had given to the others. Even when I visited the churches, the priests and monks came to congratulate me on my arrival and on the good news I had brought, in the hope that the French would restore to them the revenues and privileges that they had lost owing to the prevailing poverty. Some of them, believing the thing was settled, gave me the following advice as essential for the public tranquillity. They told me that they had never allowed Hindus or heathens among their Christians in the town, and that, when the French came to take possession of it, they must not have any heretics with them, because of the Holy Inquisition, which would not suffer such people in the place.

But the Portuguese, with their questions, suggestions, and good advice, were nothing compared to the local banians [Hindu traders] and merchants, who on hearing the rumour which was all over the place, came in troops to the lodgings I had taken in the middle of the town, to offer me their services. Some informed me that they were brokers for the English; others that they had

[1] The harbour at Chaul (now known as Revadanda) is the mouth of the Kundalika river, otherwise called the Roha creek.

formerly lived at Surat in French employ, and to confirm their statements they produced papers full of French words which they had written in an attempt to learn our tongue. A decent old white-haired man said that he knew more of the local trade than any of the others, including dealing in European goods. He had been trading in Chaul before the vogue of Surat, which was only since the Portuguese had been driven out of Hormuz and the Persian Gulf[1]. I was much pleased at the visits of these merchants, whom I treated very civilly, praising their zeal and affection for our nation, and assuring them that their good-will would not be forgotten, when we were in possession of the town.

As they were all so zealous to let me know their desire to serve the French, I told them that those who found me a ship for Goa most quickly would render me a great service, as I had urgent business with the Viceroy there. They all promised that they would do what they could for me; but next day they came to tell me that it was impossible to hire one to undertake the voyage to Goa, on account of seven or eight pirates, who (they heard) were off that coast, and had seized six or seven small merchantmen in the last three days[2]. This news had so frightened the seamen that they declined to risk their ships and their people, no matter what reward was promised. The merchants assured me, however, that some almadias were expected from Bassein shortly. These are semi-galleys which do not fear pirates, on account of their superior speed, both with sail and oars[3]. They were going on to Goa, and were the surest and safest means of transport that I could find. The other alternative was to go by the land-route which was no less dangerous and difficult, being full of soldiers belonging to King Shivaji, the Sidi, and other coastal princes, who pillage and

[1] The old man's statement was of course untrue. In 1514 Surat was described as an important seaport by the Portuguese traveller Barbosa, and during the reigns of Akbar and Jahangir (i.e. before the Portuguese were driven from the Persian Gulf) it became one of the chief commercial cities of India.

[2] In a letter of 21 December 1672 to the Company (O.C. 3722, f. 25) Aungier said there was a strong force of Malabar pirates off Dabhol (a port about 100 miles south of Bombay) towards the end of November (*E.F.*, I, 52).

[3] Port. *almadia*, from Moorish Ar. *al-ma'diya*, lit. a raft (*Hobson-Jobson*, p. 15). Pietro della Valle similarly described them as 'light vessels that are called *almadia*, and are of the swiftness that are not at all afraid of pirates' (*Travels in India*, I, 121–22).

ravage one another[1]; besides all this, the roads went by mountains, defiles, and rivers, which would be difficult and tiring to cross.

I was, therefore, obliged to stay some days at this place, and thus had time to visit it inside and out. It is situated in an advantageous position, having the sea on one side and the river on the other, while it is well fortified towards the land. It is surrounded by a strong wall with eleven bastions, which protect each other, three facing the sea, and the others the river and the land-side. Round all this lies a large ditch which could be filled with water from the sea or the river, without much trouble[2]. The Governor is a well set-up fidalgo, who holds the post from the King of Portugal. He had only been there a few years, and had come from Lisbon with his wife and family. I visited several beautiful churches and convents, which formerly enjoyed large revenues and many privileges. They have lost all these by a strange reverse in the affairs of the Portuguese in this country who now 'fly only with one wing'; so I found the majority of these churches and convents deserted, as was also the case with the rest of the town, where only a quarter of the streets and houses were inhabited. The castle of the Governor adjoins the town, and commands the port and the land-side, where it is well fortified, so as to curb the Hindu Governor of King Shivaji, who resides about a cannon-shot's distance away in a town on the same river, which forms the port of Chaul[3]. This keeps the Portuguese rather closed in and prevents them from repelling, or undertaking anything against, the people on the mainland.

There is also at the entrance of the bar of Chaul a small high

[1] The Sidi's fleet had lately been burning and plundering Shivaji's sea-ports along the coast (*E.F.*, I, 56; Orme, *Historical Fragments*, p. 39). The Sidi was the admiral of the Mughal fleet, which in 1672 began its troublesome visits to Bombay (*E.F.*, I, 55–56).

[2] In 1634 there were only nine bastions; but two more were added later on (*Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, XI, 289–90), and Carré's description of the fort shows that this was prior to 1672. The same applies to the construction of the moat or ditch round the fort (ibid., 289–90, 294, 299).

[3] With the exception of the walls of the fort, and those of the enclosure in which the castle stood, all Portuguese (or lower) Chaul is now in ruins, including the churches and monasteries (*Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, XI, 292–97). Upper Chaul was of course inhabited by Hindus and Muhammadans long before the time of Shivaji, who appears to have captured it in 1660 (Grant Duff, I, 144, 154) and not in 1672, as stated in *Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, XI, 285. He had a representative there in 1668 (*E.F.*, 1668–69, p. 73).

island, with a strong fortress on its summit, which commands both the sea and the town. Its Governor has nothing to do with Chaul, being sent there by the Viceroy of Goa. It was one of the first Portuguese fortresses in India, and is much older than Chaul. It was very useful to the Portuguese in the first wars against several little kings of this country, who did all they could to prevent a Portuguese settlement in their territories, but who were finally conquered and driven out[1]. Those who remained were merchants and traders, and were only too glad to put themselves under the protection of the victors, to whom they gave everything that was demanded. To oblige the Portuguese, they even built this town of Chaul at the mouth of the river, and fortified it as it is to-day, without its costing the Portuguese anything[2]. The outskirts are very pleasant on the land-side, where, on leaving the town, there is a large district inhabited by all sorts of native merchants and some black Christians. At the end of it a broad open space forms a market for all sorts of supplies, where provisions, unobtainable in the town, are generally sold. It is bordered with country-houses, some rows of trees, and a fine convent of the Recollects[3], where there are still two or three monks. This open plot is the ordinary promenade of the townspeople.

About an eighth of a league away lies the old town called Upper Chaul, where I took a walk. It is almost surrounded by two rivers, which water all the neighbouring country[4]. I found

[1] This is the Korlai fort, which is on a peninsula, not on an island. Carré is wrong about its history: it was built by King Burhan II in or about 1592 (i.e. after the Portuguese had settled at Chaul in 1516), and was captured by them in 1594 (*Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, XI, 277-79, 328-29; Da Cunha, *JBBRAS*, XII, 93-95, 133-35).

[2] These statements are also wrong. The history of Chaul goes back many centuries before the Portuguese came there. From 1509 it was under the protection of their fleet. In 1516 King Burhan (1508-53) allowed the Portuguese to build a factory there; and in 1521-24 they built the fort there with his permission (*Imp. Gaz. Ind.*, X, 184; *Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, XI, 275-79; *JBBRAS*, XII, 83, 94). The story about its being built without cost to the Portuguese may have arisen from the one (equally untrustworthy) about the matrons and maidens of Chaul offering their jewels to the Viceroy of Goa for an enterprise in 1546 (*JBBRAS*, XII, 91-92).

[3] As to the ruins of the Franciscan church and monastery, see *Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, XI, 296-97.

[4] One of these rivers is probably the Alibag creek (cf. p. 186): the other may be the river Rāmrāj, which joins the river Kundalika about four miles above Chaul, and has a westerly course of about six miles (*Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, XI, 9).

it much larger than the other one, being crowded with Moors and Hindus and other natives of the country, who enrich it by their great trade. The Portuguese are never seen there, not having dared to show themselves since King Shivaji took possession of it. He has a Governor there with some companies of soldiers to gather in his revenue.

After four days' stay I became impatient; and as some merchants continued to follow me, I begged them to find me some reliable coolies and a palanquin. I had resolved to proceed by land, as I could find no almadias or ships for a sea voyage. They immediately brought me eight strong men, whom the Governor guaranteed as honest, being carriers ordinarily employed by him. While they were preparing what was necessary for the journey, I went to Upper Chaul to see Shivaji's Governor. I informed him that I was French and wished to go by land to our factory at Rajapur on our Company's affairs; and that having heard that the troops of his master Shivaji were guarding the roads, I had come to ask him for a passport to help me on my journey. This Governor gave me a very civil reply, saying he was delighted to have the chance of doing me this little service, as he knew the affection and esteem that his king had for our nation: whereupon he gave me what I wished, and on taking leave of him I rewarded his civility by a little present. I then returned to my lodgings to get everything in order for my departure the next day.

That evening something rather amusing, which I cannot omit, happened to me. About eight o'clock at night, as I was at supper, somebody rapped at my door, but so gently that no one heard it at first. At last one of my servants heard the noise, and went to see what it was. I was very surprised when he came to tell me that three Portuguese ladies wished to speak to me. I at once rose from the table to go and see what they wanted, and found they were already at the door of my room, which was large and low. Common civility compelled me to invite them to come in, which they did in a modest and serious manner. There were an old lady, one middle-aged, and the third a blonde, quite young. They were all very fair for Indo-Portuguese, and well enough dressed. The eldest at once began her compliments at the joy she had on hearing the good news I had brought, namely that Chaul was soon to be peopled by good Frenchmen, Christians like themselves. This would be a great consolation to many

Portuguese families, who had come down in the world through the troubles of the time. The good lady took to tears and began to give me a genealogy of her ancestors and those of her late husband; they apparently had all held most honourable positions in India. She said she was the widow of a very distinguished fidalgo, who had left her with these two girls now with her, and she implored me to help them in their fervent wish to marry Frenchmen. She said they could hope for this on account of their parentage and their having an aldea in the country, which kept them in honourable comfort. 'Why, Madam,' I replied, when she had finished her harangue, 'is it possible that, coming from a race and ancestry as illustrious as you have just told me, you have not been able to find some worthy Portuguese here to marry these two lovely girls, who from their appearance seem to me to have good qualities to match their beauty and outward charms?' 'Ah, Seigneur,' said this worthy mother, 'in the name of St. Antony, do not speak to me of the local Portuguese. They are chiefly miserable soldiers—horrors, worn out and without vigour: all they possess is an old rapier in their hand and a dagger at their side; they ape fidalgos, but have hardly anything else but rice and salt fish to eat. If they happen to get employment on land or sea, they spend everything on gaming and debauchery. If they are men who have come from Portugal and are called by us reinols, they are too grand and haughty, even though they come from the dregs of the people, as they generally do. The moment they arrive in India they are all fidalgos, marquises, barons, and counts; and if they do marry an Indo-Portuguese they demand a large sum of money as well as a considerable dowry, though they have not a penny or anything else to recommend them. There,' said this worthy lady, all in tears, 'this has been the ruin of the Portuguese from the time when they were all-powerful. They had the ambition, then as now, to prefer as a son-in-law, a reinol, however poor and miserable, to the richest and most opulent Portuguese born in India. Simply for the stupid vanity of seeing their grandchildren of pure Portuguese issue, they give all their goods and immense riches to scoundrels and brutes, who would squander even the revenue of the Great Mughal, if they could get hold of it. Surely this is one of the principal things which has reduced the Portuguese affairs to the pitiable state in which they now are; and this has given me a deep disgust for those of my nation. If they

married them, my poor girls would be like slaves and in misery for the rest of their lives, and it would be a martyrdom to me, as long as I lived.' With tears still falling (for she had them ready, as is usual with women when they want something) this good lady again begged me, as earnestly as she could, to try to get for her girls what they desired so passionately, namely, French husbands.

I must admit that I found myself somewhat embarrassed, not knowing how to get rid of these charming Portuguese ladies, who were well trained in modesty and reticence before their mother. They had apparently to make a great effort to reply to the few civil words which I spoke to them; but I perceived that, if they had been alone, they would have pleaded their cause much better than their mother, even though that good lady had spared me nothing. Finally, desiring to rid myself of them in a way that would not quite discourage them, I promised that when the French did come to Chaul, I would do my utmost to procure what they wished, if they were then still unmarried. With this they were very satisfied; and the mother, having learnt somehow that I was leaving next day by land for Goa, told me she wished to show me the aldea and the possessions that her daughters had in the country. This was on the way by which I had to go; and knowing also that I had engaged a boat to do a day's journey up the river, she asked me if, without inconvenience to myself, she could have a passage in it to her aldea. Pure civility obliged me to consent, and I thus sent them away full of hopes.

Tuesday, 6 December. All my people came in the morning, ready to start. I sent them with my baggage and all the equipment of my palanquin to the boat, which was got ready for me, while I took leave of the Portuguese Governor. I stayed with him about a quarter of an hour, talking of unimportant things. Afterwards I went straight down to the harbour, where I found my boat full of people who wished to travel to various villages on the river. I was angry with the captain, and told him I intended to be master, and that no one, except my servants, were to be allowed on board: otherwise I would take another boat. This obliged him to disembark all the Hindus and merchants, who encumbered us; and only my own people were left, besides some Portuguese, whom I did not wish to treat like the natives. My Portuguese lady arrived just as I was starting, and I gave her the best place I could;

one of her daughters was with her, and both were muffled up with mantles in Castilian fashion.

We ascended the river all day, well inland to the south; and at ten o'clock at night we arrived at a place called Esteymin[1], where we left the river, which is tidal up to this place. Afterwards it continues its course through mountains and hills, the valleys in which are fertile with rice and grain. As soon as we had landed, my Portuguese lady called her servants in the aldea to take my baggage, which she sent to her house, a little distance away from the river. Here I passed the rest of the night with all my people.

Wednesday, 7 December. While my coolies were setting up my palanquin, the Portuguese lady showed me the beauties of her house, her lands, trees, and gardens, and wanted to keep me all day, and possibly longer. She wished to inform me about her income and the rents that she received from this aldea; but at eight o'clock, seeing that my equipage was ready to start, I took leave of my hostesses, and continued my journey through a large and fertile valley between very high mountains. After having marched about six leagues, again we came to the river and had great difficulty in finding a ford[2]. At midday we reached Tatoly, at the foot of a high mountain[3]. There we had to pay a toll, which goes towards the maintenance of those who guard these roads from thieves and brigands. We continued in the valley for eight more leagues and at night arrived at a large village called Calvan[4], which is inhabited only by Hindus, and where I was obliged to pass the night. Here I found some of Shivaji's officers, who came to see me in the resolute hope of getting something considerable out of me for my journey. But my passport effectively made them take a lower key, and they were content with the trifle I gave them.

[1] 'Esteymin' is Ashtami, just above Roha, on the north bank of the river Kundalika. Fryer (I, 199) calls it 'Esthemy', and Forbes (*Oriental Memoirs*, I, 211) 'Ustom'. Roha is the limit of the tide in the river (*Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, XI, 3). It rises in the Sahyādris in the Bhor State, so flows through mountains and hills to Kolād, about six miles (in a straight line) from Roha (ibid., pp. 8–9).

[2] This was probably the river Kundalika, near Kolad, where the road from Nagotna crosses it.

[3] 'Tatoly' may be a corruption of Chinchavli, at the foot of a mountain shown as rising to 1,296 ft. on Sheet 47—F.3 and F.7; or it may be a mistake for Talavli, about one mile away.

[4] 'Calvan' must be Kalvan, about eight miles (in a straight line) from Chinchavli, and four miles north of Māngaon.

Thursday, 8 *December*. We continued our journey at daybreak until noon, when we rested for an hour to refresh ourselves at a small town called Gorigan[1], which is inhabited by both Moors and Hindus. All the rest of the day we followed the road between fertile mountain-slopes, where we met many of Shivaji's troops. They were retreating in disorder from an expedition in which they had been worsted by the army of the Cydy [Sidi]. He is a Moor, and a very powerful governor of a strong port on the sea-shore, a little above Dabul [Dabhol][2], who guards the interests of the Mughal, and gives Shivaji much trouble by the incursions he makes on his territory. We arrived that evening at Pange-tera, situated on a hill overhanging a large river. This, here, divides into five equal branches, which form five separate rivers, each flowing in a different district. Hence the village draws its name of Pange-tera, which means in the local tongue pange [panch], five, tera, river, i.e. five river[s][3].

We were very surprised on arrival to find the place deserted. All the inhabitants had fled to the neighbouring mountains with their families and cattle, as everyone along this river was in terror of the Sidi's people, who had come up it to within three leagues off, with many armed boats, filled with soldiers. They had sacked the villages and burnt two little ships and other craft, which Shivaji was building on this river[4]. So, finding ourselves alone and lords of the village, we had a choice of houses to live in. The inhabitants, who had taken refuge in the neighbouring mountains, watched us from the heights for some time before letting

[1] 'Gorigan' is Goregaon, a town about five miles south of Māngaon. The 1881 census showed 521 houses and 2,830 people, of whom 2,370 were Hindus, and 460 Mussulmans (*Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, XI, 316).

[2] This refers to the fort of Janjira, otherwise known as Danda Rājpuri, the head-quarters of the Sidi.

[3] This village must have been in the neighbourhood of Dasgaon, which lies on the river Savitri nnder a mountain rising to 1,753 ft. (Sheet 47—F.8). The name 'Panchtera' has not been traced, but *tera* may be a corruption of Skt. *dhārā* or *tarangini*, meaning stream or river, cf. Mar. *panchdhārā*, five streams, and Skt. *Panchatarangini* for a place near Amarnath Cave where five rivers flow side by side (*Rajatarangini*, tr. Stein, II, 409). Near Dasgaon, the river Savitri is joined by four large tributaries, viz. the Kal, Gondhari, Ghod, and Nageshvari (*Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, XI, 10–11), so it might be similarly named.

[4] The Sidi's men in 1672 not only attacked places on the sea coast, but landed in several creeks and rivers, on which they burnt the towns and villages (Orme, p. 39).

us know where they were in hiding. Finally, seeing the big fire we had lit at the foot of a large tree for our cooking, four or five crept down to tell us we were in great danger if we stayed there. They expected to see their enemies land there at the next high tide, which comes up to the village, as the sea is only four or five leagues away. They told us we could go on to a little village called Mare[1], belonging to Shivaji, only two leagues on, where we would be in safety. However, I learnt from my people that it was not on our route, and that we would be obliged to cross the river where we were, so I resolved not to leave till next day. I made my people keep guard all night, and put everything ready for defence at the slightest sound. It was not necessary to tell them to keep good watch, as the stories the inhabitants told them of the Sidi's people alarmed them so much that no one thought of sleeping all the night.

Friday, 9 December. At daybreak, seeing a little boat coming down the river, I sent my men to stop it, in order that it might take us across. After that we went through an agreeable and fertile lowland extending over about five leagues, at the end of which we came into a mountainous district. It is fertile and inhabited, with several villages hidden in a sort of forest of large fruit-trees. That evening we arrived at Mignere[2], a very wild and terrible place, being surrounded by high wooded mountains, where the sun's rays could hardly penetrate even at noon. In this solitary glen we found three villages inhabited by a kind of Hindus, some of the most superstitious in India. These showed us a [place in the] bazar, where travellers generally stayed, as they thought their houses would be polluted and they themselves excommunicated, if anybody of another caste were to enter their dwellings.

The next day, the 10th, we left at daybreak and were five hours climbing and descending the Nelephore mountain[3]. It is about a league high, fertile and agreeable, as it is all covered with fruit-

[1] I.e. Mahad, five miles east of Dasgaon. Forbes (*Oriental Memoirs*, I, 200) calls it 'Marre'.

[2] 'Mignere' is probably Vinhera, in the south-west corner of the Mahad subdivision of the Kolaba district. It lies in the Nageshvari river valley, and in a mountainous tract. For a similar substitution of *m* for *v*, cf. Tavernier's (*Travels*, I, 142) Mingrela for Vengurla.

[3] The Nelephore mountain may denote the pass at Poladpur, which was on the route followed by Carré.

trees, grass, grain, and some streams which flow around it. Arriving at its foot we entered a very populous valley, where we passed through several villages. At midday we had to climb another mountain, no less rough than the first one, with only a little narrow track where two people could hardly walk abreast. I thought we would never get out of it, but finally we managed to traverse this unpleasant path and entered on a large plain, in the middle of which we stopped at a pretty town called Kaire[1]. This we also found almost deserted and abandoned by its inhabitants, who had fled into the woods and mountains to escape the ravages and burnings committed by the Sidi's troops, wherever they could go by water: they had, therefore, abandoned this town, as it was on the river, only six leagues from the sea, and ships can come right up to it with the tide. This did not, however, prevent us from putting up there and passing the night without any fear of the Sidi.

Sunday, 11 *December*. Having crossed the Khed river by boat in the early morning, we continued our journey between several mountains by fertile and pleasant lowlands, where the grass was so high that it covered anyone walking in it. Afterwards we had the same weary time as on the preceding day—climbing a very high mountain, which took us five long hours to cross. On the way I was surprised to meet an immense number of people, in troops of eighty or a hundred persons, both men and women, all laden with large sacks, or big chests, of rice and grain. They were coming from every side, and I asked them where they were going with all this food. They replied that they were taking it to Shivaji's forts for the garrisons and soldiers who protected the country-side[2], and that all villages for fifteen leagues round were obliged to take their grain there.

We arrived that evening at Chypoulna [Chiplun], a small town, watered by a fine river. There were a number of troops assembled here for the defence of this place against the attacks of the Sidis, who during the last few days had burnt and sacked the town of Dabhol and some neighbouring places. They had seized

[1] 'Kaire' is Khed, the chief town of the subdivision of that name in the Ratnagiri district. It lies at the head of the Jogvadi river and is surrounded by hills.

[2] The forts referred to may have included Rasālgad, twelve miles west of Khed, and Prachigad, *alias* Uchitgad, six miles west of Sangameshwar.

the occasion of Shivaji's absence on other expeditions, far away from his territory, on which he had taken all his army[1]. This town is large, well-peopled, and with good trade. While I was resting there a pattamar, or courier, passed by. He had been sent by our Company at Rajapur to take to Surat some packets which had come from St. Thomé, reporting on the state of our Viceroy's affairs. Next day I found the way quite pleasant amid fertile valleys and plains, surrounded by high mountains. There were also many villages with trees, streams, green hills and fields.

Tuesday, 13 *December.* In the morning, while crossing a little plain, we saw a large number of people running about in great alarm, with arms in their hands, and shouting to one another at the tops of their voices. I was surprised at this spectacle and stopped a little, as I could not imagine what caused them to run about like lunatics, until I heard two or three musket-shots in a place nearby, from which there suddenly burst out a troop of wild boar, a raging tiger, and two powerful beasts about the size and shape of a camel, called neroux by the local people[2]. These beasts had come at night from the neighbouring mountains and forests in search of food in the country-side, and they had so alarmed the neighbouring villages that everybody had gone in pursuit of them, so that some of the animals were prevented from regaining their lairs. This was not without great risk and danger to these villagers, as they had only wounded the tiger, which was so infuriated that it turned against its pursuers. It tore two men in pieces, and severely wounded several others before they were able to slay it. I stayed nearly an hour watching this tragic spectacle, in which I took a part, giving the final shot with my gun that killed this furious beast. I then continued on my road, as I could not bear to hear the cries and pitiable lamentations of the wives and children and the other villagers who had rushed to the spot. Their howls were worse than those of the wild beasts that live in these mountains.

[1] In June and July Shivaji's forces were engaged in taking Jawhar and Ramnagar (p. 169 *ante*), and in November he sent his cavalry to make raids in Khandesh and Berar (Sarkar, *Shivaji*, pp. 95–96; Grant Duff, pp. 209–10).

[2] 'Neroux' = Nilu, denoting the nilgai, or blue bull, the largest antelope in India. Carré's comparison of it with a camel agrees with its Latin name, *Boselaphus tragocamelus* (i.e. goat-camel): see Blanford, *Fauna of India*, Mammalia, p. 517. It is now unknown in the limits of the Ratnagiri district (*Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, x, 46).

At noon we arrived at the foot of some mountains covered with woods. Here I saw a quantity of people, some quite naked and some half-clad, while others were asleep under the trees with their clothes, which are only very thin pieces of cloth, stretched along the branches to dry in the sun. Seeing a thick smoke come out between the trees at the end of a little ditch, I was surprised and could not imagine what it was. One of my servants, however, explained that the place was sacred and much revered by Hindus, who came from all parts to wash in a hot spring, which was supposed to cleanse them from all sins of the soul and infirmities of the body. I advanced nearer the place where I had seen the naked men. My people, being nearly all Hindus, did not wish to pass without bathing and thus benefiting by the indulgences gained from it. They stayed at least two hours to perform their ceremonies. A very remarkable thing in this spot is the existence of two springs of water, only four feet apart, falling from the slope of a high rock, in such abundance that they form a stream; this runs along a channel between two slopes to a neighbouring plain, where it has its bed. The water of one of these springs is clear and so cold that you can hardly bear it; but that of the other, which has a large basin built of fine stones, is boiling and so hot that to bathe one is obliged to use the place where the two streams join, thus forming a natural and most pleasant bath[1]. I bathed also to please my servants, who wished to persuade me that these waters were very beneficial.

At night we stayed at the town of Chinquecher [Sangameshwar], which we found deserted by most of its inhabitants. There were only a few, besides soldiers who had rushed in from all sides to fortify themselves against the Sidi's attacks[2]. I settled myself in a large abandoned house; but shortly afterwards a troop of horsemen, with some courtesans, arrived there and almost insulted me for taking this house. I refused to give it up, and seeing their arrogance and pride, I showed them my passport. I also told them threateningly that I should know how to get

[1] There are hot springs (most of which have been enclosed in cisterns) near the town of Sangameshwar, and at the villages of Aravli and Tural, which are about nine and six miles respectively from Sangameshwar (*Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, x, 21). Carré probably saw the two springs of water at one of these villages.

[2] Sangameshwar lies on the river Shastri, and was formerly 'an excellent harbour for shipping' (Hamilton, I, 138), hence the danger from the Sidi. It is not now a port, owing to the silting up of the creek (*Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, x, 371).

satisfaction from their king Shivaji, if they offered me the least insult, and that they would do well to look for another house of which there was no lack, as the town was nearly empty. They finally saw that I was getting angry, as I had taken up my pistols and also given my servants arms; so they began to climb down, and told me that it was a mistake, and that they did not know I was one of the Frenchmen at Rajápur, for whom they had great affection. They offered me their services, and saying they wanted to make friends with me, asked me if I had any wine, and proposed sending for fowls, rice, and such like things for supper, which they wished to eat with me. I thanked them quickly, and to get rid of them I said I had already taken my meal, and that I had no wine left since the preceding day. I also told them I was tired from climbing mountains all day and wished to rest. In this way I set myself free from the importunities and offers of such people, whose acquaintance could be of no good or use to me. On the two following days I continued my journey among perilous mountains and ravines.

Friday, 16 December. We arrived at Rájapur[1] about noon. I went to our Company's factory, which is in the middle of the town on a height running down to the river. Our Frenchmen received me cordially, and I was delighted to see the good order, the economy, and the charming manner of living, that reigned in this factory. There was no gaming, no debauchery nor disorder, and above all, no jealousies. On the contrary everything was so well ordered that no convent [i.e. monastery] in France, however austere, could have been better regulated[2]. There was a black Portuguese priest who daily said Mass, and everyone attended it. The mornings were occupied in affairs and transactions of the factory, and the afternoons in its business in the town with merchants and local traders; while the evenings were given over to recreation and walks in a little garden, which they have a cannon-shot away from the town; or one could take a boat there, as it was on the river. There is also a curious hot spring with a

[1] Rajapur is about thirty-five miles south of Sangameshwar, so Carré's journey would take at least two days. The route lies through mountainous country.

[2] Cf. Streynsham Master's description of the English Surat factory under Aungier as 'a most excellent govern'd factory, indeed more like into [*sic*] a colledge, monasterie, or a house under religious orders than any other' (*Hedges' Diary*, II, 206).

large basin used for bathing[1]. In the evening, before retiring, the chapel-bell calls everyone to prayers, which take place at eight o'clock. It is also pleasant to see the affection, esteem and goodwill that the prince and the local people show to our French establishment here, being delighted with their kindness, sincerity, and good methods in all business and trade. This does not surprise me, as all these things are due to the virtue and probity of M. Boureau, chief of the factory. He keeps all the trade in his hands and conducts it with no other aim than in the fear of God, and for the profit, interests and honour of his nation and the Company he serves. I was very sorry at not meeting him this time, as he had gone to Tellicherry, where (under orders from the directors-general at Surat) he was to dissolve the factory and remove all its effects, as I have already mentioned [pp. 152–55].

The town of Rajapur is a principal one under Shivaji, who frequently stays in a spot near this town[2]. It is built on a pleasant hill, at the foot of which is a fine river, navigable for small ships from the sea to the town at high tide[3]. It is inhabited by Moors, Hindus, and some strangers engaged in commerce. It has also some rich merchants, whose ships trade in the Red Sea, in Persia, at Basra, and with the whole of India. I stayed here two days to change my palanquin- and baggage-coolies. Our French here had a Surat boat [MS. *both*] that had been lately seized by Malabar pirates, with a large sum of money and much merchandise, on its way from Surat to Rajapur. Shivaji had bought it very cheaply from the pirates and had restored it to the French, who were putting it into order to send back to Surat again.

Monday, 19 December. I left Rajapur about ten o'clock in the morning, and crossed the river by boat. We then had to climb another difficult mountain, but on its summit we found a flat

[1] Hamilton (I, 139) says 'there are fine artificial cisterns for water [at Rajapur], and a natural hot bath, within three yards of a very cold one'. Peter Mundy, who saw the hot bath in November 1655 (V, 61), says 'it runs with a good streame, as bigge as a mans arme, in a stone gutter . . . into a little tanke'. The hot spring bath, which lies at the foot of a hill about a mile from the town, is still much frequented (*Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, X, 361).

[2] Thus Shivaji visited Rajapur in 1675, and was interviewed by John Child (*E.F.*, I, 256).

[3] According to Peter Mundy (V, 66) it was navigable for ships up to 100 tons. Large vessels anchored off Jaitapur at the mouth of the river (ibid., 52; *E.F.*, I, 257n.).

and smooth path, which we followed all day and night until we reached upper Corepatan[1]—a pretty town six leagues from the sea and lying on the river of Correpatan. That place is a large fort on a rock washed by the waves of the sea on one side, and on the other by the river, so that it is surrounded by water like an island[2]. Shivaji had driven out the Sidi governor from it, and since then had kept a garrison there to guard the town and the river.

I made good progress on the two following days, passing two towns, four rivers, and a great many villages, always between mountains and in pleasant and fertile valleys. These are watered by several streams that fall from the mountains and form large rivers in the valleys, whence they descend to the sea by devious ways, fertilising the surrounding country in their course.

Thursday, 22 December. I arrived at Bande [Banda][3] in the evening, and learning that there was a church under the Bishop of Bycholin [Bicholim][4], I went to it and was courteously received by three Canarin priests, who serve this church. It is finely situated on an eminence about a cannon-shot away from the town. Banda is an extensive town, and lies in a lowland covered with large trees, which hide most of the houses. It is watered by a good river, full of fish, and is under the rule of one of Shivaji's governors, a very powerful man[5]. He always has a force of cavalry and several companies of infantry to oppose any designs or

[1] I.e. Kharepatan, about twenty-five miles up the Vaghotan river.

[2] Kharepatan has a fort, about an acre in extent, on a hill overlooking the town (*Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, x, 342–43); but from the varied spelling of Corepatan and its being called a large fort, washed by the sea, it seems that Carré means the well-known fort of Gheriah or Vijayadurg, at the mouth of the river, which Shivaji had captured *c.* 1662 (Grant Duff, I, 153), and to which his description otherwise applies. Thus the map of W. India (No. 76) in Lett's *Complete Atlas* (1888) shows it as on an island. Tavernier (*Travels*, I, 146–47) and Fryer (I, map opp. p. 131) also call this fort Kharepatan. Carré may have seen it on his voyage down the Malabar coast in 1668.

[3] Banda is about six miles below the town of Sawantwadi, on the right bank of the river Terekhol, some twenty miles from the sea. On a mound seventy-five feet high, within a musket-shot of the Terekhol, now stand the ruins of a small fort (*Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, x, 463–64). The church mentioned by Carré may also have been on it.

[4] Bicholim, which was then in the Bijapur kingdom (p. 206), but is now in Portuguese territory, lies eight miles north of Goa.

[5] Shivaji had conquered Sawantwadi in 1662 according to Grant Duff, I, 152–53, or in 1664 according to Sarkar, *Shivaji*, 236.

enterprises of the governors of the King of Bijapur in the neighbouring districts.

By travelling all the next day, 23rd, I reached the town of Bicholim in the evening. I stayed with the bishop, M. d'Hyerapolis, who lives here as a rule[1]. He has a fine church and a seminary[2], which he was having much trouble in keeping up, owing to the persecutions, not only of the Moors and enemies of our Holy Faith, but also of the Portuguese at Goa, who disliked him so much that there was no indignity or insult that they have not

[1] It seems fairly certain that the Bishop of Bicholim was the one mentioned by Manucci (I, 211) as 'Dom Matheus of Canarese race', who had an interview with Shah Jahan. According to Mr. Irvine's note about him (IV, 423), he was a converted Brahman, afterwards known as Matheus de Castro, who came from the island of Divar near Goa. He was educated and ordained priest at Goa, then went to Rome to study at the newly founded College of the Propaganda, and having taken the degree of Doctor of Theology returned to India, where he became prior of a church in old Goa. Sir Edward Maclagan's *The Jesuits and the Great Mogul*, p. 111, varies this by saying he was the son of a Brahman and his wife at Divar, whom the Portuguese had previously converted; and after holding some menial posts with the Franciscans, he became servant to a Portuguese noble, with whom he made the journey to Portugal. Thence he went to Rome, where he was ordained as a priest. Both accounts agree that on a subsequent visit to Rome he joined the congregation of St. Philip Neri, and was in 1637 made Bishop of Chrysopolis (i.e. of Scutari on the Bosphorus) *in partibus*. According to Maclagan, at the end of 1639 he returned to India, and quarrelled with the Viceroy and Archbishop at Goa. He afterwards went to Bijapur, and a year or two later sailed to Mocha, and thence to Rome; but by the end of 1650 he was back in India, organizing, it was said, a rebellion of Brahmans against the Goa authorities. Being Vicar Apostolic of the kingdoms of the Great Mughal, Bijapur, and Golconda, he then went to Agra to inspect the Jesuits' 'Mogor Mission'. It was probably about this time (1651) that he had his interview with Shah Jahan. Irvine adds that *c.* 1652 he took up his residence at Bicholim (not then in Portuguese territory), as his appointment had not been approved by the King of Portugal. Later on he went to Rome to meet charges of sedition and irregularity which had been sent to the Pope against him; and he died there in 1679 (Maclagan, 113; Irvine, IV, 423). He was born in 1607, so would have been aged 65, when Carré saw him, and his mother would be (say) 85.

The bishop must have taken the title corresponding to the French 'd'Hyerapolis' from Hierapolis, a Phrygian city, about six miles north of Laodicea (the modern Denizli) in Asia Minor. It was the seat of an early church (cf. St. Paul's epistle to the Colossians, IV, 13), and would be in his diocese as Bishop of Chrysopolis. This, plus his differences with the Goa authorities, identifies him as the Bishop Matheus mentioned above.

[2] Bishop Matheus is said to have built the church of San Salvador at Bicholim, as well as the one at Banda (Manucci, IV, 423).

inflicted on him, without consideration of his position. This saintly prelate has suffered all this injury with angelic patience and humility. In the evening after prayers, this good bishop took me aside for a private conversation. He told me of all the insults continually received from these Portuguese, who had conceived such a hatred against him that they had tried several times to kidnap him in order to bring him before the Inquisition at Goa. They proposed to send him to Portugal by the first ship for punishment, because (said these Portuguese) he had come from Rome, and been sent by the Holy College of Foreign Missions with the authority of the Pope, but without the permission of the King of Portugal whom they alone recognized as the supreme spiritual and temporal head in India[1]. However, these Goa Portuguese, having failed in spite of all their tricks to seize the holy bishop, tried a ruse invented by the worst enemies of this prelate, whose name I do not dare to give, so powerful are they and feared to-day by everyone. They imagined they had to deal with a miserable Indian who lacked (as the majority do) honour and sense, and was quite ignorant; so that they would not fail to draw him into their trap. They sent an honourable embassy from Goa to inform him that it was intended to recognize his position and to render him all the honours due to his episcopal dignity. But, to obtain these favours, he was told to request the Viceroy at Goa to grant him liberty to go to Goa and exercise his episcopal functions there for a few days, after which he would be permitted to return to his bishopric at Bicholim and live peacefully among the people of his own nation. The prelate, however, had been warned of the designs of his enemies. He sent a reply to Goa worthy of his dignity, to wit, that he was astonished to receive such a ridiculous proposal; that he had never shown any desire, far less sought, for recognition of his position from Goa, because the bulls and powers he had received, on his leaving Rome, from the Holy Father were sufficient authority and recognition for his high office in the country of his birth; and that he did not need

[1] The Pope by bulls granted in the sixteenth century, establishing various sees in India, had granted to the King of Portugal the right of nominating high ecclesiastical appointments within his dominions from the Cape of Good Hope to China; but in the seventeenth century the Pope, through the Congregation of Propaganda, sent out missionary Vicars-Apostolic independently of Portugal. From this arose a dispute as to their jurisdiction, which lasted to the nineteenth century. For a full account, see *Cath. Enc.*, VI, 603.

the approbation of the Portuguese: so that, if they or their Viceroy wished to see him, it was for them to send a request to that effect, which he would know how to answer worthily to the best of his judgement. The Portuguese were very irritated at this unexpected reply, and they determined to spare no efforts to ruin or drive out this upright man. They therefore posted men in all their aldeas and dependencies, with instructions to try to seize the bishop and bring him to Goa. Being warned of this plan, he was obliged to stay in Bicholim, without even the liberty of going to see his mother and relations, who live near Goa[1]. He had not seen them for twenty-two years since he had gone to study at Rome, where he was ordained by His Holiness for this high dignity,[2] which he executes as a true apostle amid continual crosses and persecutions by those who call themselves Christians. They even had the cruelty to prevent his good mother and relations from visiting him, saying they were Goa Christians, and behaving as if Christians from Rome were, in their opinion, excommunicated.

The holy bishop told me all these things in such a charitable way that, far from complaining of the continual insults and ignominy he had suffered, he tried to find excuses for the Portuguese as best he could. He was always glad to help them when they wanted anything from him. This he made clear when a large number of young Goa Portuguese were sent to him for instruction for the priesthood. With true charity and apostolic zeal he

[1] This was at Navelim village on the island of Divar at Goa (Manucci, IV, 423).

[2] Twenty-two years back would be 1650, when the bishop was in India (p. 203 n.). Some further details of his life have been gleaned from Beccari, *Rerum Aethiopicarum Scriptores*, the main authority for his quarrel with the Jesuits. He arrived in India in August 1649 (XIII, 363), and avoided going to Portuguese ports, from which he was excluded by the quarrel (VIII, xxxiii, IX, 419): so he probably did not see his relatives near Goa then, unless he did so surreptitiously. In that case he perhaps told Carré he last saw them twenty-two years ago *on his return from* Rome, etc. Otherwise it would probably have been in 1640, before his quarrel with the authorities at Goa, that he had his last chance of seeing them, in which case he may have said it was thirty-two years ago. There was a final break with Goa, when he settled at Bicholim and (as Beccari puts it) 'ibi altare contra Goanum altare erexit'—i.e. set up an altar there against the one at Goa. This appears to have been some time before 1645, when he was appointed Vicar Apostolic of Ethiopia (IX, 386-87). In either case there may have been a miscalculation, or failure of memory, on the part of the bishop, or a misunderstanding on the part of Carré, which is reflected in the text.

kept and fed them four or five months in his seminary for religious instruction at his own expense, though he was very poor, as he had only a small pension from Rome and the charity he received from some Frenchmen settled in India. These Portuguese young men, however, after having received holy orders, their keep, and every kindness from the bishop, returned to Goa without showing any gratitude to their prelate and benefactor. One day I asked one of these new priests why he had shown so little recognition of all the benefits he had received. He told me it was out of fear of the ecclesiastics in Goa, who absolutely forbad any alms or charity to be given to the bishop under pain of their displeasure, so that, if anyone wished to do something for the Church at Bicholim, it would have to be done secretly.

The town of Bicholim is situated in a quite pleasant extensive area, nearly surrounded by large palm-trees, and is inhabited by Moors, Hindus, and some Canarin Christians. It belongs to the King of Bijapur, who keeps a loyal governor and troops there, to stop attacks from Shivaji's generals, who resented his having this town[1]. The bishops' house is about a cannon-shot from the town on a high hill. On one side of it runs the river, which is well shaded and is bordered with delightful gardens and fields. On the town-side, behind his house, there are many palms and other fruit-trees forming a little ornamental wood, which the young priests of the seminary use for walking in.

I have known the prelate for four years[2], and he could hardly express his joy in seeing me again. He wished me to pass Christmas with him. I had great difficulty in excusing myself, but he finally allowed me to leave, when I explained to him that I had important business in Goa, as I wished to see if I could not rescue our Frenchmen who had taken refuge there, and also to arrange the best way of getting safely to St. Thomé. So I got ready to go to Goa, after promising the good bishop that I would return to him when the festivals and my business there were over.

Saturday, 24 December. I left Bicholim in the morning and after

[1] Bicholim had been taken by Rustam Zaman, the Bijapur commander, from Shivaji in 1666 (*E.F.*, 1665-67, p. 206, where 'Duchele' almost certainly is Bicholim, cf. *E.F.*, 1661-64, p. 237).

[2] I.e. from 1668, after Carré's arrival at Surat with Caron (p. xx *ante*). The bishop may have paid a visit to Surat, or Carré may have met him on his visit to the Malabar coast, before he left Surat for Persia in April 1669.

three hours' journey on the road I arrived within three leagues of Goa on the banks of a large river. This divides into several branches, which form many small fertile and inhabited islands, belonging to Goa. I here took an almadia, a small, long, and very narrow boat, in which I passed amidst all these islands. I found them delightful, being ornamented by castles, churches, villages, and country houses, from which their seigneurs derive large revenues.

At noon I arrived at the city of Goa, and lodged with the Carmelite Fathers, who have a magnificent house here in the best situation of the town. Its Superior, the Reverend Father Corneille, a Frenchman, received me with great honour, and to lose no time I immediately visited the French agent here, Senhor Antonio Martin, the richest and most powerful Portuguese merchant at Goa. He gave me fresh news of the state of affairs of our Viceroy at St. Thomé, which he had just received from Senhor Diogo Martin, his brother, who was at Golconda[1]. He also instructed me in a most obliging manner as to the precautions I ought to take for my journey to St. Thomé.

Sunday, 25 December. Christmas Day. In the morning, after having prayed in the Carmelite Church, I went to the Cathedral, where I hoped to hear a good sermon, and to see the Viceroy in his splendour and all the fine folk of Goa; but I was much surprised at finding hardly anyone in the streets and no worshippers in the church of Saye [Cathedral], or scarcely any priests to celebrate High Mass. After twelve o'clock I returned to the church and found the doors shut. I went to the Augustinians, the Paulists, the Dominicans, and the Franciscans, without getting my sermon; so I rang the bell at some convents to ask the porter when and where there was a preacher. They all informed me very rudely that there were no sermons that day, and that I had no business to ring their bell, at a time when the priests were at rest. I was, therefore, obliged to apologize to these good brother-porters and to ask them to excuse me, as I was a stranger and did not know the habits of the Indian-Portuguese. I returned, scandal-

[1] The brother Martins are probably the same as 'the two Martins', whom in 1676 Fryer (II, 87) described as 'the great traders of this place [Goa] for diamonds, . . . both Jews, yet to carry on their designs permitted to live as Christians, they constantly frequenting Mass, and at table every meal during our stay had hogs-flesh served up'.

ized at not finding any service or sermon, and not even a church open for prayer on Christmas Day in this large city of Goa, formerly so flourishing and celebrated for its divine worship and the propagation of our Holy Faith.

When I returned to the Carmelite Fathers, I did not fail to express my astonishment at this to the Father Superior, who, being French, knew well with what solemnities and crowds of worshippers we celebrate Christmas in our churches in France. He laughed at hearing my complaints of the want of devotion I had found that day in Goa; and told me that I must not be surprised, as it was the custom of the Portuguese. They sat up on the night of Christmas Eve for the Midnight Mass, and considered that God owed them a day's rest after this effort, and therefore passed Christmas Day in repose or in feasting in their houses—laity as well as priests—which was the reason why so few people were in the streets and the churches were shut. He also told me that high-born ladies, if they were zealous and pious, and wished to hear Mass on that day, had an altar raised in their bedrooms and brought in a priest to say Mass at the foot of their beds. They stay in bed all day, in case of an indisposition which they feared might result from the hard work they had undergone in keeping awake in order to attend Midnight Mass. In this state they received visits from relations and friends, who came to pass the day in feasting with the doors shut. 'What!' I exclaimed to this Father, 'are these the Christians who treat all other Christian nations as heretics and ignorant, compared to themselves. I should not be surprised if they celebrate in the same way the greatest festivals of our Church, or if they reform to the same extent the beautiful customs and practices which we employ to encourage devotion in our churches in Europe. No, I am no longer surprised to see them living in this fashion, as they will not recognize the authority, the bulls, nor the bishops coming from His Holiness, because forsooth the King of Portugal did not send them, nor ratify their missions.' 'These Portuguese', I said to the Carmelite, 'are like certain Armenian priests whom I met when I was travelling in Persia. One day I had a dispute with them, as to their not submitting to, or recognizing, the authority of the Pope. I told them there could be no priests in God's Church other than those sent by the Holy Father. This infuriated the Armenians against me. I asked them who had ordained them as priests. They replied, their bishops. "But who

created these bishops?" I asked, "Our patriarchs", they said; "and who creates those patriarchs?" I continued, "Who has given them this power and authority to consecrate bishops and ordain priests?" "The Grand Seigneur [The Sultan of Turkey]," they replied. "Really," I told them, "it is a most surprising thing that the Sultan, who follows the vile religion of Muhammad, and does not recognize any other should be able to create patriarchs, bishops, and priests, in the Church of God!" '[1]

'Thus most of these Indian-Portuguese are so stupid and ignorant that they imagine the King of Portugal should consecrate the bishops and priests for missions in India, and that they cannot go there without his permission and royal patents, so the result is that they will not suffer any other ecclesiastics here, whatever may be their quality or condition. I should much like to know who is responsible for our French ecclesiastics being so maltreated by them, and why they are so persecuted by them, wherever they have the upper hand over them. Why have these Portuguese so little respect, or deference for the episcopal dignity, for the humility of the monks, and for the doctrine and zeal of our French ecclesiastics, who come to these oriental lands only in a spirit of charity and a true fervour for the spread of the holy Church of Jesus Christ? What have they not done in these last years to the Bishop of Eliopolis[2], to compel him to seek the Goa Viceroy's permission before going on a mission to Siam! What have they not done lately in China to yet another holy French bishop, M. de

[1] The appointment of Armenian Patriarchs by the Sultan of Turkey was started by Muhammad II after his capture of Constantinople (*Enc. Brit.*, II, 379). Fryer (II, 269-70) also comments on this 'imposition of the secular power, forcing not only ignorant but ungodly men upon them; who now at this time have their *conge d'eslire* from a Prince of another religion, and many times purchase it by simoniacal contracts'.

[2] Heliopolis was an ancient city of Egypt, five miles east of the Nile, at the apex of the Delta. The bishop in question was François Pallu (1625-84) who in 1658 was nominated titular Bishop of Heliopolis, and left France for China in 1660. In 1664 he went to Siam, but returned to Rome in 1665. In 1667 he left France again for Siam, where he established a seminary, but being opposed incessantly by the Jesuits, he went to Rome for redress. He got orders in his favour, and in September 1671 he was at Surat on his way to Siam with a body of French missionaries. It was by his persuasion that de la Haye was induced to refrain from using force to try to make the English ships at Swally strike to his flag (*Cath. Enc.*, III, 675, XIII, 766, XIV, 79; *Biog. Univ.*, XXXII, 43-44; C. R. Boxer, *Mariner's Mirror*, XVI, 344; *E.F.*, I, 216n.).

Berітté! They persecuted him in such a way that one can hardly read his letters, which I have seen, without deep compassion.[1] The Portuguese were jealous of the success of his mission, gave him a tempestuous time, and raised the country people against him, treating him as one who had led them astray, and taught a wicked and false doctrine. Things came to such a point that this holy man was condemned to four hundred strokes with a stick, which he suffered like a true apostle, for the defence of the Church of Jesus Christ. What should one say of the treatment inflicted last year on M. Dechevroeuil, one of our worthy priests in China?[2] They did not content themselves with driving him out and forbidding his ministry, but they sent him tied hand and foot, in a Portuguese ship from Macao, with orders to throw him into the sea. The ships' officers were so horror-struck at the proposed cruel murder of such a worthy priest that they wanted to land him on some desert isle; but God prevented this, as they could not find one. So they brought him to Goa, where the Portuguese kept him several months under their Inquisition. They were finally obliged to set him at liberty, as they could find nothing against him, except a patience, a humility, a teaching, and virtues, which abashed even them. What have they not done to a good Capuchin priest, Father Ephraim of Nevers, to prevent the establishment of his mission at Madraspatan, now called Fort St. George! They inflicted a thousand insults and indignities on him. They held him prisoner for a long time in their town of St. Thomé, before they themselves were driven out by the Moors. They then sent him to Goa like a criminal and kept him two years under the Inquisition. This good old man no doubt would have died of misery and affliction, had God not sustained him with celestial consolations—the sole help and sustenance of those who devote their lives to apostolic work.'[3]

[1] He was Mgr. Lambert de la Motte, who was consecrated titular Bishop of Bérythe (Beirut) in 1660. He left France in the same year, and reached Cochin-China in 1662. There he was violently opposed by the Portuguese clergy, and he retired to Siam (De Bourges, *Relation*, etc. cited in n. 1 at p. 78). His letters were published in *Recueil des Lettres édifiantes* (*Biog. Gén.*, XXIX, 251).

[2] He was Louis Chevreuil, one of the original members of *La Société des Missions Étrangères* in Paris (1660), who worked in Indo-China.

[3] Father Ephraim de Nevers was the head of the Catholic Mission in Madras from 1642. A long account of the trick by which he was induced to go from Madras to St. Thomé in 1649, his arrest and imprisonment there, and his trial

'Let us now try to discover the reasons which have led to such injustices and bad treatment inflicted by them on all European ecclesiastics when they come to the East.[1] Let us ask them what induced these outrages. They will all answer that it is because the priests have no brevet, or permission, from the King of Portugal, whom they consider, as an article of faith, to be the spiritual and temporal head of all [Portuguese] India. But it is not really that. No, no; this is not the reason that incites them to such cruel behaviour. There are many other more urgent motives that induce this conduct. To speak frankly, it is that they do not want people of honour or decency, or any one of probity and high virtue like our French priests. They cannot endure', I said, 'that these enlightened persons should learn of their ignorance, manner of living, indulgence in trading, and the abuses and impieties they commit in this country, far from the bright light of our doctrines. This is what offends them, and makes them act like madmen against Europeans, and particularly against the French, because they alone send missionaries to these fields full of thorns and brambles, where they already begin to sow the seed of the Holy Faith in spite of the envy and persecutions of these Portuguese[2].'

This is what offended a certain priest, Father Emanuel de Cab[? ral], Superior of the Madre de Deos at Goa[3], with whom I left Persia [in the *St. Francis*] last September. One day I had a talk with him touching our religion, and he flew into a furious rage with me over it. Seeing that he treated me as a heretic, because I once used a phrase to him in Latin, which he did not understand, I felt obliged to lead him on and expose his ignorance. I asked him if he was really a monk, and he replied that his dress showed that sufficiently; but all the same his actions did not do so. 'Then you say the Holy Mass?' I asked him. 'Certainly,' he replied. 'You will oblige me by showing your breviary,' I said.

by the Inquisition at Goa in 1650–51, is given in Manucci, III, 428–80. Other accounts will be found in Tavernier's *Travels*, I, 176–86; *E.F.*, 1651–54, XXVIII, 92; and Love, I, 101–2.

[1] Manucci (III, 199) also complains of the persecution suffered by non-Portuguese missionaries in India from 'the Portuguese and the local Christians, who admit no arguments but what the Portuguese tell them'.

[2] For the consensus of opinion in the seventeenth century as to the decadence of the Portuguese at Goa, see *Imp. Gaz. Ind.*, XII, 253–54.

[3] The Madre de Deos convent was one belonging to the Recollects at Goa (Manucci, IV, 457).

This Father imagined that I thought he had not a breviary, as I had never seen him reading anything but a Portuguese book, which dealt only with games such as manilla, diamonds, spades, clubs, hearts, canal, and what is called 'the book of Kings' by the French Academy[1]. He summoned a Kafir servant, gave him the keys of a large chest, and told him to fetch his new breviary that he kept there for fear of wearing it out. 'There,' said this Father, presenting it to me on its arrival, 'see if I have not got a breviary,' 'Yes,' I replied, 'I do see it; but no doubt the reason you use it so little is that it is full of heresies.' 'Heresies in my breviary,' he cried angrily, 'ah! by St. Antony this Frenchman is a Jew,' and he promised me nothing less than a narrow cell in the Inquisition as soon as we should arrive in Goa. However, to confound him absolutely, and to explain my reason for affronting him by treating his breviary as heretical, I took the book and found in it the same words I had quoted to him in Latin. I made him read them before all the company and asked them whether they were not heretical. He swore by St. Antony that they were not, but that they were the prayers he had to recite every day. 'I am astonished then, my reverend Father,' I said to him, 'that you treated me as a heretic with so much anger, when I quoted this passage, which is in your breviary, and which you do not understand in Latin, though it ought to be familiar to you.' He did not know what to answer, and his ignorance and stupidity were thus tacitly shown up[2]. I was surprised to see that the other Portuguese with us appeared to fear and respect him, and wanted to change the conversation to cover the chagrin that I had caused him. But it was in vain: he wished to wreak his anger on me and to such a point that, if the officers of the ship had listened to him, they would have thrown me into the sea. 'No,' he said, 'of all the European nations that have come to India, we have no worse

[1] MS. *de manille, d'or, despase, de pou, de cope,* for Port. *manilha* (bracelet), *ouros* (diamonds), *espados* (spades), *paos* (clubs), *copas* (hearts). Manilla is a well-known game of cards (Larousse, *Grande Encyclopédie*, XXII, 1152). That of 'canal' has not been traced. As to the saying 'Book of Kings', cf. *Trévoux Dictionnaire*, 1721; 'Roy se dit aussi au jeu des cartes. . . . Et on appelle ironiquement un jeu de cartes, le livre des Rois.'

[2] It has been suggested to us by Father Romanus Rios that the incident was really due to the Portuguese father not understanding the French pronunciation of Latin by the Abbé, and so failing to recognize the quotation from the breviary.

enemies than the French. The English and Dutch have had wars with us, which did not last very long[1]; but the French wage a continual one against us, ever since they came to India, with their bishops, their monks, and their missionary priests, who try to upset our ministries and ecclesiastical duties.' I had a great desire to pursue my advantage with this Father all along the line, but the other Portuguese prevented me. I would have shown him that, instead of complaining as he had done, all the Portuguese priests in India had every reason to be thankful and pleased with our French ecclesiastics, who came to the East only to perform the Church work that the Portuguese would not do, because of their other occupations and employments. These had more attraction for them than religious matters, of which I have had too many proofs in the short time I have been in India.

Have I not spoken in my first journal of a Portuguese priest who was returning from Persia, where he had been a Superior for six years? What progress had he to report for these six years' mission? Had he any certificates and registers of those whom he had converted to the faith of Jesus Christ? I asked one day to see them, but he could show me nothing. However, he had plenty of other proofs that he had not wasted his time in his Persian mission; he had half a shipload of rich and exquisite merchandise from Persia, which he was taking to Goa. Have I not seen others openly dealing in Persian women and wine, which they sent to the fidalgos at Goa and other Indian towns, under commissions to buy this merchandise, that ill become men of their calling. I have also written of two Portuguese monks, whom I met some years ago at Cannanore on the Malabar coast[2]. They were so occupied with Hindu heathen traders that in my presence they refused to help a large number of poor Christians, who ran after them, begging for the Sacrament of Penance, as they had been without priests for over a year. I was so exasperated at this lack of charity from the Portuguese Fathers, and the grief they caused to these poor Christians, that I resolved to stay some days amongst them to help them and administer the Sacrament, which these monks had so unkindly refused. But, without going so far back, take the

[1] The Father here apparently refers to the English and Dutch opposition in India to the previous Portuguese supremacy there.

[2] This supports the view put forward on p. xxii that Carré visited the Malabar coast in 1668.

case of the priest who was returning to Portugal by land, and whom I met some months ago (as mentioned on page [93], July 1672). He asked me for advice, how to pass safely with a quantity of precious stones, which he had with him. This he told me was the profit which he was bringing back from his Chinese mission, where he had been for twenty-two years. Moreover one now sees only misery and poverty among the ordinary inhabitants of their towns; and there remain none of those rich merchants who formerly had ships and agents trading profitably all over the East. You must indeed go into the Portuguese convents if you still want to find riches and treasures: there you will see brokers, merchants, and other country people, who trade only with Portuguese priests. All the commerce of that nation is thus in their hands[1]. One cannot say this of our priests or French ecclesiastics, wherever they may be in India. They set a high example of virtue and probity in their regular mode of life, and carefully restrict themselves to practising their charity, patience, and humility.

Monday, 26 December. I visited this large and once flourishing city of Goa. I could hardly find any shadow or vestige of its former splendour. I saw the once magnificent palace of the Viceroy in the middle of the town; it is low-lying, with the harbour and the river on one side and a big open square of the town on the other. It contains nothing remarkable except the picture gallery[2], where one still sees the portraits of the ambassadors sent by the Indian kings and princes to do homage to the Viceroy of Goa. The rest of the palace, except the Viceroy's quarters, is not in good order, and manifests only its antiquity. Near the palace, outside the town on the bank of the river, is the arsenal, where formerly they made the guns and other instruments of war, which for a time kept all these countries in subjection to the Portuguese yoke. Now it seems to be a mere warehouse of cables,

[1] Manucci (III, 281) makes a similar charge against the Portuguese Jesuits of trading extensively in the East.

[2] Fryer (II, 15) says it was 'a long gallery, hung round with the pictures of all the Viceroys that had been in East India down to the present Viceroy'. Manucci (III, 168–69) and Pyrard de Laval (II, 51) also mention the same pictures, which are now in the new palace of the Governor at Pangim (Fonseca, *Sketch of the City of Goa*, pp. 100, 195). We have not found any other mention of portraits of ambassadors to Goa; and it is possible that Carré's memory was at fault, owing to his having been told that ambassadors were received by the Viceroy in the big hall, where the pictures of Viceroys were hung, as stated by Manucci (ibid.).

rigging and other naval gear; but once it could rightly be called the sole arsenal in the East. The kings and princes in this country had then no defences for their forts and territories, except the artillery they took from the Portuguese, whom they drove in such a shameful way from all their principal possessions, though they seemed to have settled themselves there for good. One could see this from their fine buildings in Hormuz, Bandar Abbas, Muscat, and other places in the Persian Gulf, and in the Red Sea, as well as in Cochin, Calicut, Barcelor [Basrur], Cannanore, Ceylon, Golconda, Bijapur, on the Coromandel coast, in Bengal, and in many places in the East as far as China. The factories had so exhausted the arsenal that I could see nothing but empty places, where such artillery had formerly been made.[1]

The royal Feytor's house is near this place. He has the administration of all the revenues of Goa, from which he pays the officials both of the town and of the marine. All this part is on the bank of the river in a low and unhealthy position. The town also is in a hollow extending between high mountains, which obscure it for the best part of the day from the sun. There are two high hills on the east and the west, which are the best and most healthy spots. On them are two magnificent monasteries, the finest ornaments of this town: the Carmelites to the east; and the Augustinians to the west.[2] They are like two magnificent palaces and face one another. The other churches are the cathedral and four more parish churches in the town; also the monasteries of St. Francis, St. Dominic, the Theatins[3], and the Paulists. The last-named have three houses, St. Paul, the Good Jesus, and St. Roch[4]. That of St. Paul, from which the Paulists derive their name, was their principal house, where formerly they had a large college

[1] As to this arsenal, cf. Pyrard de Laval (II, 49–50).

[2] Tavernier (*Travels*, I, 159) says 'the Carmelites . . . have . . . the advantage of enjoying fresh air and of having the most healthy house of all in Goa. It is on a fine elevation, where the wind blows about it'. Fryer (I, 15–16) also says 'the College of the Carmelites is on a high mount, prospecting the whole city, it is a fine building'. The Augustinians, on the other hand, were at the base of a hill, and had their air and view blocked by a college of the Jesuits, which led to litigation between them (Tavernier, *Travels*, I, 159).

[3] The Theatines were a fraternity deriving their name from Theate or Chieti in Italy, of which one of their founders was bishop. Fryer (II, 15) mentions their convent, and Manucci (III, 125) their church at Goa.

[4] Pyrard de Laval (II, 57) gives a similar account of the Jesuit houses.

with boarders and a seminary in which Hindus and heathens were taught the Catholic faith. Now, all these things having been abolished, they have abandoned this house, as there are scarcely enough monks to serve the other two. They now live as simple citizens, having nothing to do but to give advice on any important questions, as they are very expert and clever in such matters. The other churches, both of the parish priests and of the regulars, are ill served; and in most of them the Mass and divine service are no longer sung for want of priests and monks. These diminish in numbers, as their revenues are confiscated; and they have been obliged to abandon many fine churches both in and outside the town, where one sees only the vestiges of the former splendour of the Portuguese. The Paulist Fathers, the Dominicans, and the Augustinians alone still maintain some remnant of *éclat*, as they have not lost the power and means to uphold their rights and to draw their rents and revenues.

Thus it seems that this grand town, once so rich and called the Treasury and Queen of the East, is now at its last gasp. One sees no longer the splendour, magnificence, and those fêtes, which drew all the Eastern people here to seek the friendship and goodwill of the Portuguese. Indian ambassadors, laden with rich presents, no longer come to Goa: nor do kings and princes send their daughters to serve as slaves to the wives of its Viceroys. The Portuguese ladies now can no longer go out in carriages or palanquins of gold, enriched with precious stones and other valuable ornaments. They are no longer worshipped by troops of slaves, who bowing to the earth present them with incense and perfumes in golden vases, as if they were little human goddesses. No, they have brought the just anger of the Almighty on themselves by this luxury, these honours, and the idolatry, which they exacted with such overweening pride. Yet they still keep this pride in their misery and degradation. Everything changed very suddenly. First the great trade and commerce, which so enriched this town, ceased: and then all the treasure and immense wealth, which they had collected, vanished like smoke. The noble families that upheld this splendour also disappeared. Others came from Portugal so impoverished that the little they had on arrival lasted only a moment. This is not surprising, as formerly only men of honour and capable of governing were sent out, whereas to-day Portugal sends only people taken out of jail

or from the scaffold, and outcasts exiled here, who are more inclined to dissipate than to try to amass wealth[1]. I am not, therefore, surprised that they have reduced the town to such a state that the inhabitants can hardly make a living. The only people who seem to flourish are the principal officers, who share the balance of the revenues among themselves, and those (such as the priests and some fidalgos) who have preserved some effects and lands in the country. Their present Viceroy, Dom Luiz de Mendoza Furtado, is a man who passes a tranquil life in pleasures and revels with his women, and is so besotted with them that he will hardly let them out of his sight. He has found a splendid way of enriching himself without much trouble, which is to confiscate all the wealth of those who have managed to save something. The Portuguese formerly believed that it would be a sacrilege, and attract the curse of the Almighty, if Hindus or heathens were allowed to live here, so it was peopled only by Christians, Portuguese as well as half-castes, and native Christians. But this Viceroy's predecessor[2] considered that the town was going to rack and ruin for lack of inhabitants and traders, so he permitted the entry of Hindus and merchants of the country to try to re-establish commerce.

The outskirts are very beautiful and pleasant, with several castles on fertile hills, forts on the river banks, and many charming islands, well peopled and abounding in rice, grain, and fruit. There are also some country-houses, which are fine only on the outside, as their lands and revenues diminish daily for want of people who can work them properly and keep them up, as formerly.

Tuesday, 27 December. This morning I received a visit from some Portuguese naval officers. I knew them very well, and I soon discovered the reason for their coming. After some conversation they came to the point, and informed me that the Viceroy had heard of my arrival in Goa and wished to see me to hear all the news from Europe. Thereupon I replied that I had every intention of paying my respects to him, having a request to make about the Frenchmen who were in their fleet and in his service here; that I hoped he would kindly liberate them, and let me send them back to the service of their own nation; and that I had postponed my visit, as I believed he would not be able to see me sooner, having heard that he had refused an audience to two Englishmen,

[1] As to these remarks, cf. vol. III, ch. II, under 21 Dec. 1673.

[2] He was the Conde de San Vincente, who died in 1668 (Danvers, II, 364).

who had come from Bombay to treat with him on some urgent matters[1], and whose visit he had postponed until after the fêtes. 'That is quite true,' said one of the fidalgos, 'but our Viceroy makes a great difference between you and these Englishmen, for they have come here to discuss an affair with which the Viceroy would much rather dispense, namely the rights and pretensions which the English set up to some farms and aldeas that really belong to us[2]. This audience will be postponed as long as possible, and even avoided, if that can be done; but as far as you are concerned, you can visit the Viceroy when you please, and he will be delighted to receive you.' One of them even whispered in my ear that I was awaited with impatience, as he hoped I would help him regarding General Dom Antonio de Mello de Castro, who had been arrested for matters of which he knew I was cognizant, as I was with their fleet in Persia and at Muscat in the last campaign. In regard to the French whom I hoped to retrieve from him, these officers believed that I would get no satisfaction from the Viceroy, and that he would set none of them at liberty. He had made them into a company, and had given the command to a French gentleman called the Cadet de la Vertierre[3]. He had deserted from our Viceroy's squadron, in which he was a volunteer, and had escaped to Goa. There he was received with honour and given the command of this French company, of which the Portuguese Viceroy was very proud. He intended to send it with the fleet, which was shortly returning to the Persian Gulf.

On hearing all this from these gentlemen, I almost lost the wish to visit the Viceroy, for I did not want to mix myself up with the Antonio de Mello affair. I had never said anything that could prejudice him, as I had received every courtesy and many proofs of his affection and goodwill towards our nation. I could not, however, bring myself to leave Goa without doing my

[1] These envoys were James Adams, a member of Aungier's council at Bombay, and Samuel Walker, secretary of the council. Aungier sent them at the end of November to negotiate a proposed treaty of friendship with the Viceroy (*E.F.*, I, 51–52). His proposals are given by Danvers (II, 358–59); but the Viceroy advised the Prince Regent of Portugal not to agree to them (ibid., 359).

[2] This seems to refer to the objection of the Portuguese to Cooke's taking possession of Mahim and other parts of Bombay, which they claimed to be not included in the cession under the treaty of 1661 (*E.F.*, 1665–67, pp. 40, 65, 72; *Ct. Min.*, 1677–79, pp. 78–79).

[3] For further information as to de la Vertiere, see vol. III, ch. III.

utmost to accomplish the principal purpose that had brought me here. I felt obliged to approach the Viceroy on the subject of our Frenchmen, having the utmost displeasure in finding them thus dispersed and vagabonds all over India, at a time when our own Viceroy and Company were in extreme need of their help against two powerful enemies, the King of Golconda and the Dutch, who (the former by land and the latter at sea) were waging a cruel war against us. At noon I went to the Viceroy's palace, and was immediately shown into a room, where the Viceroy wished to speak to me in private. He at first received my compliments very graciously, and no one could have been more civil than he was, as long as our talk was on European affairs and other indifferent topics. But when I made my request, and told him I had been ordered to collect all the French and send them to Surat for embarkation in ships that were being dispatched to help our Viceroy at St. Thomé, he appeared thunderstruck, hardly knowing how to answer me. I noticed that he changed colour and became flushed when I said the words 'our Viceroy'. This at once showed me his Portuguese jealousy, and it was evinced still more by some words which escaped him, as he was considering my proposals. 'What!' he said, 'a French Viceroy at St. Thomé?' Then, recovering himself, he said, 'Don't you know that St. Thomé was built by the Portuguese and belongs to them?' 'Yes', I replied, 'but your Excellency well knows that our French found in possession of it only Moors, who refused them provisions, though asked with civility to supply them for cash down. We could not stand the insults and jeers of these Moors, who treated us like dogs, on our arrival; so we were obliged to chastize this scum, who are enemies of our religion. We drove them ignominiously from the town, which they had not the courage to defend, though they had strongly fortified it during the eleven years that had elapsed since they expelled the Portuguese [in 1662] and became its sole possessors. The town is dedicated to God and to the great apostle St. Thomas, who has honoured it by many miracles[1]. Therefore your Excellency ought to feel that it is

[1] According to tradition, St. Thomas suffered martyrdom, or at any rate was killed, near the town, and had been buried there (cf. introduction to vol. II). Several miracles at or near that place were also ascribed to him (Hamilton, I, 197–98; C. S. Srinivasachari, *History of Madras*, 1939, pp. 71–72; Murray's *Handbook to India*, 1918, p. 557).

much more honourable to the Portuguese for it to be in the hands of the French, who are good enough Christians, instead of under the domination of the Moors, who are the sworn enemies of our Faith.' 'Yes', replied the Viceroy, 'that's all very well, but the Portuguese ought to have been with the French in this capture. They would afterwards willingly have waived their claims in favour of the French; but the latter having taken it without warning or any notice of their plans, we cannot now cede our rights and pretensions to that town. We should have retaken it easily, as we are going to seize Muscat and the other towns we have in the East, now that we are at peace and Portugal is more powerful than ever.' He made me other boastful speeches of this nature, and I could hardly maintain the gravity I was obliged to keep before him. We had some more talk on this subject, and I saw clearly that this Viceroy was far from being well disposed to our nation, and was mad with jealousy at the idea of another Viceroy besides himself in India.

Feeling that our conversation was growing colder, and that I could do nothing to free the Frenchmen in his service, I took my leave of his Portuguese Excellency and withdrew, very sad at not having done what I so much desired. I stayed two more days in Goa to try to smuggle some of our French out of the town. I had got into touch with them, and they told me of their earnest wish to free themselves from the misery in which they were, and to return to the service of our nation. But the Viceroy, suspecting that I would try to persuade my people in that way, sent them all on board the ships, and kept such strict watch in the town and all the passages [out of Goa] that I could not execute any of my plans.

CHAPTER VI

JOURNEY FROM GOA TO BIJAPUR

Friday, 30 December. I got a boat at Goa to take me to Bicholim, on a branch of the river which comes from that place. I embarked at nine o'clock in the morning, with a little wind and a favourable tide. In passing by the island of Madre de Deos, my boat was brought to just below the house of the commandant who has to guard this passage, and I was told I must land and show my passport from the Viceroy[1]. Being sure it was some sort of trap and not wishing to have the affront of staying under arrest at this place, I pushed my boat out into the stream, and showed my weapons. I then returned to Goa and went to the Carmelite Father Superior. When he heard that they had tried to stop me at Madre de Deos, he went there with me and spoke to the Portuguese commandant, who was surprised to learn that I was waiting in my boat by the bank of the river. He begged me most politely to land, and took me up to a large room in his house. He made a thousand excuses for the conduct of his people, who had not told him who I was. They had merely said that, following the orders received, they had prevented a Frenchman from passing, and that he had gone back to the town. He at once brought a register which he kept in a little cabinet, and showed me orders, signed by the Viceroy, in which all captains and commandants of forts and passages were enjoined, under severe penalties, to arrest and imprison every stranger, especially the French, who wished to leave Goa without a passport signed by the Viceroy. He said he was well aware that these orders were not meant for people of my position; and if he had been informed the first time, I should not have had the trouble of returning to Goa, as I had done.

I was more pleased with the civil conduct of this young commandant than with that of his Viceroy. I complimented him on it, and told him that, far from having to find fault with his officers for their obeying orders, I thought they were to be praised for

[1] The *Madre de Deos* or Daughim fort was one of eight round Goa island (Pyrard de Laval, II, 32–33), and as it lay farther up the river than the city (ibid., 525), it was on the route Carré would take to reach the mouth of the river flowing from Bicholim.

doing their duty. At the same time I said I could not approve of the rigorous proceedings of the Viceroy against a nation which was their ally, and still more one to which they could not deny being under great obligations in recovering and upholding the Portuguese crown[1]; and, if they forgot all the benefits and services received from our country, the French would possibly have a good enough memory in the future to recall this want of gratitude, and the wrongs received from the Portuguese in these oriental countries. I said no occasion had ever been given by the French for their refusal of all courtesies, such as I had just encountered from the Viceroy of Goa, and other fidalgos and governors [e.g. the one at Daman] on my request to them for the liberation of our Frenchmen, whom they treated like slaves, or Mozambique kafirs. This young fidalgo, who did not dare to disobey the Viceroy's orders and was obliged in honour to uphold his nation's interests, replied civilly that the matters I spoke about were state affairs of which he did not wish to take cognizance. So, after some further conversation on indifferent subjects, I took my leave of him and re-embarked in my boat. I at once hoisted my sail, and a light favourable wind took us up the river in spite of its current, which is not very strong here, being almost neutralized by the countervailing tides. I had great pleasure, while sailing amid all these little islands, at the sight of their woods and green fields, and because of the fresh and agreeable air, scented by the perfume of flowers and meadows. I passed along pleasantly, sometimes using oars and sometimes sail, and listened with delight to the twittering of birds, of which these islands are full.

I arrived at Bicholim about five o'clock, when the Bishop of

[1] This refers to the restoration of the throne of Portugal to a Portuguese king, viz. the Duke of Braganza, crowned as John IV, in 1640, after the sixty years' captivity by Spain from 1581. France had helped towards it by its thirty years' war with Spain; and in 1641 it also sent a French fleet to the Tagus, so temporarily securing the Portuguese coast from attack. But its subsequent help was generally lukewarm, and it gave no assistance in men, money, or munitions. In 1659 it definitely abandoned Portugal by the treaty of the Pyrenees with Spain; and in May 1663 the marriage was celebrated between Charles II of England and Catherine of Braganza, and Great Britain took the place of France as the active ally of Portugal. In 1668 peace was concluded with Spain, who recognized the independence of Portugal (E. Prestage, *Diplomatic Relations of Portugal with France*, etc., 1640–68, pp. 1–97; Lavisse, *Histoire de France*, VI, 350–52).

Hierapolis received me with such affection that I regretted the time I had spent so uselessly at Goa. Shortly afterwards, the Moor Governor called on the bishop and was very civil to me with offers of his services. He said that he held the French in great esteem, and that the King of Bijapur, under whom he held the government of Bicholim, had given orders to all his governors to render assistance, passports, and all manner of help, to every Frenchman in his kingdom. He added that the king had given a warehouse to our Company, to establish a factory and trade in Rhebach [Rāybāg], six days' journey from Bicholim[1]; and that, having learnt that our Viceroy at St. Thomé was being besieged by the King of Golconda, he had sent instructions to the Governor of Port Nove [Porto Novo], one of his ports on the Coromandel coast[2] not far from St. Thomé, to help the French with everything they needed, including men, provisions and munitions. This Governor begged me earnestly to avail myself of his powers and assistance in all I might want at Bicholim. He had a strong desire to oblige me in some way, both by his liking for our nation and in order to obey the orders of his prince. Having learnt that I wished to go to Bijapur, he offered to give me reliable people to protect me on my journey. As I saw that his civility and offers could greatly help me, I returned his call the next day, when he kindly gave me everything I thought would be necessary.

Saturday, last day of the year 1672. The Bishop of Hierapolis conferred minor orders *in pontificalibus* in his church at Bicholim. The music was sweet and excellent, which surprised me, as the priests were all dark Canarins. They officiated with as much solemnity in this country place as could have been done in the finest chapter-house in France. After noon this good prelate had my palanquin prepared for me with the greatest care, furnishing it with provisions and every necessity for my journey, as I had determined to leave next day.

Sunday, 1 *January* [1673]. After having prayed and heard divine service in the Bicholim church, at which the bishop

[1] Raybag, a village now in the Kolhapur State, was formerly a trade centre for pepper and other commodities (*E.F.*, 1655-60, pp. 234, 246; Tavernier, *Travels*, I, 147; Peter Mundy, *Travels*, V, 67).

[2] Porto Novo lies thirty-two miles south of Pondicherry and some 110 miles south of Madras. It was then under the King of Bijapur (Bowrey, p. 82; *E.F.*, 1665-67, p. 221).

officiated, I asked for and received his blessing, and started on my way about ten o'clock. About two o'clock I arrived at a village called Batouary[1]. My people begged me to stop to allow them to get their provisions and everything they wanted for the journey, so I passed the rest of the day very pleasantly in this agreeable place. It is on a pretty river with woods and some big palm-trees, which shade all the village, and, therefore, render it cool and fresh.

Next day, the 2nd, at daybreak, we resumed our march. It was a very difficult one among mountains and precipices, so covered with thick woods and undergrowth that we could hardly find our way. At last, after much trouble and hard work, we came, at the end of the day, to a large village called Medin, situated in a valley near a river and belonging to King Shivaji. He keeps several soldiers and an officer there, to guard this passage, which is at the foot of a large mountain[2]. I passed the night in a Hindu's house, and was visited by Shivaji's people, who came to demand the transit-duty here, which I paid them.

Tuesday, 3 January. We spent all the morning climbing a very high mountain, [? the ascent of] which is two leagues in height [? length]. It is covered with large trees and undergrowth, so dense that it is impossible to penetrate it. There is only a little narrow path, almost entirely precipitous, which is ascended with much difficulty. When we were in the middle of this mountain we stopped, terrified by a loud noise which came from all around us. Hearing sounds as if from wild beasts, my people equipped themselves for self-defence as best they could and begged me to take my arms. Almost at once we saw several raging tigers, which passed before, behind, and beside us, and a herd of about thirty wild boars, which were being pursued by six large dogs. They overtook and attacked a furious boar, which dragged some along with it and tossed others on the top of one another, amid these

[1] 'Batouary' may be Bamburde, which lies among hills on a tributary of the river Tilari, and seems to be on the route taken by Carré (see next note).

[2] The route followed by Carré was evidently that from Bicholim to the Ramghat pass, which crosses the Western Ghats about two miles south of Pargad fort and thirty miles west of Belgaum (*Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, XXI, 306, 597). Tavernier (*Travels*, I, 146, and map) went by the same way in his journey from Goa to Bijapur. In Sheet 48-I, the village at the foot of the mountain, where the climb to the pass begins, is named Mulas. It lies on the Khadiari, a tributary of the river Tilari, and seems to correspond to Carré's 'Medin'.

rocks. The dogs, however, never left their prey, which I managed to stop at eight paces from me by a musket-shot that broke both its shoulders. The two huntsmen, who had tried to follow their dogs as best they could through this dense jungle, now appeared on a height above us; but they could not get down, as the wood was so thick. They had heard the shot and realized their dogs were no longer giving tongue in the pursuit of their quarry. They then began to shout with all their force, and made the mountains ring with their yells, so much so that people who were on this path, above and below us, stopped for a long time in terror, not knowing whence came the awful cries of these two men. As they redoubled their clamour, my people were obliged to reply in the same way, so as to show them where we were. It was quite impossible for any of us to climb up to these huntsmen, who after immense difficulty managed to cut through the thorn and brushwood, and emerged a little above us. They were in such a state that, had we not been warned by their cries, we should have taken them for savages or Santauves[1], who live in this forest. They each wore a tiger-skin, and their faces were frightful, being jet black and hideous with long beards. Each had a hatchet and other sharp weapons in his hands. These two human monsters joined us and I spent some little time examining them from head to foot. They horrified me, as I could not imagine why Nature should have made men with such an appalling appearance.

At last they began to talk with my people, and offered them tary [Hind. *tārī*, toddy], a drink which they get from a tree and kept in their cave in this wood. They suggested that we should rest there. They then approached the spot where their dogs were still harrying the boar. They opened its body, gave the entrails to the dogs, and, after cutting the rest of it into pieces, gave me a quarter, which I presented to my servants. They wished to smoke the meat in the cave of these savages, but I would not allow this, as I feared a thousand mishaps that might arise in so dangerous a

[1] The word 'santauves' does not appear in the French dictionaries; nor does any clan of anything like that name seem to be in the Ratnagiri or Belgaum districts (*Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, x and xxi). Mr. R. E. Enthoven identifies it as derived from Mar. *santāve*, 'a body of *sants*, or religious mendicants', and says he has no doubt that these two men were a kind of *bairāgī* (mendicants), who would have beards and wear tiger or leopard skins.

place. I presented the two men with some tobacco, which is the greatest treat I could give them; and leaving them to continue their hunt, we followed our path. This turned round and round the mountain, and at noon we arrived at the summit, worn out with the trouble we had had from daybreak in making this terrible climb. On the mountain-top we found some houses and a pagoda, built by a rich and pious Hindu for the repose of travellers after the difficulties of the road. I rested three hours in one of these houses, while my people took their meal. The frontier of Bijapur begins here. The road now was flat through dangerous jungles, full of wild beasts. We arrived that evening at Chandgala, the first town of that kingdom[1]. There we found a toll-house, where I paid three rupees as transit-duty. We stayed here all night very comfortably. This town is well situated in a pleasant valley with a fine river, which waters all the country-side. It brings a large revenue to the Governor, who has an old castle on the east side of the town. He and his officers are Moors, but all the rest of the inhabitants are Hindus, as also are the villagers in the neighbourhood, who cultivate the land and do all the trade.

I had been astonished, since I left Bicholim, to find the roads crowded with troops of people, carrying such heavy burdens on their heads that I could not look on them without deep compassion. I asked my servants why these poor folk carried such heavy weights over the difficult mountain roads, which we, even without loads, could scarcely surmount. I was told that these people were of the same cooly caste as the carriers of my palanquin and my baggage; that they had no other occupation but that of carrying heavy burdens; and that they dwelt on the coast near Goa, and gained their living by taking dried fish, coco-nuts, arrack, and other comestibles, to sell in Bijapur. They were paid 2½ écus a load, however great the weight. I marvelled how these poor creatures could earn enough to live on, and stand such heavy fatigue for the twenty-five to thirty days that each trip lasted. I might certainly have been told that it was scarcely enough for their food and upkeep in so long a journey and might well have

[1] 'Chandgala' must be Chandgad, the head-quarters of a subdivision of the same name in the Belgaum district. It lies on the river Tāmraparnā, twenty-two miles west of Belgaum, and has a ruined mud fort or *gadhi*, which was probably the Governor's castle that is mentioned by Carré (*Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, XXI, 552).

believed it, had not my daily experience led me to know otherwise. These people did not spend their small wages, but kept them for their families on their return. I had eight of these coolies, six for my palanquin and two for my luggage. I gave each three rupees, which is 1½ écus[1], to take me to Bijapur, without being obliged to give them any food. I found that they provided themselves, before starting, with a little rice and dried fish, which cost them hardly anything in their own country. This lasted all the journey, with what they find in the villages, where they are given fruit and milk, and some millet, from which they make flour. This is soaked in cold water and made into flat cakes, which are baked over a fire on iron plates supported by three stones. In certain places they find caste-fellows, who kindly cook them some herbs in oil or butter, which they eat with these pancakes. Their greatest support, however, is tobacco, which they are always smoking, so that they devoured more smoke than anything else. Besides water, they drink toddy, conjee [kanji], and arrack. Toddy is a kind of wine, which they extract from palm-trees. It is the colour of milk, has a pleasant taste, rather like white wine, and is very refreshing. Conjee is only boiled water with a little rice in it, which is given them on arrival in any village. There is always a house which keeps this drink ready on the fire for passers-by who, in the heat and sweat they are in, would probably die if they drank cold water. Arrack is a spirit made out of toddy, which they distil, as we do brandy. They mix with it a red root called canja[2]; the infusion intoxicates them so much that they become like lunatics and out of their senses, when they drink it to excess, though it gives them strength and vigour, if taken in moderation and only as a refreshment.

Wednesday, 4 January. I started at dawn through a lovely country, watered by a large river, which winds amid plains of red earth, that ought to be very fertile, if properly cultivated. But the people here work only the low country and the valleys, which can be irrigated by the river or streams, along which they

[1] This agrees with the value of 4*s.* 6*d.* placed on the écu (p. 25 n. *ante*), as the rupee was then generally worth 2*s.* 3*d.* (*E.F.*, I, 14 n.).

[2] I.e. *ganja*, the name in many Indian vernaculars of the hemp plant *Cannabis sativa* or *indica*, the leaves of which are used for preparing a drink called *bhang*. The unfertilized female flowers, also known as *ganja*, are usually smoked, and are more intoxicating than *bhang*.

sow their rice, millet, sugar, vegetables, and other grains, for food. After having marched all along in an exhausting heat, we stopped for half an hour about three o'clock at a little walled town called Necery[1]. It is situated in a very open spot, and has some mounted troops, commanded by a cavalry general. They were just starting to quell a conspiracy and rebellion which had arisen in the kingdom on the news of the king's death[2]. After I had argued with several officers about a transit-duty of four rupees, which I had to pay, we continued our march till nightfall, when we reached Jabarre[3], a large walled village. My servants took me to lodge in the house of a decent woman, who received and sheltered us in a most obliging manner. She had three good-looking daughters, whom she made wait on us and bring us what we needed. This they did in a charming way. One brought us fowls, rice, eggs, butter, and the like, for our meal, at which they would not allow our servants to take a hand; another got us wood, fire, water, and all cooking utensils; while the third cleaned and arranged everything in a room where she laid my rugs, my cushions, and my bed, in the best and cleanest place. I was astonished at the courtesy and honesty I found in such a place, situated as it was in a district where the people were only herdsmen.

Thursday, 5 January. As on the preceding day, I marched the whole morning through open country, watered by the same river. We passed through Terny[4], where there were many soldiers. I paid the palanquin tax, and went on to Canapour[5], a small town where I halted. I found it so full of people, merchandise, cattle, fakirs, and cavalry, that I had the greatest difficulty in finding a place to rest in out of the sun. I learnt that there was a fair in progress, so I stopped only an hour about noon. I then continued my journey, always in open country. About four o'clock we reached a fertile and pleasant valley, where we forded the river. We then climbed a hill, from which we could see the remains of an old fortress and, on the east, a large valley in the middle of

[1] This is Nesari, near the river. Ghatprabha. It is now in the Kolhapur State.

[2] This was Ali Adil Shah II of Bijapur, who died on 4 Dec. 1672 (N.S.): *C.H.I.*, IV, 259, 274.

[3] This is probably Jāmbulvādi, a village about five miles from Nesari.

[4] 'Terny' seems to be Halkarni, a village about twelve miles from Nesari, which is now in the Kolhapur State.

[5] 'Canapour' is Khanapur, a village about two miles west of Halkarni.

which lies the town of Qnquery[1]. It is pleasantly situated on a height amid all sorts of fruit-trees, and runs from north to south for about half a league. We reached it about nightfall, and in the middle of it found ourselves in a large street, containing a number of little alcoves, like rooms, in which merchants and travellers can rest, so we passed the night there.

I felt very far from well the last two days from the heat, and the difficulties and worries of the road. I was so upset that I got high fever, and began to lose hope of ever finishing my journey. But before it takes too great a hold on me I do not wish to omit anything from my journal. Not long ago this town of Hukeri had large dependencies, good revenues, and many honourable and advantageous privileges for its governors. A few years back, the last one, Rouston Jamin [Rustam Zaman][2], had governed with so much *éclat* that he was chosen by the King of Bijapur to command a powerful army. This was sent to prevent the incursions and ravages which Shivaji was making on the frontiers with some success. Though Shivaji lacked neither courage, nor resolution, on occasions where it was necessary, he did not hesitate to employ the ordinary ruses of war; thus he corrupted his enemies by bribes, or took them by surprise and cunning, so as to preserve his own camp, and spare the blood of his soldiers as much as possible.

Shivaji, having learnt that Rustam Zaman was marching with a large force against him allowed Rustam to come up to the frontier, in order to lure him into a disadvantageous place, where he could find no provisions, nor forage, for his army. When they were within a day's journey of one another, Shivaji chose [for a special mission] one of his captains—a man who was very intimate with Rustam. He had been a senior officer of the King of Bijapur, but had been dismissed for some fault and had gone over to the service of Shivaji on this account. He was an intelligent

[1] 'Onquery' is Hukeri, about fifteen miles south of Chikodi, now in the Belgaum district (*Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, XXI, 567). It is about ten miles from Halkarni and twenty-two miles from Raybag. In his book (II, 8) Carré wrongly calls it Donquery, forgetting that the *d* comes from expressions like *la ville d'Onquery*.

[2] He was a descendant of Randaula Khan, a Muslim officer, on whom had been conferred the hereditary title of Rustam-i-Zaman (generally in English books curtailed to Rustam Zaman), and was the holder or governor of Hukeri (Sarkar, *Shivaji*, 226; *Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, XXI, 568).

man, who did not lack strong arguments and efficiency, when it became a question of attracting or persuading anyone to help in his plans. Shivaji told him what to do, and sent him to the enemy's camp. He was taken to General Rustam, who received him very kindly, and they had a long private conference, in which this captain played his part so well that, after intimidating the other by insistence on the impossibility of doing anything against Shivaji, he persuaded the general with a present of 30,000 pagodas, sent by Shivaji, to withdraw his troops[1]. But this thing could not be kept so secret that the King of Bijapur did not soon come to know of it: he summoned Rustam to the court on some affairs of state, and beheaded him. The king learnt that Rustam's son was not mixed up in his father's treachery, so gave him the governorship of Hukeri, but with little power. He also took away most of the revenues, and all the privileges which his father had enjoyed. Afterwards a larger force under another general was dispatched against Shivaji, of which I will speak later on[2].

Young Rustam was thus Governor in Hukeri when I passed through it. He lived like a private gentleman without going to the court, or to the wars. His principal occupation was the pursuit of pleasure and the most easy life he could lead. The whole town was *en fête* this day, particularly at the house of the Governor, all

[1] In his book (II, 5–6) Carré varies this story by saying that the captain got Rustam to have a secret interview with Shivaji, and that the latter then won him over by a promise of 30,000 pagodas. A letter from the Dutch factory, dated 5 May 1660, says that Rustam secretly received 40,000 pagodas as a bribe to help Shivaji (Balkrisna, *Shivaji the Great*, p. 480).

[2] Carré here refers to the Bijapur general Afzal Khan; see vol. II, ch. I. But his chronology is wrong. Afzal Khan was killed by Shivaji and his army routed in November 1659, *before* Rustam Zaman marched against him in December 1659 with 3,000 horse. His accusation against Rustam of having come to terms with Shivaji is, however, true, and he made only a show of hostility to save his credit with the king (Sarkar, *Shivaji*, 227–28). In 1663 his secret friendship with Shivaji became known to the king, but he did not behead him. He merely dismissed him from his viceroyalty, and in 1664 he appears to have returned to favour. He still, however, remained friendly with Shivaji until the siege of Phonda in 1666, when he was threatened with dismissal, unless he succeeded in raising it, which he did (Sarkar, *Shivaji*, 232–33, 244; *E.F.*, I, 249). In the same year the king was so incensed at his giving up another fort to Shivaji that he ordered him and his to be put to the sword, but by the intercession of friends his life was spared (*E.F.*, 1665–67, p. 206). In 1671 he rebelled against his master; but though he was aided by Shivaji, his army was utterly routed by the king's forces (Sarkar, *Shivaji*, 244; *E.F.*, I, 249).

of whose officers were Mussulmans. They were celebrating, with much ceremony, their Romasan [Ramazān], or full moon, which is amongst them what we call mid-Lent[1]. This Governor no sooner knew that a Frank was in the town than he sent four of his officers to invite me to the feast. I would certainly have given much to avoid this party, as I needed rest more than these Moorish ceremonies, which I knew well; but, though I felt very ill, I went to him with one of my servants. He was surrounded by the principal men of the town, whom he had also invited to this ceremony, which they celebrate in a most admirable way. They have the custom [of fasting] during their Lent, which lasts for a moon. I say a moon because the Muhammadans count the days only by moons, as we count ours by months; and it is an essential part of their religion that every new moon is the occasion of great ceremonies and kisses of peace and friendship among them. They also wash their bodies, make special prayers, and wish each other prosperity by the words 'Bonbarech bachet, bombarek bachet'[2], which they recite, putting their hands in one another's,

[1] The month Ramazān began on 21 December 1672 (N.S.) and ended on 19 January 1673 (N.S.), so full moon would be about 5 January 1673. Though the fast was still on, the Governor's party could have taken place, for the fast is only for the day-time, and 'Muhammad entirely relaxed the rules with regard to the night, and from sunset till the dawn of day the Muslim is permitted to indulge in any lawful pleasures, and to feast with his friends; consequently large dinner parties are usual in the nights of Ramazan amongst the better classes' (Hughes, *Dict. of Islam*, p. 534). Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali (*Observations on the Mussulmauns of India*, 1832, I, 184) confirms this, saying: 'The good things provided for dinner after the fast are (according to the means of the party) of the best, and in all varieties; and from the abundance prepared, a looker-on would pronounce a feast at hand. . . .' She adds that the liberal hearted '. . . cook choice viands to be distributed to the poor'.

[2] This represents Pers. *Mubārak bāshad*, 'may it be fortunate', repeated; cf. *Hobson-Jobson*, p. 578. Carré's statement that 'every new moon is the occasion of great ceremonies', etc., is supported by Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali, loc. cit., I, 291–92: 'The new moon is a festival in the family of every good Mussulman. . . . Amongst the religious people there is much preparation in bathing and changing the dress against the evening the moon is expected to be visible, and when the guns have announced that it is visible, they have the Koraun brought, which they open at the passage where Mahamud praises God for this particular blessing. . . . They then repeat the prayer, expressly appointed for this occasion, and that done, the whole family rise and embrace each other, making salaams and reverence to their superiors and elders. The servants and slaves advance for the same purpose, and nothing is heard for some minutes, but "May the new moon be fortunate", reiterated from every mouth of the assembled family.'

with several like antics, too many to recount. But to return to their fast; they neither eat nor drink, and refrain from many things from sunrise to the evening, when they can see the stars. This is undoubtedly a very difficult and austere thing for the devout and others who observe this fast; but in recompense they have all the night, which is generally passed in feasting and regaling themselves with every sort of licence and debauchery, as you will see by the following account.

The Governor, to whom, then, I was obliged to go, received me very politely. He made me sit near him on large Persian carpets, with which all the room was covered. I told him, when I saluted him, that I was far from well and wished to retire, so as to rest; but it was of no use. I had to remain; afterwards supper was served, which lasted three weary hours. A troop of instrument-players then entered, and sat down in a corner of the room, while at the same time came a dozen of courtesans, well dressed, bedecked with pearls and precious stones, and other sumptuous ornaments, which enhanced their beauty. They all saluted the Governor in their own fashion and retired to the middle of the room, where they sat in the form of a crescent, singing quite nicely for about half an hour. Then, becoming more animated by their songs and the sound of the instruments, they began to dance. They soon showed they were not novices in this line. The suppleness of their bodies, their agility and charm, the rhythm of their voices, and their skill in showing their passions by their gestures, were all absolutely perfect. They were really wonderful, and were much applauded by the guests and praised by the Governor. This was the best reward they could expect, because these obliging ladies are compelled to attend every fête and rejoicing of the Governor. They must go dressed in their richest attire to amuse him without any sort of recompense: on the contrary they have all to pay him a yearly tax, which they extract from others who wish to employ them.

Though this entertainment was most sumptuous and conducted with much *éclat* and magnificence, I have never enjoyed a feast less. I left it so cross that I nearly beat one of my servants when he informed me, just as I was leaving, that the Governor was sending to ask me to stay another day, as he wished to see me more privately. I went straight to the place where I had left my equipage; and, as it was late at night and the moon was very bright and

clear, my people asked me if I would not start at once. They said this would help me on my journey, as there was a long march the next day over bad roads, before reaching the town of Raybag. Seeing that my people shared my anxiety to go on, I had all my things put ready for leaving. I was much worried at the presence of two officers of the Governor, who had accompanied me out of civility, and from whom I wished to conceal my departure; so I was obliged to give them a little present to get rid of them.

Friday, 6 January. I left the town of Hukeri three hours before dawn, and we crossed a large dry and arid plain about ten leagues across. It is infertile, except for some low-lying villages, watered by some streams and ponds. These had, however, been abandoned this year by all the inhabitants on account of the extreme drought, as there had been no rain for over two years[1]. The country people had thus been reduced to such dire necessity that they were obliged to sell their children to travelling merchants, as they could no longer support them in this terrible time. Finding no water or other refreshment in this burnt-up country, we were obliged to march the whole day with immense discomfort and fatigue. We hardly knew what to do, when about five o'clock we saw in the distance the town of Raybag, and we finally arrived there at nightfall. I stopped at our factory, where there was only a Hindu broker in charge. M. Boureau, head of the Company at Rajapur, kept him there for the sale of European goods, which are in great demand. He also had to dispatch the local manufactures from Bijapur, Golconda, and other places, which were all brought here, as it was nearer the sea.

Raybag is situated in open country, and has in it various nations and oriental merchants on account of its great commerce. The prince who governs this place derives immense revenues from this trade and some fine estates attached to it. Its river lies about a quarter of a league away[2]; otherwise there is nothing pleasant outside it and everything is burnt up, without trees or

[1] These conditions seem to have extended to 1675, for John Child (chief of the English factory at Rajapur) in that year. on a journey from Kolhapur to Raybag, 'passed by many dead bodyes of men and women that died for want of food', and adds 'such townes as we passed [were] much broken and decayed few or no people in them; where one house had a dweller, ten were empty, the people being runne away for want, and fear of Sevagee, and oppression of their governments' (*E.F.*, I, 257–58).

[2] There are two tributaries of the river Kistna near Raybag.

gardens. Grass, fruit, milk, wood, and other provisions, have to come from a distance of two good leagues away.

I found everything in disorder and a general dismay at the death of the King of Bijapur, which had just occurred[1], causing several rival factions to the trouble of the whole kingdom. Some wished to replace on the throne the real heir; others took the side of the last king, who had left a boy only six years old[2]. The governors of the provinces took advantage of this turn of events, and started pillaging the towns in such a way that the inhabitants and merchants had to abandon them, because of the immense sums of money which were instantly demanded from them.[3] The Governor of Raybag had sealed all the houses and shops of the local merchants and forbidden them to be opened on pain of death, until the merchants had paid him an enormous sum of money. This action so terrified them that they preferred to abandon their houses and merchandise rather than to live under such tyranny. The Governor's officers, having received a general order to seal all the merchants' houses, likewise put a seal on our Company's factory. Our broker was very surprised at this, as he knew how much the French were honoured in this kingdom. He went to see the Governor and protested at this rigorous proceeding against a house belonging to the French Company. He threatened to write to its chief at Rajapur, asking him to complain to the court at Bijapur. The Governor, startled at our broker's attitude, replied that he had given no such order and never intended to

[1] King Ali Adil Shah II had died about a month earlier and was succeeded by his son, Sikandar, a boy of four, whom Khawass Khan, the Abyssinian leader of the Mussulman party, placed on the throne (Sarkar, *Aurangzib*, 248–49; *C.H.I.*, 248–49; and cf. pp. 256–7 *post*).

[2] From p. 246 *post*, it seems that Carré here refers to the slander that the late king was not really the son of King Muhammad Adil Shah, who died in 1656, but a boy of obscure parentage, who had been brought up in the latter's harem (Sarkar, *Aurangzib*, 39–40; *E.F.*, 1655–65, pp. 249–50; *C.H.I.*, IV, 209, 271). That page shows that he regarded Khawass Khan as 'the real heir' (MS. *le verrittable herittier de la couronne*). The last king's son, aged six, is evidently Sikandar.

[3] On the death of King Ali Adil Shah 'disturbances broke out on all sides' (Sarkar, *Shivaji*, 199; *C.H.I.*, IV, 274–75). These were mainly due to Khawass Khan breaking his promise to share the government with other leading nobles; but there were also revolts by subordinate chiefs. Thus the Rajas of Sonda and Bednur, who were under the King of Bijapur, invaded Bijapur territory early in 1673 (*E.F.*, I, 316; Sarkar, *Aurangzib*, 245).

touch the French factory. He at once sent officials to remove the seal that had been placed there, and assured the broker of his protection and service in everything concerning the French interests. He showed a real regret that the Frenchman, who had lived a year in Raybag, had returned to Rajapur, as he said he had derived much pleasure and satisfaction from his visits and conversations. The broker, therefore, remained quiet, and was very satisfied with the civility of the Governor, who, on learning of my arrival, sent at once to my abode to salute me and to know if I was going to live in this place.

Saturday, 7 January. I felt so ill from the effects of the tiring march, the heat, and my thirst of the preceding day, that I was unable to go out all day, so sent our broker to the Governor to make my excuses for not going to pay my respects to him.

There was in this town a Portuguese fidalgo, of whose character I had heard in many places during my journey: Hearing of my arrival, he came to visit me in the afternoon, and stayed till evening, discussing his own affairs, of which he thought I knew nothing. I considered this was in very bad taste. I could not imagine without disgust how a fidalgo, as he was, could have deserted his wife, a marriageable daughter, and his belongings, at Goa, and taken refuge like a madman with a Muhammadan king. He could never hope for any fortune or promotion from him without first renouncing his Catholic religion: yet he was actually entitled to wear the mantle of a Chevalier of Christ, which in Portugal corresponds to our French blue ribbon[1]. He told me of the hatred he bore against the Goa Viceroy and others of his own nation; and when I asked him the reason, he related his own history at length and in a manner that (with what I already knew about him) showed me he was entirely in the wrong. The bitter despair, and the depths to which he was blindly falling, were the just punishment of Heaven; and he had brought that on himself by the wrongs and the wickedness he had committed in this oriental country.

[1] The Order of Jesus was an order of 'cavalleiros' instituted at Rome in 1459 by Pope Pius II for opposing the Turks (Vieira, *Dicc. Port.*, III, 1200). The French blue ribbon, or 'cordon bleu', denoted a chevalier of the Holy Ghost (*Saint-Esprit*), an order which was instituted by Henri III (1574-89) of France, and entitled a member to wear a small cross attached to a blue ribbon (*Dict. de l'Académie Françoise*, 1814, I, 316, 529).

About fifteen years ago there was a Viceroy at Goa who resolved to reduce the pride, splendour, and power of the Portuguese fidalgos. These governed everything as they wished, and recognized no authority superior to their own. They divided all the wealth amongst themselves and annexed all the power. No important affair could be done without their knowledge and consent. When these omnipotents realized that the Viceroy was taking measures to deprive them of their authority, they conspired against him. Twelve of them resolved to frustrate his designs and to get rid of him in some way or other. They were some time in deciding how this was to be accomplished. Some were of the opinion that poison was the quickest remedy; others, more cruel, favoured assassination, and even offered to play the parts of Cassius and Brutus in this tragedy. Finally the majority, who had more conscience, gained the day, and it was resolved to seize the Viceroy and send him to Portugal. This they did without much difficulty, as they had complete power in their hands. After this coup, finding themselves masters of all Portuguese India[1], they began a series of unheard-of injustices and cruelties against the Viceroy's family, and those of their nation who had supported his party. They seemed to compete against one another in seeing who could distinguish himself by inventing the worst cruelties and atrocities.

This man, Dom Pedre [Pedro] de Castres [Castro], was one of the leaders of this cabal and surpassed them all in crimes. He plotted a spiteful action, the like of which has never been heard of. About this time a Muhammadan nobleman at the Bijapur court arrived in Bicholim for change of air, and to enjoy the pleasures of that charming place. He made the acquaintance, and gained the friendship, of those Portuguese fidalgos who lived only about one or two leagues away. They led a most gay and delightful life on the outskirts of Goa. The Muhammadan prince was so pleased

[1] The Viceroy in question was Dom Vasco Mascarenhas, Conde de Obidos, who arrived at Goa from Lisbon on 3 September 1652. He was a man endowed with many excellent qualities, and would probably have distinguished himself in his capacity as Viceroy, but in 1653 a seditious movement against him was set on foot by Dom Braz de Castro, who with those that joined him in the revolt deposed the Viceroy on 22 October 1653. Thereupon Dom Braz de Castro took forcible possession of the reins of government, which he held for nearly two years, until he was apprehended, together with some of his followers, in 1655 (Danvers, II, 303–4). Manucci (III, 169) also mentions the rebellion.

that he desired nothing better; but at last his position and business recalled him to the court. He was so unwilling to return that he could not bring himself to start. The life he led with these Portuguese enchanted him, but what enthralled him above everything else was the beauty and charm of the Portuguese ladies whom these fine fidalgos let him see at their debauches. He could not bring himself to leave without taking one or two of these ladies back with him; and he was very vexed at the many obstacles in the way of this enterprise. He found it was not easy to abduct any of them; besides he feared the Portuguese, who were then still powerful. Still less could he ask for them, on account of his Muhammadan religion, which these ladies abhor more than any one else in the Orient. So, being at a loss to know how to satisfy his passion, he resolved to try to bribe one of these fidalgos with a huge sum of money. As he knew Dom Pedro particularly well and realized his character, he applied to him and told him all he had at heart. He found Dom Pedro quite ready to help him in his desires, and arranged everything with him to his satisfaction, whereupon the fidalgo set himself to his task. He wished to please this Mussulman, so did not trouble to find the ordinary courtesans whom it would not have been difficult to persuade, but designed with the blackest and most unheard of villainy to satisfy a personal grudge and at the same time to oblige the man for whom he was working.

This fidalgo had nourished an implacable and secret hatred against one of the principal families of Goa[1]. He took advantage of the occasion to satisfy his vengeance in a manner which shows to what extremities that terrible passion will lead a man. This honourable family, like all the rest at that unhappy time, was in very bad straits. He so disguised his character that he fully conciliated most of the heads of the family. He visited them frequently and showed great friendship, saying he would gladly help them in their affairs, and he hid his game so cleverly that this noble family did not doubt his devotion to their interests. Two of these ladies, well born and virtuous, often received visits from this fidalgo, and were so certain of his friendship and goodwill that they confided in him, as if he was their own brother. They owned some country-houses, outside the town and not far from

[1] In his book (II, 100) Carré says that the family in question was of the house of the Viceroy, and related to the fidalgo himself.

one of his aldeas, where they sometimes went, and when there paid him return visits. Our Dom Pedro laid his plans most carefully. He built a little covered boat expressly to give these ladies occasional trips to the islands and aldeas round Goa, to which he so accustomed them that they suspected nothing.

Following the custom of Portuguese ladies when they go out, they were well hidden in this covered boat, which much helped the designs of the fidalgo, as the ladies, being thus shut in, could not see where they were going. The day at last came when this terrible plot was put into execution. The Moor noble, having to his intense joy been warned to be ready, sent all his equipage and followers to a village near Bicholim, and stayed there with two horses, one for himself and the other for the fidalgo. He also sent a magnificent palanquin to a spot above the Bicholim river, where they would bring him what he so ardently desired.

Some Portuguese, who were then at Goa, told me all the circumstances of this terrible history. They said that one of these ladies, pleased by the frequent visits and talks of this fidalgo, allowed herself to be overcome by his pressing assurances of love, so that she finally accorded him the supreme favour. This was the cause that afterwards they went out more freely, wherever he wished to take them. By a ruse he made them believe that he was going to buy a pleasant aldea near Bicholim, but could not decide definitely without showing it to them for their advice. These good ladies now took as much interest in his affairs as if they were their own. They promised to accompany him, as he wished, to the aldea, and the boat was prepared at dawn to start while it was still cool. The two poor women embarked joyfully, little knowing of the miserable trip they were going to make.

Oh! ladies of France, who enjoy walks so much, come my beauties, who are always so anxious to find favourable opportunities of going out on secret excursions with your lovers. Come here, you other girls—you, who are so credulous as to believe the lying promises of deceivers, as are most men. Come, ladies, come for this excursion with my two Portuguese ladies. They will pass through lovely islands, charming woods and meadows, and finally will seek a pleasant retreat, where they imagine that only trees and birds will witness the delightful pleasures they are going to enjoy. These have so blinded them that they allow themselves to be brought away at the will of the most perfidious of

men. The boat in fine started and gradually drew away from this charming spot, to which these poor ladies, if they only knew it, were bidding a last farewell. Ah! if you had only realized you were leaving it for ever, what tears you would have shed! What sighs, what sobs! How many bitter and hopeless lamentations at the loss of such a safe and pleasant home where you gambolled in your girlhood! But no! that time had not yet come: they had yet some hours of happiness and pleasure to enjoy before feeling the thorns and sorrows which usually follow the false delights of this world. They passed all the islands, where finding themselves alone with their cruel guide, they unveiled themselves and opened the curtains of the boat to admire the lovely scenery through which they were passing. They were charmed with the sight of the woods and never stopped praising the beauties of this Bicholim river. Finally they landed higher up it, and found a superb palanquin, ornamented and covered with a rich stuff, awaiting them on the bank. The fidalgo led both of them to the palanquin and had it well closed, to prevent any one seeing them. He made the carriers take them by a road that he indicated, leaving them in charge of a faithful servant to conduct them to the village, where they would be handed over. He then went to find his Moor, who was waiting for him near the landing-place, and they both mounted horses and arrived at the village before the ladies. The Moor's attendants were already there, and he ordered them to await him a quarter of a league farther along the road. He then hid himself in a house, while the fidalgo met the ladies in the palanquin. They both were full of admiration at its magnificence and had it all uncovered to enable them to examine the embroidery, the stuff, the rich cushions, and the ornaments with which it was covered. This traitor, in order to flatter and cajole them with his usual treacherous deceit, said he was charmed that they approved of the palanquin, as he had made it expressly for their use. They thought he was saying this only from gallantry, as they could not imagine why he should have gone to such an expense. He did not usually spend much on them, so they believed he had made it for his wife to appease her, as they had been separated for some years. The poor ladies were sadly mistaken, as the rich palanquin was really for them, and was the instrument of fate, in which they were soon to pour out torrents of tears, sighs, regrets, and useless lamentations.

It is really now that one must deplore the most perfidious and cruel treachery that ever man was capable of towards this credulous and simple sex, so easily deceived. He invited them to rest under a fine tree, where he had had carpets spread on the bank of a little river, bordered by a small wood and shaded by palm-trees. It is a delightful spot, where I myself had stopped for a pleasant halt, on the day I left Bicholim. He told them that this was the aldea he wished to buy and took them to the most agreeable places in it, speaking of the revenues and profits which he hoped to make. The ladies were charmed at the beauty of the place; they kept on praising his intention to buy it, and expressed their obligations to him for having been brought on such a delightful trip. The aldea had many little retired shady and cool spots, far from any sound but the song of birds and the murmur of the river which flows through it. He wished them to rest in a place he had prepared for them, but they preferred to sit inside a wood looking on the river, where this traitor gave them a splendid collation. He then showered on them the caresses and the civility which they always expected from him. The fatal hour approached, and he could no longer think of pleasure and embraces. The sun's rays were getting cooler, when the fidalgo left these ladies for a moment, telling them he was going to order the palanquin to be got ready for their return.

The poor ladies were alone, as the fidalgo had left them. But what happened? Stop a little, soul of a tiger, heart of rock, human monster! Think of your nobility. Look at this mantle of the Order of Christ, with which your king has honoured you: have pity and compassion on those poor women! They are of your own nation, do not betray your religion so basely! Consider the confidence with which those poor ladies followed you! Will none of these considerations shake your detestable resolution? No, my dear ladies. This cruel wretch went to find the author of this treachery; after some time he came back to the ladies, gay and smiling, and asked them to return to the palanquin. Oh! infamous creature—you have the temerity to present your hand to these two poor victims to conduct them to the palanquin as on a scaffold, where they will suffer miseries and tortures. Oh, cruel man! You yourself close the curtains and shut them in the palanquin so that they can no longer see the most pitiless of all men!

The Moor nobleman now appeared on horseback, took leave of the fidalgo, and ordered the palanquin to go on quickly in front of him until it reached his retainers. The fidalgo, delighted at the success of his plot, returned joyously to his aldea near Goa, where he stayed some time without appearing in the town, as he wished to see the effect produced by the absence of those two ladies. It was not long before it was divulged and known on every side, to the amazement of all. Some people coming from Bijapur to Goa said they had met the Moor nobleman with a large escort, on his way to that court. There was a palanquin with him, in which some women were calling out in despair, and with such lamentations as to rouse the compassion of all who heard them. There was no longer any doubt that this was a trick of the fidalgo Dom Pedro de Castro, and letters received from Bijapur shortly afterwards confirmed it. The fidalgo's conduct was now looked upon as infamous and liable to the censure and excommunication of the Church; but God, who would not let this cabal of traitors and debauchers go unpunished, permitted dissension to arise amongst them to such an extent that they abandoned everything in order to ruin one another.

While Portuguese affairs in India were in this state, the ship on which the Viceroy was sent arrived in Lisbon. The king, Dom Joan [John], father of the present one, was so infuriated that he resolved to inflict exemplary punishment on the outrageous and audacious conduct of these fidalgos at Goa. He ordered that two big ships should be equipped, in which he sent a Viceroy and a number of officers and persons of credit, with orders that, as soon as they reached Goa, they were to seize all these rebels without exception and dispatch them in irons to Lisbon to answer for those rebellious and seditious leagues that they had formed all over [Portuguese] India. The ships were a long time coming, which gave these men time to destroy one another, so that, when the Viceroy arrived in Goa, it was almost impossible to know or discover what had become of the fidalgos. By a just punishment of God those who once thought themselves masters and sovereigns of all [Portuguese] India had vanished like smoke with all their power and authority. Only three or four of them still remained, who, fearing a well-merited punishment, fled to Indian princes, except this Dom Pedro de Castro, who was imprisoned and sent

to Portugal[1]. By good fortune for him, Dom John had died before he arrived[2], and finding everything changed, he managed to ingratiate himself so well with the new king, Dom Alfonso, that not only was he pardoned, but he received permission to return to India. He was also given an honourable appointment—the command of a fortress among those round Goa. As, however, he had been excommunicated both in Goa, and even in Portugal, for his infamous action in selling two Christian women to a Muhammadan prince, he sent to Rome before returning to India, and, after receiving his clearance from the Holy See[3], embarked in the first ship leaving Lisbon for Goa. His arrival there amazed the Portuguese. He showed the Viceroy the commissions he had received from King Alfonso, took possession of his appointment and of the lands which had been assigned to him, and recommenced the same life that he had led in the past. He did not even trouble to take back his wife or a fine lovely daughter that he had at Goa. He amused himself only with scoundrels and debauchers, and with a troop of women-slaves whom he kept for his sensual pleasures. This life was enough to render him odious to all; but as it is one commonly led by all the Portuguese in India, it was not that which ruined him. It was the hate and just resentment of the Viceroy against him, for both political and private reasons, which led to his prosecution. He was arrested and imprisoned until their last war with the Dutch[4], when thinking he would prefer to die gloriously in battle than to languish in prison he appealed to the Viceroy. The latter, wanting men granted his wish and sent him in a man-of-war. He had the good luck to

[1] The new Viceroy was Dom Rodrigo Lobo da Silveira, Conde de Sarzedos, who left Lisbon on 23 March 1655 and arrived at Marmagao on 19 August 1655. On 23 August he assumed the government, and having taken the necessary steps for putting an end to the sedition which had deposed the last Viceroy, he apprehended Dom Braz de Castro together with some of his principal adherents (Danvers II, 310). His death at Goa on 3 January 1656 was suspected to be due to poisoning by the rebel fidalgos (ibid., p. 319; Manucci, III, 169).

[2] John IV died in 1656, and was succeeded by Alphonso VI.

[3] MS. *son expedition du St. Siege*. Carré's book (II, 120) puts the meaning clearer, viz. the fidalgo 'sent to Rome to solicit his absolution, and having obtained it', etc.

[4] This 'last war with the Dutch' probably means the hostilities between them and the Portuguese in 1661–63 (Danvers, II, 325–29). A treaty of peace between Portugal and Holland was signed on 6 August 1661, but was not published in India till 14 March 1663 (ibid., 329).

escape without a wound in three battles against the Dutch. On his return to Goa, he was put back in prison, but managed to escape; so, being at liberty, he sold his commission and all the lands he had received from King Alfonso, and retired to Bicholim and the sea coast, among Moors. He stayed there two years, and then resolved to seek his fortune at the court of Bijapur. He hoped for the protection of the man to whom he had sold the two unfortunate women, as I have just related.

I found this man at Raybag, where he came to visit me and beg me to travel with him to Bijapur. He had already sent one of his people there, with presents for an important person at the court, from whom he had received a passport which would enable him and his equipage to pass without paying duty. He had a tremendous amount of baggage, chests, dancing-girls, and a troop of poor Christian slaves, which he was dragging about with him. After having thanked him for his visit, I showed him my feelings openly. I said I was very surprised that a person of his standing should thus take refuge among Moors and heathens, sworn enemies of our religion, and that he could have little conscience in thus dragging about with him a troop of poor Christians, whom he exposed to the danger of conversion to the Muhammadan religion; they were poor country folk with no firmness in our religion, which they practise only when they are with other Christians, and in places where they can be supervised. I also said that he himself could not be very welcome at the court of a Mussulman prince with his Catholic religion, if he wanted employment, for these Moors are such enemies of our faith that they will stop at nothing, either by torture or by trickery, to force our poor Christians to embrace their infamous belief. He replied that he was forced to leave owing to the hatred and enmity of the Viceroy, but I retorted that I had just come from Goa, where many people, in a position to know the facts, assured me that the Viceroy, far from wishing him ill, was much distressed at seeing him living among Moors and Hindus for the last two years, and that a person of his quality could gain no position except with dishonour and great detriment to his faith, also that he well knew this from the good advice and news given by his friends in letters and express messages from Goa. These told him that the Viceroy had decided from motives of pity to forget the past and would be overjoyed, for the honour of the nation and the good of our

religion, if he would go to some place among Christians, such as Surat, Daman, Bassein, Chaul, and other towns, where there were many discontented people. They also did not like the Viceroy; nevertheless, they managed to live peacefully with people of their own nation and made the best they could of the little that remained to them after their misfortunes. If, however, he had so great an aversion to his own countrymen that he could not bring himself to live among them, he could go to Rajapur, where he would have the society of our Company's officials, and where he had already lived for six months. Here he would daily find Holy Mass and all the benefits of our religion. There was also Surat with a French Capuchin church and the society of every nation of Europe, as well as many private persons who lived pleasant and honourable lives. Again at Madras on the Coromandel coast there were many well-born Portuguese, who lived quietly as if they were not in India. They indulged in no intrigues, nor concerned themselves with affairs at Goa, or in any other Portuguese places. It was a pleasant town, with a Capuchin church, and many Christians, who had escaped there from other places in India, to live in liberty and far from the worry of important affairs. There was also Hyspaham [Isfahan], capital of Persia, where the court was the most polished and magnificent in the East, and where Europeans were held in esteem, especially persons of quality. We had many good Frenchmen there, and such religious liberty that there were four or five churches of our French, Italian and Portuguese monks. I impressed upon him that in all the places I had mentioned there was much trade, and he would find merchants who would make the best of his fortune, so that he could double his capital every year, and as he had (so he told me) 30,000 pardaos, he could pass the rest of his days with *éclat* and with honour in these oriental countries, if he followed the counsel and good advice which I gave him as a true friend. 'If, however,' I told him, 'you wish blindly to follow your plan of taking refuge in a place where there is not a single Christian, you can rest assured that, even if you had great riches, they would not last a moment with this sort of people, who will always extract presents from you and will involve you in a thousand useless expenses. When they have reduced you to beggary and put you in need of their assistance, they will do nothing for you until you change your Catholic religion.'

All these arguments were quite capable of influencing a Christian, though a frail one, if he had some sense of honour and respect for his faith, and might possibly turn him from the precipice to which he was heading. But no! This fidalgo was now so blind and so deadened by his past crimes that he had become insensible to all representations for his good. His spiritual condition was such that there seemed to be no remedy. *Abissus* [*sic*] *abyssum invocat*[1]. He was so accustomed to vice and crimes that he wished to continue them, and having rebelled against his king, in the person of his Viceroy, was guilty of *lèse-majesté*. He had betrayed his religion and his God by basely selling those two poor Christian ladies to a Muhammadan. It only remained for him to betray himself, as he was now doing effectively by pursuing his design to live in a place which seems to be the refuge of every Christian renegade in India. This I shall show elsewhere [pp. 287–99].

The fidalgo was very anxious that I should accompany him to Bijapur, saying among other things, as an inducement, that I was running a great risk by going alone over roads full of soldiers and rebels, who thought of nothing but their enrichment by pillaging, now that the whole kingdom was full of unrest caused by the death of the king; and that he had a passport from the court and a large escort to defend us against any unfortunate mishap we might encounter on the journey. In spite, however, of all these reasons, I did not wish to oblige him in this matter. I knew he was dragging about an appalling crowd of slaves, also furniture, provisions, and similar things; so I simply told him that I was very pressed for time, and if he could get ready to start the next day, we might travel together, as he wished.

Sunday, 8 January. In the morning I called on the Governor of Raybag, a Brahman, which is the highest and most noble caste among Hindus. He had daily feasts and public rejoicings, with horse-races and other military exercises. This was to celebrate, with his military officers, the glorious victories they had lately gained in many places against the rebels, whose numbers he had so much reduced that they had vanished like smoke. I found the Governor surrounded by his principal officers, who were receiving his orders. As soon as he saw me, he dismissed them so as to have

[1] These Latin words are from the Vulgate edition of the Bible (e.g. of 1624 and 1630). They come in Psalm xli, 8, as it then was, corresponding to the present Psalm xlii, 7: 'deep calleth unto deep'.

more liberty to converse with me. I first of all complimented him on his conquests, and gave him high praise for having so gloriously saved the kingdom from the fires which threatened to destroy it on every side. This led to a talk on affairs of state. The Governor gave me a long description of the death of the king, who had ruled so well that his memory would be eternal. He was so esteemed and loved by all his subjects, particularly by the princes and nobles of the kingdom, that no one had ever complained of the way in which he usurped his crown. He gained it owing to the love of the queen, who had poisoned her legitimate king and husband to marry the man for whom she had thus obtained the crown[1]. It was fortunate for him on his ascent to the throne that a very powerful prince with more right to that place, being a direct descendant of the first king, came to do homage and recognized him as king. He swore the oath of fidelity and showed so much affection for him personally and zeal in his interest that he gained the good graces and friendship of the king. This prince was called Cavas Kam [Khawāss Khān],[2] and the king, recognizing his capacities, virtues, and many good qualities, kept him always about his person for advice and counsel. Khawass Khan also received much power and authority, as the king relied on his prudence and good administration of the kingdom's affairs. He was so successful in everything for the glory and peace of the state that the nobles, the army-commanders, chief merchants, and common people, were all united in his praise and the

[1] This is one of many reports, evidently current in the seventeenth century, *re* the illegitimacy of Ali Adil Shah II. Thus Fryer (II, 55) attributes his succession to misconduct on the part of the queen, wife of Muhammad Adil Shah, and says that he was the natural son of an elephant-keeper, who obtained access to the queen's apartment by 'the conveniency to descend from the trunk of his elephant'. Bernier (p. 197) and Tavernier (*Travels*, I, 148) and Thevenot (pt. III, 276), merely say that the queen 'adopted' the boy as her son. No doubt the story grew in its telling. Grant Duff (I, 125-26) and Sir W. Haig (*C.H.I.*, IV, 271) give reasons for believing the story to be without foundation.

[2] Khawāss Khān was a son of Khān Muhammad, who was originally an Abyssinian slave and was executed in 1658 for betraying the cause of King Ali Adil Shah (*C.H.I.*, IV, 274; Grant Duff, I, 134). He became the leader of the Deccani Mussulman party and one of the principal nobles at the court of King Ali Adil Shah (Sarkar, *Aurangzib*, IV, 135-36; Grant Duff, I, 210); but in view of his known origin it seems clear that he was not a direct descendant of the first King Yusuf Adil Shah, or of any other King of Bijapur, as stated by Carré.

satisfaction they felt under his good government. To crown all and to assure a happy future, a son was born to the king by his legitimate wife, which caused much pleasure and contentment in the kingdom.

I say legitimate wife, because all these oriental kings have hundreds of wives for their pleasure, whom they keep shut up in seraglios; but there is only one who enjoys the privilege of legitimate wife. She has more liberty than the others, as has always been the custom in Asia, and is even mentioned in Holy Scripture where it says that Vashti and Esther were the legitimate wives of the great Ahasuerus, the Persian king[1]. This king in Bijapur has 1,400 women in his seraglio. This must not astonish you, because as in Europe the magnificence of our Christian princes is shown by a splendid stable of the finest horses from all over the world, so these Eastern princes show their power and grandeur by their seraglios, where they have women brought from every foreign kingdom[2]. This subject has led me away from my conversation with the Brahman governor. I will come back to it when I have discussed the condition and state of these Eastern women in comparison with our European ones. I say, then, that these women, shut up in the seraglio, can be justly called the king's flock, for the king alone can enter into this human fold. There are a quantity of eunuchs, who serve as sheep-dogs, as they pre-

[1] MS. *Vasthy et Ester . . . Assuerus*. Cf. the book of Esther, i, 9, and ii, 17. Carré errs in his statement about there being only one legitimate wife, who has more liberty than the others, as a Moslem should observe strict equality among his legally married wives (P. B. Tyabji, *Principles of Muhammadan Law*, 2nd ed., p. 106); but in actual life other factors occur, and Carré's remarks are perhaps based on this. Thus Nur Jahan was regarded as principal wife of Jehangir owing to her capable personality, and mutual affection raised Mumtaz Mahall above the other wives of Shah Jahan. In some Moslem royal families, the son of a legal wife might, moreover, be barred from succession, if she were not of the royal race.

[2] The number 1,400 is not necessarily fantastic, especially if it includes female servants and slaves. Thus Manucci (II, 330) says that the Mughal Emperor's seraglio contained 2,000 women of different races. Ghiyas-ud-din, Sultan of Malwa, is said to have had as many as 15,000 women in his harem, though a large number of these were female guards and attendants of various professions and trades (Briggs' *Rise of the Mohomedan Power*, IV, 236–37). The Spanish priest, Navarette, who visited Golconda *c.* 1670, was told that its king had 900 concubines in his harem (Churchill's *Voyages*, I, 313). Methwold, some fifty years earlier, puts the number as 'at least 1000' (Moreland, *Relations of Golconda*, 10).

vent human wolves from coming near this delicate and precious treasure, which serves only for the king's use and pleasure. It is the first heritage that a new king finds in the royal palace when he takes over possession, as no one, whatever his position, is allowed to enter into this fold, nor to take away a single one of the sheep, on the death of a king. It frequently happens, however, that when a king wishes to gratify a favourite or some person of quality, he gives him one of these human sheep as a present, just as we see in Europe that a prince or nobleman will sometimes reward a friend, or one of his gentlemen, with a present of a fine horse from his stable. The woman on whom the lot falls is delighted at the change of owner. They prefer to browse in new fields, more pleasant than the king's pastures, which often do not produce enough to feed his flock; it is so numerous that most of them have a meagre fare and suffer from hunger and a continual fast. And on carefully considering their lot, I cannot find any more grievous than theirs, which is a slavery of the most cruel kind one can imagine for a woman.

I should much like to find myself now at the abbey of St. Antony at Paris, at that of Poissy, at St. Sauveur of Évreux, in the cloisters of Rouen, or those of the nuns of Bourges, la Guiche, or Moncey[1], or any other nunneries, where I have been many times at the grilles of these ladies. They overwhelm you with lamentations longer than those of the Prophet Jeremiah, showing the hardship of their lives, and the sorrows they feel at being cloistered, also their displeasure at not seeing the outside world. They

[1] The Abbaye Saint-Antoine at Paris dates from the end of the thirteenth century, and from 1191 it is certain that a community of women existed in this region. Poissy had an abbey of Dominicans from the fourteenth century. The abbey of Évreux was founded *c.* 1060. Rouen also had an abbey. Bourges is a cathedral town. (Larousse, *Grande Enc.*, s.n.). La Guiche is probably the abbey founded in 1272 on a site of that name about two leagues from Blois; it was close to Chambon, being separated only by the river Cisse, and was intended for girls of the order of St. Claire (J. Bernier, *Histoire de Blois*, 1682, pp. 204-6 and map facing p. 2). There are two small villages called Moncey in France, one in the Doubs department and the other in that of Haute Saône; but no reference to an abbey or nunnery at or near them has been traced. It seems probable (as suggested by one at the Fathers at Blackfriars, Oxford) that the place meant is Moncé, a hamlet near Amboise, where a Cistercian priory was founded in 1209, for it is in the neighbourhood of the Blois district, the home of the Abbé's family (p. xxvii), and in 1652 the priory was turned into a women's abbey (Larousse, *Grande Enc.*, XXIV, 55-56).

imagine for the most part that this word 'world' signifies nothing else but comforts, pleasures, pomps, and other voluptuous and delightful things. They are woefully mistaken, for, when all is said and done, the world contains nothing but toil, sorrows, suffering, deception, falsehood, and other like miseries. As proof of this, it is not difficult, knowing what is going on around us, to judge and see clearly which is the bigger part, pleasures or suffering.

What does one see in this world? [Take these headings:] the court, war, marriage, the merchant, ordinary folk and peasants. What is there at court, which we consider as the centre of all pleasures and every delight? You see a king who spends all his time, and the best days of his life, in giving orders, in trying to increase his glory, extend the limits of his kingdom, and keep peace and unity among his subjects, so that if he does spend a few hours or moments in recreation to relax a little from the important affairs which are continually on his mind, one certainly cannot say that the king enjoys many real pleasures or contentment in this world. War appeals to the nobility and other principal men of the kingdom, who pass their entire life at court, begging for employment. From prestige they are obliged to spend more than their income to maintain their position, and to keep up their regiments in a state to avert reprimands and rebuffs from their generals. They must go into battle, attack towns, and sleep in the open, exposed not only to their foes, but also to the inclemencies of the weather, without counting hunger, thirst, and other miseries, which occur in a military career. This is what must be endured for many years to acquire the honour of being a captain, major, or colonel of the regiment, or a general of an army; but of the hundreds of people who aspire to the same employment there can be only two or three who are rewarded, and that only after suffering hardships, many wounds, and much shedding of blood. Thus it cannot be said that the nobility derive much satisfaction or contentment in this world.

The merchant is not more fortunate or happy in his business and trade. How many calamities and misfortunes he has to endure! He is obliged to travel in strange countries, and brave perils of the sea, constantly risking his life with his goods. He has to deal with foreign brokers and agents, who for the most part take much of his profits; he has to give his goods on credit, and frequently receives only rebuffs and menaces in repayment, so that,

if a merchant does sometimes try to take a little recreation, to feast, and to amuse himself on the quiet, the pleasure he gets out of these levities does not compensate for his anxieties and continual worries. Therefore you cannot say that the merchant is happy and contented in this world.

Marriage: there are few of these that are exempt from thorns, crosses, worries, discords, tribulations, jealousy, hatred, and suchlike calamities. Let us consider those of the upper classes. They must have suites of pages, lackeys, and officials, keep up carriages and stables, furnish their palaces, keep open table, and incur many useless expenses, which often amount to more than the revenues of the house. Monsieur and Madame are well aware of this. They often consult about it with much dismay; but there is no chance of reform, neither in their way of living, the table expenses, nor the stable, for 'What would our friends say? We must keep up our usual style of living.' On the other hand, there are the farmers and stewards, who make a good thing for themselves out of the profits of the estate, so that at the end of the year the two are often astonished to find their revenue is halved and their expenses doubled. Sometimes Monsieur is a gambler, and Madame likes society and luxury: each one incurs excessive expenses, and soon their affairs are in a bad way. I wish they would live within their income, and both be more careful; but even then they cannot avoid other thorns and worries that prevent them from the perfect enjoyment of such pleasures as they have. They always live in fear of a reverse of fortune, of which we have enough examples in France to-day. If God gives them children, they must take great care to bring them up virtuously and in a manner worthy of their station in life. They must also procure positions and employments for them, which is not easy in this high society. The parents are always anxious to raise the condition of their children above their own; but this cannot be done without great trouble. After that and sometimes enormous expense, the children are often found to have evil habits, which lead to their forming different views from those of their father and mother. They may lead licentious lives and quickly dissipate the savings which their parents have amassed with such care and self-denial. So vanish the fine hopes and grand ideas that they had for their children; and such poignant thorns and sorrows are certainly more bitter than the few pleasures and comforts they have enjoyed. And if these

marriages, which are seemingly happy, entail so much disgrace and disappointment, it stands to reason that those of a lower standard will suffer greater ones. I will not weary you by enlarging on this, but assert that it is not in marriage that pleasure and happiness will be found in this world.

Is happiness then, to be found among ordinary folk? For an artisan, take a baker for example, he must work all night, sifting his flour, making his yeast, and kneading the dough. He passes the day with his head and half his body in a burning oven, which dries him up in such a way that he can hardly earn enough to quench his thirst. Let us take a tailor: he has to work all day, sitting cross-legged like a Turk, his food a few prunes, pears, turnips and the like, which are sold in the street. He can hardly earn enough to buy a decent coat for Sundays and saints' days. All other craftsmen have equal trouble in earning their bread to support their wives and a crowd of children who must continually be fed to obtain any peace. Therefore it is not amongst these folk that happiness or pleasure is to be found in this world.

Finally the peasants. What can be said about them? Have they more happiness and pleasure than these others? Alas! I see only sweat and toil and dire poverty. Some have to dig all day in the heat of the sun: others have to cultivate vines, or to care for trees, the fruit of which they will never enjoy. I see them returning home in the evening, a spade on their shoulders, a plough-axle [*sic*] and a bill-hook behind their backs, with a bundle of thorns on their heads or shoulders, at the end of a wooden fork. All they have to eat with their families at home is a piece of rye or barley bread, the colour of the sods they have just turned. If some are fortunate enough to have a bit of salt-pork and a few cabbage-leaves from their master's garden, they must eat this with the door shut. For, if it was known that there was a salting-tub in the house, the parish collector would at once raise his poll-tax[1]. So it is not with these poor peasants that you find luxury, ease, or pleasures of this world.

[1] This seems to refer to *la gabelle de sel*, the duty on salt, which was one of the most odious and inquisitorial of the indirect taxes in France (Larousse, *Grande Enc.*, XII, 835). A poll-tax (*capitation* or *taille personelle*) was also levied in France in the seventeenth century (ibid., IX, 200). For the misery to which most of the peasants were reduced in the reign of Louis XIV, etc., see E. Lavisse, *Histoire de France*, VII, 335–45.

I have not spoken of the lawyers or judges, as I consider them to be the most unhappy people on earth, mainly for the reason that they are generally hated by everyone, without regard to the troubles, worries, and sleepless nights that they suffer in trying to master their cases and to administer justice to everyone. I consider them to be the most unfortunate people in the world, and therefore worthy of all pity.

There, my cloistered ladies, is what the world is like! And kindly allow me to tell you that, if there is a happy life in this world, full of sweetness and pleasures, it is that of you nuns. You are sheltered from the troubles, miseries, and the calamities which I have just depicted. You are really the only ones who enjoy complete happiness in this world.

The Mother-Abbess, or any lady of rank in her convent, is delighted when she hears the news that her uncle, her brother, or other relation, has received a good post at the court, or has been made a general. She much enjoys the pleasure of telling this good news to her friends; and when she learns that her relation has gained a great battle or taken a town, she does not fail to appropriate the best part of the glory acquired by him. It does not trouble her if this appointment, which he has bought in court circles or in the army, has nearly ruined those of the family, who are still of the world. She does not see his wife, children, and other relatives weeping with sorrow and in continual fear, when they learn at the same time that this general has been badly wounded in his day of victory, or that he is in great danger or has lost some of his baggage and the best of his servants; or, even if he is not wounded or in danger now, that there are other battles to come, in which he may be killed, to the complete ruin of his family. This only shows that no one can enjoy the fruit of such victories with as much pleasure and satisfaction as these good nuns. They alone taste the honey and see the roses, leaving the thorns for the world, as well as the work and anxieties entailed in gathering the palms and laurels of glory that bring honour to noble houses.

When a young girl of position or good family enters a convent, it almost always happens that she is the most virtuous, the wittiest, and the best looking of her family. She is, therefore, the parents' favourite child They have had much trouble in bringing her up, and just as they were hoping that she would be a comfort to them,

she says God is calling her, and goes into a convent. Consequently all the best fruits of marriage are for my ladies, the nuns, to the grief of the parents, to whom are left only those children who may cause them great displeasure and worry. If the girl is a merchant's daughter, the convent receives a large sum of money as her *dot*, without having any of the trouble, work, vigils, or dangers, with which this merchant has acquired it. What do you wish for more, ladies? You complain you have no liberty. What liberty do you want more than you have now? You can receive visits from your relations and all decent people and converse with them. Do you wish to hear of what is going on at court or in the towns or elsewhere? You will not lack persons of the court, abbés and others, who will be enchanted to show you the specimens of their wit, as they gallantly tell you all you wish to know[1]. Do you want to leave the cloisters to travel? You can get books in which you will cross raging seas with less danger or fear than if you were in the strongest ocean-going ships. You will cross the Arabian deserts without fear of wild beasts, or feeling the sun's ardent rays, and enduring a thousand other trials, which I myself have experienced. Would you learn about the customs and ways of living of the orientals? You can learn all this with pleasure from naïve descriptions of them, without leaving your cloisters. After all this, ladies, is your condition really so hard? I consider it the highest, the pleasantest, and the least troublesome of any in the world.

But come, follow me, and I will show you real cloistered women, without any liberty whatever, who do not know what the world is like and can justly complain of their miserable condition. They are women of quality, who only associate with royalty, but nevertheless they are unhappy. Come to Bijapur, where you will see 1,400 women shut up within four walls and

[1] The liberty given to nuns to receive visits, mentioned by Carré here and at p. 261 *post*, goes beyond the strict rules for nuns properly so called, to whom visits of strangers (even females) are ordinarily barred (*Cath. Enc.*, XI, 165). But it must be remembered that he is speaking of nuns in France under the old régime. An abbey with its convent then belonged to the world rather than to the Church; a plebeian name is hardly ever found among the abbesses and their helpers; the convent's main object was to offer a decent and comfortable place to daughters of family, who renounced marriage; and the regulations were relaxed in order to facilitate recruitment (Larousse, *Grande Enc.*, I, 36; XXVIII, 339).

cloistered as you are, but with this difference. They have no grilles, nor parlours, nor confidants to bring them news and letters, nor relations and friends to visit them. If a new one comes into this flock, she is so abashed that she cannot give any news of her country, relations, or circumstances to the others, nor even say what sort of animal a man is. No! no!! do not be astonished at what I tell you; they are not merely things I have heard, but what I have seen myself. They occur in every oriental country, where kings and nobles have brokers who are sent to Georgia (the home of the most beautiful women in Asia), Persia, Basra, the Red Sea, Arabia, and other eastern places. There they buy girls who, being destined for sale, have seen hardly anything of the outside world [MS. *n'ont jamais veu le jour que par le petit faucet*]; so that, when these dealers in human flesh deliver them to their masters, they are amazed and bewildered at being placed among so many women, who gently tame them, dress them in sumptuous clothes, and teach them what they have to do. The eunuchs, when shown to them at first, terrify these girls, who take them for monsters, and they are not far from wrong, as they have nothing manlike about them and have a frightful appearance, which can inspire only horror. I have noticed a strange thing about these monstrosities. The more hideous they are, the more they are sought after by these people, the reason being that they offer no temptation to the women whom they guard. They are mostly big scoundrels, whose very glance is capable of terrifying the bravest. Their colour is dreadful, and their faces ape-like, with thick lips. It is not, therefore, surprising that these monsters—I can call them nothing else—are respected and feared by the people of the country.

I once, myself, was in great danger in this respect, when travelling in Persia. Shortly after my arrival at a caravanserai, I saw a long train of horses, mules, and camels, approaching. They were laden with rich furniture, which was taken off and placed in the best part of the caravanserai. When I saw such preparations, with the addition of rich carpets and magnificent cushions, I thought that some great Persian nobleman was expected. Judge of my extreme surprise when four smart horsemen appeared, escorting another man, mounted on a splendid Persian horse. He was dressed magnificently with a rich turban. As he was about to seat himself on these lovely carpets, I saw his face, which was the most

awful I had ever seen[1]. I burst into a roar of laughter, so that everyone in the courtyard turned to see what was amusing me. I pointed at the villainous man with my finger, and still laughing, asked one of my servants if they were going to play some farce in the caravanserai. Some horseman of his suite suspected the reason of my mirth, and seeing that I was in Frankish clothes, which we wear freely in Persia, one of them came over to my side, as if he wished to speak to my servants. He warned me not to continue laughing, or to make fun of this man, who was the Persian king's eunuch, and said that I would be stabbed at once, if he perceived that I was laughing at him. No man was more astonished than I was; I rapidly became quite serious, and gratefully thanked the horseman for his courtesy. It was a good lesson for me, and ever since I have treated such people with great respect.

As I have just said, these eunuchs are shown to the young novice, who is told that these are men and that all others are like them. This is to make the women loathe the sight of men; so that afterwards, when the king, prince, or other person for whom they are destined, arrives, and they find that he is more pleasant to look at, they conceive deeper love and affection for him. They imagine he is the only man in the world with that face, and that every other man is like the eunuchs, as they are never allowed to see any one else.

The condition, then, of these poor ladies is indeed most miserable—no liberty, no hope of getting out or hearing anything sweet or agreeable except from a single man, or from these unnatural monsters in charge. You can thus judge of the condition of these oriental women, and see how unhappy they are, and how they have no pleasure or contentment but that of showing their beauty only to one man! It would be a real punishment to our French *belles*, if they were compelled to display their charms and attractions only to him to whom they are bound.

But to return to our Governor of Raybag whom I left for an hour, or rather who gave me this time, which I have not wasted.

[1] Cf. Fryer's description (III, 126) of eunuchs in Persia: 'they look as if they had stolen an old woman's face and a puppit's voice, seldom fat in body, but always lean in visage, without beard, that not so much as the hair of a good man appears, and the very image of that divine creature seems utterly eraced'.

He had been obliged to leave me during our conversation in order to attend to an affair concerning one of his officers, and issue the orders for which he was asked. On his return we resumed our talk on Bijapur court affairs, and I was very pleased at hearing of a hundred events of which I took care to let nothing escape me. He first told me of the glory and happiness with which the king had governed his kingdom, and then came to the present state of affairs. The king, having been ill for a month without any hope of recovery, had summoned all the princes and nobles of the kingdom to announce his last wishes. He expressed his satisfaction and content at leaving his kingdom in such peace, unity and prosperity before his death. He begged them all to maintain it in the successful state and concord that they had hitherto enjoyed. He also begged them to agree to his plan to give them a successor, who was more worthy than he had been to wear the crown after his death. He then called Khawass Khan, who was quite unaware of the king's wishes, and showing him to all these princes and nobles, 'there', he said, 'is the man I consider the most worthy to succeed me. You all know him and are well aware that no one has so good a claim to the dignity. It is due to his prudence, his good conduct and advice, and his affection for the welfare of my throne, that I have been able to leave the kingdom in such a glorious state.' All the assembly were very satisfied with the justice of the king's choice, and expressed their pleasure. Khawass Khan was much astonished at the king's speech. He rose from the place near the king's bed where the king had made him sit, and spoke as follows. 'No, Sir, no, my lords. I have never been unjust, and may I be struck dead, if I have ever wished or thought of committing an injustice like this one. I can never sufficiently express my gratitude for the excessive goodness of the king, my master, which, ill as you see him, he shows to me, his subject. But I beg you all to bear in mind the disorders, conspiracies, and wars, which would break out throughout the kingdom, if we were to take the crown from the rightful heir. You know that the king, our master, has a son, and we cannot deprive him of his heritage without committing a flagrant injustice. It is true,' he continued, 'that he is only six years old, but we need fear nothing until he becomes old enough to govern. Everything is now in such a good state in the kingdom that we shall easily pacify any little troubles that may arise, so long as we preserve the union and concord which now reigns

among us[1].' Then, addressing the king, who he saw was sinking, the Khan asked the favour of his electing one of the assembled nobles to protect the child he was leaving and to preserve the crown for the boy's due succession. Whereupon the king replied feebly that, as he had never had a better help or support in his government from anyone else, he could do no less in dying than to leave the crown, his powers, and his son, in the hands of Khawass Khan to do as he deemed best. The king died some hours afterwards, much regretted by all his kingdom, especially by the princes and nobles. These wished to perpetuate his memory by raising a magnificent tomb, on which they were still at work, and which should be one of the finest in the East[2].

As soon as the king's death was revealed, the youth of his son tempted many to form leagues and factions, but Khawass Khan hindered them by at once sending officers everywhere to quench these fires before they were well alight. And in order to confirm the succession of the young king, he decided to have him crowned, thinking this would be the best way of stopping the troubles that were arising in the kingdom. Having put everything in good order for the ceremony, he had all the princes and nobles called to the king's palace on the appointed day. The whole town resounded with the acclamations of the populace. There were magnificent displays and numerous elephants laden with rich offerings. At the given hour Khawass Khan led the young king to the place of ceremony, and presented him to the assembly. He spoke in the name of the young prince and gave assurances that, if the late king had had a peaceful reign, this young prince promised to make them still more happy and to enhance the

[1] This story of the dying king offering the succession to Khawass Khan is not supported, so far as we are aware, by any other authority; but it may be authentic, coming (as it does) soon after his death from the mouth of a Governor, who was a friend of Khawass Khan. The accepted account is that the dying king first offered, not the crown but the regency, to his old vizir, Abdul Muhammad, and that the latter declined the task and instead proposed Khawass Khan, who was to share authority with three others (Sarkar, *Aurangzib*, IV, 136-37).

[2] The mausoleum of King Ali Adil Shah II at Bijapur covers the greatest area of any building there, and, if completed, would have been one of the most elegant buildings in that city. It was, however, never finished, and remained roofless, though the king was buried there. It is stated to have been begun (as was usual) during the king's reign. (*Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, XXIII, 612-13; *Arch. Survey of India*, vol. XXXVIII—*Bijapur*, pp. 17, 107-9).

kingdom's glory, so as to surpass all his predecessors in courage, power and wealth. The king was then crowned, given the royal belt, knife and sword, and placed on the throne, where the princes, nobles, and generals did homage to him, recognizing him as their king and sovereign. They prostrated themselves at his feet to kiss the hem of his royal garment, and each gave him a present as a sign of their obedience, and that their lives and possessions were entirely at his pleasure.

This ceremony being finished, it was necessary to have another one to ascertain by auguries whether his reign would be happy or unfortunate. In a room were prepared five things from which it was the custom to draw a good or evil presage of what might happen during a reign. These five articles were heaps of different things, laid out by astrologers, magicians, and sorcerers, who are held in great repute among this highly superstitious people. They arranged the five piles, one of gold and silver, one of all kinds of weapons, another of rich stuff and merchandise, another of rice and other grain (their usual food), and the last of ashes. Their new king was led up to them, blindfolded with a rich turban, which they much prize and which they keep carefully with all the other precious things used for the coronation of their kings. An augury is made according to the heap on which the young king happens to lay his hand. Three of them are fortunate, and two bring ill luck. The one of gold and silver and that of the ashes are sinister; while the three others denote a happy future. The gold and silver augur that the king will be avaricious, and will oppress his people with taxes, and be bent only on amassing wealth to their ruin. The ashes denote calamities, miseries, ruin, wars, and cruelties, he will cause or commit during his reign. The rich stuff and merchandise are an infallible signal that the king will like pomp, display, and magnificence (which these people enjoy as much as our French ladies); that he will wish to see his court lively and well turned-out; and that he will protect trade and merchants, who will enrich themselves by the vast expenses incurred by the princes and nobles wishing to please their king. The pile of arms is a sign that he will be courageous, and will take joy in protecting his people and extending the kingdom's limits. Finally the rice and other grains are a sure sign of great abundance of provisions during his reign. In the firm belief that all these portents are infallible, there were public

rejoicings with *feux de joie*, and liveliness not only at the court but all over the kingdom on account of the happy auguries, as the king had touched the arms and the rice, which were two of the best that could be hoped for[1]. Consequently the young prince was being tenderly taken care of under the guardianship of Khawass Khan, who had the government of the kingdom until the king came of age. Such, according to the Governor, was the state of affairs in Bijapur, when I arrived there. He told me he had had a command in the army for a long time, and that he had been rewarded with this appointment by Khawass Khan, whom he had recently left to come to this place and appease some disorders and clamour of leagues and factions. He had, however, stifled them at their birth.

I passed nearly the whole day with this governor in the most agreeable manner. He pleased me greatly by giving me full particulars about the kingdom, of which previously I had only a confused idea. He showed no less interest and pleasure in the accounts I gave him of the greatness and power of our kings of France, the state and magnificence of their court, and the large revenues and great privileges of our French princes and nobles. I spoke also of prudence, the good order, and the justice that reigned in all the provinces, towns, and governments of our kingdom. 'But,' said he, when I had finished telling him all he wished to know, 'you have not in France, as we have, magnificent markets for human merchandise?'—for it is thus that I term their seraglios, filled only with bought women and girls, in whom there is a great trade in this country, as if it were the most valuable merchandise in the East. 'Oh!' I replied, 'what are you saying? In France we also have girls shut up between four walls; but what you call seraglios in your tongue, in ours we term religious houses. They are, however, quite different from your slave-women, of whom you think so much. Truly they possess other beauties, qualities and perfections, than those of your women, who endure nothing but slavery, and who have nothing to recommend them but a little beauty that lasts only a brief moment.

[1] This system of auguries somewhat resembles that described by A. K. Forbes, *Ras Mala*, II, 315, in which Hindus put heaps of grain, and other articles representing the Raja, etc., outside a village, and examine them next morning to see how they have been moved by ants: from this they deduce that grain will be scarce or plentiful, the Raja will prosper or suffer misfortune, etc.

They cannot be endowed with any of the perfection of intelligence, which is woman's greatest charm. They have no other thought or wish in their lives but a low passion, which they have in common with brute-beasts.' 'What!' he cried. 'Our women have only the intelligence of animals?' 'No, certainly not all,' I replied, 'only those whom you keep imprisoned in your seraglios, into which they are put in their youth. It is impossible for them to become intelligent, as they are without any knowledge of what goes on in the outside world. They are so excluded and shut up that, in their extreme stupidity and ignorance, they believe there is only one person in all the world who is handsome and well built, namely the man to whom they are subject. They imagine, as they are brought up from early youth to believe, that every other man is like those human monsters, the eunuchs, who attend on them and whose society cannot inculcate much intelligence. In fact the eunuchs are forbidden on pain of death to talk of anything but of low things, such as tend to disgust them with other men.'

'But,' replied the Governor, 'what have your imprisoned women more than ours? I should like to hear more of those perfections and fine qualities which raise them so much above our women. I also wish to know if you have as many as we have.' 'It is my firm intention', I replied, 'to show you the differences which exist between these two classes of women. Firstly, there is no doubt as to the answer to the question, who has the most. Among you the seraglios exist only in the towns where the king and princes ordinarily live; whereas in our country there is not a single town which has not at least four or five religious houses, in which our women are immured. And even the finest, the richest, and the most magnificent, of these houses are in the country, on the banks of a pleasant river, or among woods and delightful gardens, which these ladies can enjoy.' 'Ah!' interrupted the Governor, 'I can at this point truthfully concede that your plan is better than ours, for if the king wishes to visit the distant towns and places in his kingdom, he finds there seraglios of women ready for his pleasures.' This man's low and brutal idea made me laugh; but the time had not yet come to show him his error. I continued by telling him that the first difference in the case of our cloistered ladies was that they were not sought for or bought in foreign countries, that they were not dragged from the arms of their

parents at an age when they would forget both their own country and their father and mother. They were not sold by auction or enslaved; they were not deprived of seeing other men, or from learning what was going on in the world, and that their captivity did not extend to seeing only one man and no other women except those with whom they were shut up. Finally, that they were able to enjoy conversation with kings, princes, and persons of quality; and that they saw all sorts and conditions of people, both rich and poor. 'There,' I said, 'is the first difference between our cloistered women and yours.' Here he tried to stop me, but, knowing the objections he wanted to make, I begged him to allow me to finish until 'Amen', and that afterwards I would listen to all his points, if he so desired.

'In the second place', I continued, 'I find a thing among our cloistered ladies that is much more noble and lovable than among yours. The latter being sold by their parents can only be of a low class, as it is probable that they are driven to this by necessity, whereas ours are the issue of kings, princes, and the first families of France. Yours, on being sold, are a profit to their parents by the sums of money received for them; on the other hand ours cost their parents a great deal, as big sums are given for the favour done to their daughters by their being allowed to enter our French cloisters. Yours, on leaving parents and friends, can never hope to see them again: this would be enough to kill—from sorrow and ennui—the most virtuous of our ladies, if they were deprived of this sweet and innocent liberty. Yours, before they are free to choose, are delivered into the worst slavery that there is in the world; whereas ours go in of their own free will, and often to the great grief of their parents, seeking the peace of these cloisters after having tasted the good and evil of this world. Yours are shut up only for one object, and that a low and infamous one, which I dare not name; whereas ours are actuated by noble and exalted motives. Yours are made to serve the sensual passions and pleasures of one man. Instead of this, our women go there to preserve their chastity, to serve a Man-God, Whom they possess together, and from Whom they receive so many caresses, favours, and benevolences, that they soon lose all desire for caresses and delights from even the most powerful of earthly kings. Your women have to suffer sorrows and perpetual jealousies, when they see their companions receiving caresses which they cannot expect

from the impotence of their master. Whereas ours are filled with joy and love for their dear companions, when these are receiving caresses and pleasures from their well-beloved, because they realize that He is powerful enough, being a God-Man, to bestow His grace and favour on them when they require it. Yours are subjected to a man, to whom most of them may have a great aversion: they wish his death a thousand times a day. Instead ours are all filled with love and ardent desires of zeal for their well-beloved. Yours serve a mortal man, who in dying leaves them the prey of whoever succeeds him. He may be bad-tempered, with evil inclinations, and can make them suffer a thousand torments and treat them infamously. They dare not complain: patience is their only remedy. Ours serve a Man-God, Who is immortal and will never desert them. He cares for their comfort and contentment as a recompense for their having left the troubles of the world, to serve Him in these holy cloisters. When they have finished their spiritual life in this low world, He bestows on them yet another more glorious and full of delights, which will endure for ever.'

'Well', said I to the Governor, who appeared much surprised to hear me speak in this manner, 'now do you see the difference between our cloistered women and yours? Do you not admit that the condition of our ladies is a noble and holy one, whereas yours suffer the most abject slavery in the world? Can you deny that, when their youth has been passed uselessly in these hidden places, they can hope for nothing more than eternal miseries and disgrace; whereas ours, the older they grow, the more honourable they become for their pure and virtuous lives here, so that they gain the reward of another and happier life hereafter?'

'Truly', replied the Governor, 'I have seen many Franks, whose conversation entertained me greatly, but never have I met one who told me such wonderful things as I have heard from you. What', he continued, still very astonished, 'your ladies of high degree shut themselves up within four walls of their own motion! They are virgins, and yet can talk to men when they wish! they are shut up and yet have the liberty of seeing people from the outside world! What! they despise caresses and kindness from the most powerful kings of the earth! What! they have the society of other women immured in the same place, and yet are without mutual jealousies or bickerings! What! They have a Man-God,

Whom they all love equally and Who charms them all! He fulfils all their desires, and gives them a life full of sweetness here, and eternal life after death! Certainly', he said, 'if all that is possible, I don't doubt but that they are better off than ours; but, forgive me, how can a woman, who talks with men, remain a virgin all her life? We don't see this among us. Is it possible that any free woman would refuse the caresses and benevolence of a prince or king? Is it credible that there are women who, being at liberty and having knowledge of the world, will of their own free will abandon its charms and attractions and joys? Truly', he continued, 'all this is beyond me, and I have never heard anything like it before in this country.' 'I am not surprised,' I replied, 'because you follow the laws of Muhammad[1], which are very different from those of our holy religion. The things which are considered vices with us are virtues with you. Your law allows you to buy and sell women, and to have as many wives as you can support, and to deprive them of liberty all their lives[2]; whereas our laws ordain quite the contrary; with us a man can only have one wife, whom he can neither buy nor sell, and who is as free as her husband. Your women are obliged to serve, as if they were miserable slaves, the passions and brutalities of a man—a thing which our law expressly forbids us, so that all our women, no matter what their rank, are free to choose and follow the way of life that pleases them best. The most virtuous go voluntarily into a cloister, where they pass all their life in innocence and purity, without being touched by the things of this world. They talk with men, and look on wordly pleasures and charms as vile and degrading. Those who marry are not forced to do so; on the con-

[1] The Governor was a Brahman (p. 245 *ante*), but much of what Carré goes on to say about Muhammadan law applies almost equally to Hindu law and customs among the higher castes; and in any case he was making a comparison with women in a Muhammadan harem.

[2] Under orthodox Muhammadan law a man may have no more than four wives, whether free or female slaves (F. B. Tyabji, *Principles of Muhammadan Law*, 2nd ed., p. 117); but any of these may at any moment be divorced at the caprice and by the simple word of the husband, and another substituted in her stead. Carré probably means also to include female slaves, with whom a Moslem may cohabit (irrespective of his four wives) to an unlimited extent. As to this point and Carré's subsequent remarks on the position of Moslem wives, much the same is said by Sir William Muir (*The Life of Mahomet*, abridged ed., 1878, pp. 347-49); but actual practice in modern India tends towards monogamy.

trary, they can choose the man that pleases them, and refuse to wed, if they wish, the man that seeks them in marriage. Others stay with their parents, and remain single and with full liberty. It would be a crime under our law to force a woman to be in subjection to any man. You see, therefore, that, our laws being as I have just depicted, and quite contrary to yours, it is easy for our women to observe all these things which you believe to be impossible among yours.' We had then a little discourse on this Man-God, which he could not at all understand. This obliged me to explain a few points on the Incarnation, and to tell him that Jesus Christ, Whom we worshipped, was both God and Man. He agreed with me that He was a great prophet, Who has worked miracles on earth, and was even mentioned in the Koran, where He was called Issa, the Son of Mary. They have some veneration for Him, but invent ridiculous stories about Him, being too blind and ignorant to penetrate or understand our holy mysteries. Thus my interview with the Governor having imperceptibly lasted the day, I could not leave the same day as I wished, and I had to get ready to start the next morning. The Governor gave me a passport and made me take two of his peons to Bijapur to protect me, as I might come across soldiers on the road. In the evening I sent to my Portuguese fidalgo, Dom Pedro de Castro, to know if he was ready to start, but learning that he would need some more days for his preparations, I resolved to leave without him.

Monday, 9 January. I left Raybag at dawn, and marched all the day and the next one through large and arid plains. The land should be fertile, but is so dried up by the intense heat and scarcity of water and rain that cultivation is impossible. Sometimes there is neither rain, nor dew for two or three years[1]. I passed four rivers, two towns, and several large villages, situated in the valleys along these rivers.

Tuesday, 10 January. I stopped at Etny [Athni], a large town in the middle of a dry plain, where water is obtained only from a little stream and some wells[2]. There was a fair in progress, which had attracted all the traders from surrounding villages and towns

[1] For the severity and frequence of famines in the Deccan see Moreland, *From Akbar to Aurangzeb*, ch. VII and specially pp. 210–11.

[2] Athni is in the Belgaum district, about twenty-five miles from Raybag and seventy miles north-east of Belgaum. It stands on a small watercourse, which is dry in the hot weather (*Bom. Pres. Gaz.*, XXI, 511).

with rich merchandise. I found Anobat [Anoba][1], the Hindu broker of our Company at Raybag, who had come to buy and sell goods. Without his help I should have had great trouble in finding shelter, the town being so full of people that it was difficult to pass through the streets and the bazars. There was no lack of the ordinary attractions of such gatherings. Every free corner was full of fakirs, conjurors, mountebanks, sorcerers, magicians, and the like—each surrounded by a circle of people. They were crowding one another so much that those at the back, not being able to see anything, snatched the turbans off the heads of the spectators in front and threw them far behind: this obliged their owners to run after them, whereupon the vacant front places were immediately filled by those at the back. They could then comfortably watch the dangerous jumps, grotesque postures, miracles, cunning, and skill of these people, who never failed to bring some money into their boxes. This they demanded before showing to the crowd some special trick, 'the like of which had never been seen before.'

I did not fail to visit all these entertainments, but as soon as it was known that there was a Frank in the town, they all ran to look at me, and insisted on showing me their rarest and most clever tricks. Some exhibited terrible and astonishing magic turns, at which they are very skilful in this country. Others were raised in the air on two pikes with their stomach at the end of a cross-beam. From this height they threw themselves on to a bed of swords, daggers, knives, and similar weapons, with the points and edges upward without hurting themselves[2]. Others twisted their bodies into so many postures that it seemed as if their bones were made of wax. Others showed me certain stones of every shape and colour, which they assured me, with much talk, were efficacious against poison, snake-bites, illness, and pains, and were

[1] Mr. C. A. Kincaid says 'Ānoba' is a variant of Ānāji, and assigns the redundant *t* given it by Carré to the dislike Frenchmen have to words ending in *a*, as being too Spanish, cf. *mât*, *bât*, *éclat*, in which the *t* is not pronounced.

[2] The 'spiked bed', generally a flat board with iron nails or spikes for lying or sitting on night and day, is a well-known instance of the self-tortures practised by ascetics, such as fakirs and jogis. The feat in question seems, however, to have been an acrobatic one, rather than a case of asceticism, such as hook-swinging. It does not figure among the self-inflicted tortures described by J. C. Oman, *Mystics, Ascetics, and Saints of India*, or in Hastings, *Enc. of Religions and Ethics*, s.v. Asceticism (Hindu).

in short a sovereign remedy for all kinds of bodily infirmities[1]. Then there arrived troops of dancing-girls, who are the chief attraction of such assemblies. They often make more by their dancing than the best merchants in the fair do by trade. I was obliged to let them show me (as all the others had done) what they could do, and that they were not less clever and well trained in their art. It was most amusing to see these entertainers, as soon as I dismissed them, run to every side of the fair, to give notice to other new troops that I had not yet seen. These came, followed by so great a crowd that my servants had much difficulty in keeping a place open by me to see their performances. They always commenced by politely stating that it was their livelihood, on which they depended. The crowd of spectators, who had gathered impatient to see the show, looked at me hopefully. When they saw that I gave the money to start the exhibition, the throng saluted me by touching their turbans with their hands to thank me, as they were seeing all the marvels and curiosities of the fair at my expense. Some of them, more civil than the rest—also to get near me—pushed through the crowd, carrying in their hands little wicker baskets, which they raised well above their heads, crying out that they were for the Frank gentleman, so much so that the crowd squeezed themselves on each side, to let them get through to me. They then presented me with their little gifts—a dozen of oranges or lemons, some pomegranates, or five or six bunches of grapes, which were then in full season here.

All these things being over, our broker from Raybag came to see me at supper-time to warn me not to leave next day before dawn, because the roads were full of soldiers and ruffians, who were only waiting to fall upon the merchants returning from the fair. I thanked him for his good advice and for some fruit he had brought me, and gave orders to my people to take every precaution and to be ready to defend themselves, if we had any unpleasant encounters the next day.

Wednesday, 11 *January*. I left Athni at daybreak and, finding the road filled with people who did not look as if they had either bought or sold anything at the fair the day before, I made my

[1] Medicinal stones, of which the bezoar stone, the Goa stone, and the snake-stone, are the best known, were then common antidotes or cures in the East. Cf. Ovington, pp. 155-56; Fryer, II, 141, etc.; Tavernier, *Travels*, II, 115-41; Bowrey, p. 292; Moreland, *Relations of Golconda*, p. 34 and n. 2.

people march quickly, with their arms in their hands, on each side of my palanquin. I myself had four pistols and my sabre beside me. We crossed two rivers, almost dry because of the lack of rain, from which the country-side was suffering. The burning heat was so excessive that one hardly knew where to take shelter: there were no trees or houses in these immense plains, where one might seek shade from the sun's fierce rays. I was obliged, in crossing several rivers, to plunge into the water for some hours, to revive myself, and found it delightful. My people, however, when they saw me repeat this refreshment and also drink a quantity of this cold water, warned me unceasingly that I was risking death or a severe illness. They themselves, though of the country, never dare to drink water in strange places without first boiling it, for they understand the peril they run in drinking this bad river-water, which is most unhealthy.

I met four Europeans disguised in Indian dress, during the morning. Two said they were Dutch, going to Goa or Surat, having fled from Madras, where they had been in the English service for some years. I made searching inquiries as to the state of our affairs in St. Thomé and at Golconda; also of the roads. They told me that the Moors despaired of doing anything against St. Thomé, as the French had always beaten and driven them shamefully from their trenches, and had slain their generals; they were, therefore, abandoning the siege and gradually retiring[1]. At Golconda, however, they were raising new levies, which were to be sent as reinforcements to continue the siege. As for the roads, they were fairly open now, but it was feared they would shortly be crowded with troops from Golconda, marching against St. Thomé. The two other Europeans, having recognized me as French, would not tell me anything, which made me think they were deserters from our force at St. Thomé. I saw all four were of the same type, and were going together to search for better fortune, so I did not stay with them, but continued my march till about midday, when I reached Aygolque [Aigale], a little town in an open and arid spot, watered by a fine river[2]. It was so crowded with people that I went to stay in a garden on the bank of the river.

[1] This probably refers to the effect of the reverse suffered by the Moors on 5 November 1672, cf. vol. II, ch. IV.

[2] Aigale is in the Athni subdivision of the Belgaum district, about twelve miles from Athni. It lies on a tributary of the river Kistna.

I had hardly arrived, when I felt very ill with giddiness, which turned into a violent headache, then to sickness and a collapse that lasted for four hours and reduced me to extremity. I could not move, as I had lost my strength and was almost unconscious. All my servants tried to look after me as best they could. The Christians were especially unhappy at seeing me in this state, and not knowing what remedies to apply, they asked me to try the medicines of my Hindu servants, in the hope that I might thus get some relief. On account of the miserable and feeble condition I was in, I consented to let them do all they wished, so that, while some went to get certain herbs and simples of which they knew, the others began their operations by binding my head, the middle of my body, and my hands behind my back, with my turban and belt. They then placed me face downwards, and the most powerful of them, putting his feet on my back, pulled on the silk belts, with which I was bound in three places, with all his strength. He made all my limbs crack, so that I thought he would drag them off. After having given me this treatment five or six times running, he filled my eyes, ears, mouth, and nose, with a composition of water and pounded pepper, cardamoms, and other drugs, so strong that it drew a yellow liquid from all these parts of the head: in my astonishment I thought this must be a little of my brains that had melted on account of the intense heat I had suffered in crossing the burning plains.

That being finished, they all withdrew to a corner of the garden in which we were, and set about making a medicine. It was composed of cows' urine[1], horses' dung, the juice of some herbs, and other drugs. After doing nearly half an hour's quack ceremonies over this drink, they brought it to me, muttering some words which I did not understand, and in presenting it to me to drink, told me to shut my nose and my eyes, so that the smell and sight of their medicine might not disgust me. They wanted me to swallow it in one dose; but as I never drink anything without seeing what it is, I took this medicine in my hand to look at it. I then realized how right they were in wanting to stifle both sight and smell, which were quite sufficient to take away any wish to taste it. I looked at this thick green and yellow mixture, with the most awful odour in this world, when one of my servants, seeing

[1] For the use of cows' urine as a potion in illness, cf. Tavernier, *Travels*, I, 160–61, and Fryer, I, 231.

I was hesitating to swallow their remedy, took it out of my hands and, pouring some of it into a cup, drank it before me with as much avidity as I would a glass of Spanish wine. It did him no harm, and as I was so anxious to cure my illness, I drank some of the brew, and feeling a little better for it, I took the rest in several doses. I implored my people to go into the town to look for a lodging of any kind whatever, and to take me there to rest. They assured me, however, that the place was dangerous, and that it was not safe for us to pass the night here, on account of the soldiers and even worse people. It was really better, they said, for me to resolve to endure the fatigue of the four hours' journey that lay before us to a place where we could rest in safety. I was then placed in my palanquin, and travelled all the rest of the day in such pain and fatigue that twenty times I begged my people to stop, but they pretended not to hear me, having the sense not to leave me at night in the middle of this arid country, without even a tree under which we could take cover.

The night was well advanced, when at last we arrived at Telsingain [Telsang], a long town, situated on the ridge of a rocky hill without trees or verdure, with a little river at its base[1]. I passed the night here with high fever and much anxiety, as I saw my people did not wish to tarry, giving me a thousand reasons which obliged me, ill as I was, to consent to their wishes.

Thursday, 12 *January.* An hour before dawn my retinue, seeing how weak I was, feared I would not be willing to leave this place. They represented to me all the inconveniences I would suffer if I became worse, and promised, if I thought I could support the fatigue of the journey, that they would, by marching quickly day and night, in two days reach Bijapur, where I would find remedies and relief for my illness. As I also hoped to find someone I knew in that town, I resolved to do as they wished. We then continued on our road and marched all day till nightfall, when we arrived at Ticottin [Tikota], a pretty town situated in the middle of the plain and with a well-wooded country to its west[2]. At the entrance on the east side there is a large caravanserai in the form of a square

[1] Telsang is in the Athni subdivision of the Belgaum district, about six miles from Aigale. It lies close to hilly country, and there are two tributaries of the rivers Kistna and Don respectively near it.

[2] Tikota lies near hills in the Kurandwād State, and is about twelve miles from Telsang on its west and Bijapur on its east.

where merchants and travellers can stay. The Governor of this place has his castle in the town, and enjoys large revenues and privileges, which render him important and powerful. I took a lodging in the caravanserai, where my people rested till midnight. I then pressed them to leave, as I feared that, if I waited till next day, I might not be able to continue the journey to Bijapur; also the freshness of the night was more favourable for me than the great heat of the day.

Friday, 13 January. We marched quickly the rest of the night and all the morning in the coolness, but as soon as the sun's rays gained force I got a giddiness in the head, which lasted a full hour. Afterwards I had a great shivering fit all over the body. Even my rugs and wadded cotton quilts, and the great heat to which I was exposed, were not enough to warm me. There was not a single place where we could rest, so we were obliged to continue on the road, in spite of the state I was in.

At four o'clock in the afternoon I arrived at the royal city of Bijapur. The caravanserais were so full of foreign merchants that I was obliged to seek a lodging elsewhere. My fever having grown worse the last three days without intermission, I sent my servants to all the caravanserais in the town to see if they could find any Armenians or Persians, who might possibly be able to help me in my illness. They returned and told me that though they had found several Armenians, the latter had so much merchandise that they did not wish to leave their business and come to a place so distant, as they were lodged with the other foreign merchants, a good league away from where I was at an extremity of the town. They said, however, they had heard of a Persian officer of the Bijapur court, who was living not far from me; so I sent them at once to tell him that a Frenchman wished to see him, and to impress on him how ill I was.

CHAPTER VII

HIS SEVERE ILLNESS AT BIJAPUR

[*Friday, 13 January, contd.*] My servants went to this Persian, who was called Coja Abdella [Khwāja Abdullah], and whom, fortunately, they found at home. They told him the object of their coming to his house. He immediately mounted his horse and came to see me, with two horsemen of his suite. The violence of my fever was so great that I did not recognize him. After saluting and looking at me a little, he recognized me and exclaimed in Persian to me, 'chabas, chabas Brader! cheal duy? Inchalla, chouchery coda! escoja miay?' which in our tongue means: Courage, courage, my dear brother! who would have thought to see my best friend here. God be praised. What, dear brother, has brought you to this place?[1] 'What!' he continued, 'don't you recognize Khwaja Abdullah, the Governor of Mīrjān, the good friend of the French, with whom you used to be so friendly?' I looked at his face and small stature, and recognized that it was indeed he[2]. I showed him as best I could the joy I felt at meeting him here, and that I was in great need of his help, seeing the state I was in. I begged him to lose no time in bringing someone who could help me and get me a better room than that which I had. 'As regards the room,' he said, 'you can have one in my house, or if you wish to be quieter and far from any noise, I will find you one near to me; but as to providing someone who can give you remedies and treat your illness, you are aware that there is no doctor or surgeon amongst us; we hardly know what such a man is, and Europeans are only consulted when one of them happens to be passing in this country[3]. 'However,' he said, 'if you would

[1] Carré's translation considerably expands the original Persian he gives, which seems to run as follows: *shābāsh, shābāsh* (well done, well done), *birādar* (brother)! ? *chi hal* (what state) ? *tu-ī* (is it you?) *Inshallah* (if it please God). *Shukr-i-Khudā* (Praise be to God!), *az kujā* (whence) *mi-aī* (you come)? '*Chi hal*' for 'Cheal' is dubious, as it is not followed by a regular construction such as *tu est* (is yours?), and the conditional word *Inshallah* is out of place after such a question. It might be *khiyal* (thought), but there are like objections to this.

[2] Cf. n. 1 at p. 153 *ante*.

[3] Cf. Tavernier's remark (*Travels*, I, 240) that 'both in the kingdom of Carnatic and the kingdoms of Golconda and Bijapur, there are hardly any physicians, except those in the service of the kings and princes'.

like to call in a Portuguese renegade, who is at the court here, I will send to fetch him. He dabbles a little in medicine, and I know of no one else here who can help you.' I had a horrible repugnance to employing such a person; but as I felt much worse, I begged the Khwaja to fetch this Portuguese. It was, however, in vain, as he had gone to the country, whence he would not return for some time. I therefore found myself without hope of succour. The Persian visited me every day to cheer me up, and did all he could to show his affection and sorrow at seeing me so ill. He had prepared a room for me in his house, and wished to carry me there, thinking I would be better looked after near him. I sent, however, one of my servants to see the place, and he brought back the news that, though it was very convenient, there was always such a large crowd at this Persian's that he thought I could not stay there, because of the great noise and uproar that went on all day. This obliged me to ask him to find me a room where I could be in peace and quiet.

At this time my Portuguese fidalgo, Dom Pedro de Castro, whom I had left at Raybag, arrived at Bijapur; and on asking after me and hearing I was ill, he at once came to see me and offer his services. He said he had a very fine house, where I would be quite quiet, as it was far from the noise of the town. He pressed me so hard to go there that I accepted his offer, and was forthwith carried to his house, which I found very large and convenient. But my health did not improve; my fever increased in paroxysms and lasted thirty-five days without stopping, which reduced me to such a state that my life was despaired of. I can say I now suffered the most cruel anxieties and mental torments that could ever be felt. I found myself in a place where they did not know what a doctor, surgeon or apothecary was, so should have resigned myself to die without hope of any remedies. As, however, one never thinks of dying, no matter how ill one is, I was extremely anxious at the delay caused by my illness, because I could not confide the affairs I had in hand to anyone in the foreign and unknown country where I was.

But, besides these considerations, which tormented me and deprived me of rest, there were others more pressing and important. Finding myself weaker every day, I wished to put my affairs in order, a thing which weighed on me more than anything else in the world. I began to realize from the accidents which had

befallen me that I must prepare for a longer and more dangerous journey than the one in India. I sent my servants to inquire on every side for some ecclesiastic, or at least for some good Christians, in this large town, from whom I could receive some consolation before my death. But alas! it was not to be. My poor Christian servants came back in the evening in great distress to tell me that I must not hope to find any priest or Christian in the place. They had only met renegade Europeans in the service of the Moors, from whom I could hardly hope to obtain what I wished. Also they told me that they had discovered that the Portuguese fidalgo, with whom I was living, was on the high road, together with his followers, to desert our Catholic religion. He was visited every day by two or three Moor nobles of the court; these were always followed by a troop of Portuguese renegades, who never ceased to whisper in his ear that he would be the happiest man in the world at the Bijapur court, where he would receive a splendid position, if he made all his followers take the turban. As I knew that this fidalgo had not come here to convert these Moors and heathen to the faith of Jesus Christ, but rather for a quite contrary object, I was not surprised at the news my servants brought every day; also I had been very careful not to tell him anything about my affairs, though he begged me to do so, seeing that I daily grew worse. At last, as I could not resign myself to die without trying my best to get a priest, to whom I could confide all my affairs, both spiritual and temporal, I called all my servants to my bed. Four of them were Christians and the two others Hindus; but all were devoted to my service, as they showed by their assiduity, their night-watches, sadness, and the tears that I saw them shed day and night. I asked them if they had ever gone from this place to Golconda. Three replied that they had often done so and knew the road well, as also the various customs of the kingdom. I then asked them how long it would take to go and return with all speed. They replied that it would not take less than twenty-five or twenty-six days; whereupon one of my Christian servants grew angry at this statement and said he could do the trip there and back in sixteen to eighteen days, provided he had nothing to carry but himself. It is a most remarkable thing in this country that the pattamars, that is couriers who carry only letters and urgent dispatches, travel more quickly than men on horseback or in carts or other con-

veyances, because they go on foot day and night, resting only an hour or two under a tree or by a tank or river-bank[1]. For food they have some thin pancakes, folded like paper in a little packet, or a little cooked rice, which they carry with them; and for dessert they smoke tobacco, while on their way, this being their greatest treat and support.

Seeing the goodwill of this Christian servant, who promised to go to Golconda with all possible speed, I agreed to give him a large reward if he did what I wanted with all promptitude. I then called the Portuguese clerk of Dom Pedro, who wrote me a letter; this I addressed to two Portuguese priests, each of whom had a church in Golconda. In it I said that I would pay all their expenses with a good reward, if one of them would have the charity to come quickly to Bijapur to help me in the extremity to which I was reduced, being without the consolation of any Christian here in whom I could confide, for the repose of my conscience and the settlement of my affairs. On the last day of January I sent off this servant, who promised to travel with all possible speed.

Sunday, 12 February. Having no more hope of any help or of recovery from my illness, I sent every one out of my room, saying that they disturbed me. I kept only two of my Christian servants with me: they burst into tears. 'Come, my children,' I said, 'you must not exhibit tears and sadness; that is not what I at present ask of you. I realize your devotion and affection, but you must now give me absolute proofs of your fidelity by rendering me an important service, for which I can here hope from none but you.' 'Oh! my dear master,' they cried, throwing themselves on their knees by my bed, 'what service can you hope for from us, if we cannot save your life? Oh! if we could only buy your health with our last drop of blood! Say, dear master, what would you have us

[1] In 1627 a Hindu messenger named Banarsi carried news of the death of Jahangir from the borders of Kashmir to Shah Jahan at Junnar in the Deccan, a distance of 1,000 miles, in twenty days (Mutamid Khan, *Iqbalnama Jahangiri*, Persian text, pp. 295, 298; Beni Prasad, *History of Jahangir*, 1st ed., p. 437, 2nd ed., p. 427). This, however, was an exceptional case; and the pattamars employed by the East India Company's factories in India were not so speedy. Thus in 1662 the Madras Governor and Council reported (Love, I, 198) that ordinarily it took a pattamar twenty days to go from Goa to Madras (a distance of about 450 miles); and in 1679 a letter from Patna to Hugli (about 270 miles) took twelve days (cf. *S.M.*, II, 271-72). It may be said, therefore, that ordinarily a pattamar covered roughly about twenty-two miles a day.

do. What services or satisfaction do you want from your two heart-broken servants?' 'I desire,' I replied, 'that first you dry your tears, and then remove from your faces that sad and melancholy expression which increases my illness every time I look at you. I wish to show you that the time you have been in my service has not been wasted; it will enable you to get a better and more powerful master, with whom you will be able to acquire the fortune which you have not made with me. If God would only let me finish my travels! Finally I want you to assure me, on your oath as Christians, of your fidelity in executing, without delay, the last and the greatest service I can expect from you.' I then made them put their hands on my rosary, a relic, and a book open at the Gospel of St. John, and swear that they would execute my orders faithfully and without delay. Then I made them open my valise, where I kept my principal belongings. From it I took all my papers, which I had already arranged and sealed some days before in anticipation of such an occasion. I placed them in the hands of my two servants with thirty pistoles for their journey, and ordered them to leave immediately as soon as God called me away, and go to St. Thomé to find our Viceroy, into whose hands they were to give the papers that I now entrusted to them. Above all I impressed on them the need for their secrecy and fidelity, which I felt was assured by their past services in some fairly important matters. I assured them, moreover, that our Viceroy would reward them, and would give them employment, if they wished to stay with him. They showed great satisfaction and I had all the more confidence in these two persons from the fact that they had nearly always served Frenchmen, and that their fathers and relatives, who were working in our Company, were, to my knowledge, people of honour and probity.

Thursday, 16 February. My Portuguese fidalgo, Dom Pedro de Castro, seeing me in extremity, was very perturbed that I never spoke to him in any way of my affairs. He had a great desire to know about them and came to warn me that I was very ill. He assured me that the swelling, which I now had all over my body, after violent continual fever for thirty days, was an infallible sign of death, and that I ought really to arrange my affairs while I was still alive and conscious. 'Yes, indeed!' I replied, 'I quite agree, but I would be happier for the presence of a friend, who is in this town, and I should like him to be summoned as soon as possible.'

The fidalgo seemed very pleased at this, not knowing of whom I spoke; but he looked much disgusted when he heard me name Khwaja Abdullah, the Persian acquaintance whom I had seen on my arrival in Bijapur. This showed me plainly that he did not want this man to visit me; and he had sent the Khwaja away several times, when he came to see me, telling him I had forbidden any stranger to enter my room, on account of the state I was in. However, one of my servants had run to Abdullah and fetched him; he showed real grief at seeing me so near my end, as with such a violent and prolonged fever it was seldom that anyone survived. I then told the Khwaja, in Persian, the reasons which had obliged me to send for him. I had an inventory made in his presence of my money, all my baggage, and my arms; and thereafter I had my last wishes inscribed in the form of a will in Portuguese, of which Khwaja Abdullah made a copy in the Persian tongue. I signed both, and had them read in the presence of all my servants. I left one in the hands of the fidalgo, and the other I gave to the Persian, who went away very sad at leaving me in a state where there was no apparent hope of my recovery.

About nine o'clock at night everyone thought I was dying, because of the following occurrence. I felt a little feebleness all over my body and lost by degrees all sensation and consciousness. The last words I heard were those of one of my Portuguese servants. Seeing me speechless, without movement or respiration, and with a faint and wandering gaze, he placed his hand on my heart and called out loudly in Portuguese, 'Oh! Saint Antony, my master is dying.' Of what occurred afterwards during the next three days I know nothing, except what I later learned from my servants: for at that moment I was in a state where I really was dead [*sic*], and should not have known anything of it, had I not revived subsequently. Everyone then crowded round my bed, some crying out 'Jesus, Mary,' another took my arm to see if I had any pulse; another touched the end of my nose to see if it was cold; while another put his hand on my mouth to see if I was still breathing. They found no signs of life in any part of me, and looking sadly at one another said 'It is all over: he has gone.' Then all my own people withdrew to the corners of the room and wept bitterly, while others discussed me and my death. Some said it was a pity, as I seemed quite young. 'Truly,' said another, 'I do not think he could be more than forty.' 'Forty,' said one of my ser-

vants, turning his head from the corner in which he was crying, 'You are wrong. I think I ought to know his age better than you, for I heard him say several times that he was only in his thirty-fourth year.' Then returning to his first posture, he recommenced his lamentations. Thereupon another took up the discussion, saying he was not surprised, therefore, that I had for a whole month resisted the violent fever which had carried me off in my full vigour. 'For myself,' said another, 'I am not surprised that these poor Europeans die so young in this country. They come from a cold and temperate land, and cannot resist for long our extreme heat, our manner of living, and other inconveniences of these oriental countries.' 'Indeed,' said another, 'he would have probably died in any case after the two or three journeys which he has already made from France by land, for he suffered great hardships and incredible fatigues in the Persian mountains and Arabian deserts, in Turkey and other lands, where travel is most difficult and dangerous.'

While these people were thus discussing my death, which they thought had occurred, our fidalgo, Dom Pedro, having been told of it, wished to perform a charitable and Christian act, possibly the last he ever did in his life. He had one of his boxes opened and some two dozen fine white wax candles taken out and carried into my room. He came there with all his Christian domestics and giving one to each of them, arranged them all round my bed. He then began to recite from his 'book of hours' the Litanies of the Holy Virgin[1], after which he made all his assistants repeat a rosary aloud. After this pious and charitable act he sent everyone out of the room except my servants, who said they would not leave me until they had rendered me the last rites of burial. Nevertheless this fidalgo took away my chests, my baggage, and my arms, and sent them to his own room, leaving some candles and my servants to watch by me till the next day, when I was to be buried early in the morning, so as to avoid the great heat later on. I have since then thanked God many times that all this happened to me at night, because (had it been in the daytime) as they all thought I was dead, they would not have delayed two hours before burying me, on account of the great heat. They would thus have rendered me the most terrible and

[1] In his book (II, 179) Carré says the fidalgo recited 'the prayers which the Church ordinarily uses for the dead'.

cruel service that they could possibly have done, instead of doing, as they believed, a pious act.

The fidalgo, however, had forgotten to take away my clothes with the rest of my belongings, to his appartment. As he thought there might be some money in my pockets he returned to my room, while my servants were examining them. They had not time to finish the work before the fidalgo entered, so threw my clothes on my bed. Taking them in his hand, he emptied my pockets and found still left there a sum of about fifty écus in local currency, which I always carried on me for my expenses on the road.

Afterwards my servants, though about four or five in number, having the usual fear of staying in the room with a corpse, asked five or six of the fidalgo's men to pass the night with them. First they lit a large fire to dispel any bad air; this also served them to cook rice, fowls, and other things, on which they feasted all night, believing this to be the best remedy against fear. There was also some remains of Persian wine, sweets, and other food suitable for the sick, which they devoured, saying it would be against their conscience to waste anything, and that these things belonged more to them than anyone else, for the care they had taken of their poor dead master.

The next day had scarcely dawned when my servants, and those who had watched with them, prepared everything for the last services they expected to render me, and some of them approached my bed with all that was necessary for my burial. They lifted the shroud which covered my face, and then perceived that my eyes were open and that I was moving them from side to side[1]. They were so terrified that they left everything and fled, crying out in such a way that they alarmed everyone in the house. Those who were still asleep started up and ran from one side or another in dismay and frightening themselves without knowing why. Others rushed for their arms, imagining that thieves had been caught in the house. The fidalgo himself, surprised at such loud noises, came out of his room in his shirt, and asked the cause of this alarm. Some of the people, having only a confused idea of what the others had said, assured him that my spirit had come back and that my ser-

[1] According to Carré's book (II, 180–81), he was unconscious and believed to be dead, from Thursday to Saturday: and his recovery of consciousness was first seen by a servant of the fidalgo, who had come to pray at his bedside on Saturday morning.

vants had seen it in my room and had fled, terrified. Finally everyone assembled to see what was the best thing to do. No one dared, however, to come near me or enter my room; and they all began saying they would not stay there any longer, which frightened the fidalgo so much that he also resolved to leave the house that very day, if possible.

However, the sun had now risen and my body was still unburied. This gave rise to more anxiety than anything else, for as some said, 'It is not right to leave him without burial.' 'Truly,' said my servants, 'we are going to the Cadi', who is the Chief Justice, 'if our poor master remains unburied.' I really think I would be there still, if by great fortune my Persian, Khwaja Abdullah, had not very opportunely appeared in the house to know how I was[1]. Hearing I was dead, he showed great grief and, immediately raising both his hands, he said a prayer, which he addressed to Muhammad, as I have since been told. He could not understand the story told him afterwards by these terrified servants about my spirit's reappearance, which is a thing you never hear spoken of in this country, as it is among our Christian folk[2]. He thought they meant I had returned to life a second time. His surprise at this far surpassed the others' alarm from their vain and fanciful conceptions, so he demanded to see me[3]. The servants were delighted, as it gave them the courage to approach my room.

[1] Carré's book (II, 181) differs in saying that the fidalgo had given orders for his burial on Friday, and that it was only the neglect to carry them out which saved his life.

[2] To a Hindu the conception of a dead man's spirit or ghost (*bhūtā*) appearing on the earth in close contact with mankind is a familiar one; and belief in their appearance, talking with men, and sometimes 'possessing' people, was widespread in Carré's time, as it still is (Hastings, *Enc. of Religions and Ethics*, IX, 602–3, XI, 846; A. K. Forbes, *Ras Mala*, II, 373–95, 405–9; Abbé Dubois, *Hindu Manners*, ed. H. K. Beauchamp, II, 650–52). But Carré may not have heard of this, and he is correct as regards Islam, which is opposed to any idea of ghosts: cf. Hughes, *Dict. of Islam*, p. 605, and Jaffer Shurreef, *Qanoon-e-Islam*, pp. 423–24. The latter stigmatizes as unlawful the belief of 'some foolish women' that the soul of a dead man leaves the house on the fortieth day after death, if it has not done so previously; and that if it has, it returns on that day, samples food, etc., put out at the ceremony called *lahd bharna*, and departs.

[3] Carré's book (II, 183) says that the Persian 'was not visionary, and he told me afterwards that he had from the first imagined the truth'; but as to the little weight to be given to this and other contradictions, cf. pp. 299–300 n. *post*, which applies equally to other stories taken from the Journal, and 'written up' in his book.

They all conducted him to the door and left him to enter with two of his own men, not daring to follow, until they had news of what was passing there.

The day was well advanced, and my room full of light, as all the windows and doors were open to dispel any bad air. The Persian approached my bed softly, and (as I was told afterwards, for I asseverate that I do not remember anything that happened all this time of unconsciousness) I looked at him fixedly. He took my hand and found that I had a little pulse and still breathed. This led him to speak to me in his own tongue and make signs in front of my eyes, to see whether I was at all conscious. Thereupon all the others who were waiting at the door began to enter, one after the other, and approached my bed quietly. They looked at one another with astonishment, and it was a long time before they could do anything else but stare at me, still believing me dead. Finally, all being reassured, there was not one of them who did not touch me on every side to satisfy himself that I was still alive, that I breathed, that my heart was beating, that my pulse, though irregular, gave great hopes, and that the bodily heat which had entirely left me last night was coming back. It was, therefore, necessary (they said) to succour me at once, as best they could. My Persian, seeing I was still out of my senses, went to his house and returned immediately with a small porcelain phial full of some delightful essence, a little of which he forced me to swallow, opening my teeth with a silver spoon. This remedy seemed to relieve my chest, and I began to breathe more easily, which encouraged him to give me a second dose. It made me cough a bit. Shortly afterwards my sight returned a little, but so faintly that I could only see objects vaguely, without being able to distinguish them. Finally they made me take during the day, partly of my own accord and partly by force, two bowls of conjee, which is a liquid slop made of three or four spoonfuls of well-ground rice, boiled in water.

Everyone now had some hope that I would live. At nightfall, however, I had another relapse, as in the preceding evening. I had no pulse, was without respiration, cold, and showing no signs of life. But my people, who had seen me left for dead the preceding night, would not leave me this time. They closed all the windows and doors, so that no wind or air should harm me, hoping at every moment that I would revive, as before. Seeing, however, that I

was still in a death-like state, they thought that this time I really had quite passed away. Accordingly, driven by hunger and thirst, they withdrew into an adjacent room for their meal, leaving two large lighted candles at the foot of my bed. It was about two hours after midnight when something happened which is the only thing I was conscious of in this extremity and which I can never forget. For, being alone in my room in this lethargy, I felt a sudden shock which seemed to shake my bed, and rouse me as if from a deep sleep. It seems almost incredible, but the following occurrences ensued. I instantly opened my eyes, and at once regained my sight, consciousness, and judgement. On turning my head about a little to see where my servants were in the room, I was astonished, and almost frightened, at seeing it entirely denuded of my belongings, except two candles at the foot of my bed, which showed this sad spectacle. Owing to the swelling I had all over my body and the state in which I was left, I confess that I now thought of death, and with tears in my eyes could do nothing but address myself to my usual resource—one who had never failed me in all emergencies that had befallen me. 'Oh! Holy Virgin,' I prayed, 'oh! sweet Mother of my Redeemer. Will you permit the most wretched of your servants to die in this pagan country? Will you allow your slave to perish without the consolation of the Sacraments of our Holy Church, on which I rely? Oh! my sovereign hope, let me feel once again your comfort and sympathy.' It came into my head to make a vow to implore the succour of this dear friend of the afflicted. I thought I had enough strength to kneel by leaning on a chair by my bedside, but in trying to move from my bed to grasp the chair, I felt a return of my coma, which came on so suddenly that I fell heavily against the chair. My servants, hearing the noise, ran in at once, and were amazed to see me stretched at the foot of my chair, in the same unconscious state in which they had left me. They could not imagine what had led to this accident. They were so alarmed that they called in other servants to help them to put me back into bed. They felt my pulse, which they found very fast, and as the heart and respiration were stronger, they took courage and tried to revive me. They covered me with a quantity of hot cloths, and one of them had the sense to force me to take a spoonful of the remedy the Persian had brought me the day before. They stayed with me the rest of the night, from fear lest some other accident should befall me.

Saturday, 20 [*sic—should be* 18] *February*. At dawn I opened my eyes and found I could slightly hear and recognize my people, who were all near me. Seeing my head move a little, they rushed up and asked if I knew them. I replied 'yes', feebly. They were overjoyed, and gave me some restoratives, which my Persian had sent the previous evening. I gradually regained my power of speech and all my senses. It then occurred to me that I ought to be bled, a thing which I had not thought of during my illness. I ordered my servants to fetch some one who could do this. They brought a young black Portuguese, a servant of the fidalgo, who informed me that he could bleed me, but had no lancet: however, his master possessed two excellent ones (a gift from a French surgeon at the Rajapur factory), which he might possibly lend. I sent at once to beg the fidalgo to send me one of his lancets. He refused to do so, saying to my servant that I could not be in my right senses, and that he would decline to allow anyone to bleed me, or even to give me anything I might ask for. My valet returned and said that the fidalgo had no lancets, as he thought it prudent not to tell me of the refusal or the words he had used, which showed he was not very pleased at hearing of my miraculous recovery and that I had regained my senses.

However, under the whim of wishing to be bled, I begged all my people, as well as those of the fidalgo, to try to get me a lancet in some way or other. I was determined to be bled and was so set on it that I gave my servants no rest till they at last got from the fidalgo's men an old rusted lancet found in the bottom of a box belonging to him. This they produced to show me that it could not possibly be used. They did all they could to persuade me to give up this idea, as they thought that it was impossible to draw a drop of blood from me in my present pitiable condition. And even if that were possible, they did not wish to risk it, fearing another accident, for which they would be blamed. All their excuses and refusals annoyed me very much. I told one of my servants to fetch my case of razors, with which I could open a vein myself, since they refused to clean the lancet they had shown me. However, seeing I was beginning to get excited, they did their best to pacify me. They began by rubbing this lancet on a brick to remove the rust, and after polishing it on a razor strop which I had, they brought it to me to do as I liked. They did not dare to bleed me themselves, as they had never done so before.

On the other hand, the fidalgo was much vexed that I had recovered, perhaps on account of the wax candles which he had used so needlessly. He heard that I had got hold of a lancet in some way without his knowledge. He called all his servants and issued strict orders that they were to give me nothing, and not even to enter my room. He explained that he wished to avert any possible suspicion against him that he employed his servants to compass my death, so that I was frustrated in the hope, which one of his men had given me, that he would bleed me. I waited some time uselessly, and then learnt that he could not come. I then called all my people round me, two lifted me and supported me in a sitting position, another brought two china cups, and a third at my order tied my arm with one of my garters. But my body was so swollen and puffy that the ligature only entered into my arm as if it was soft wax, so that I could find no vein, nor any place from which to draw blood. I thought that, while my left arm was thus bound, I would make twenty long wounds all along it from the wrist to the elbow, hoping that this might reduce the swelling. I was not mistaken in this hope, for, having let my arm hang outside my bed, so much blood and water came out that the two china cups which were on the ground by my bedside soon filled. This reduced the swelling greatly, as I saw after I had recovered from my long faint, for I collapsed in the arms of my servants, who for some time thought that I now really was dead, as they had great trouble in reviving me. Afterwards I found my chest free of the oppression, which until then had obstructed my breathing and my speech. Taking this as a good augury for a beginning, I made a long and fourfold compress, with which I covered all my arm; and I had scarcely any pain from all these wounds, which soon healed, but of which I shall carry the scars all my life, as well as those on my thighs, for I did the same operation on them some hours later.

However, my people feared I would lose both arm and legs, as they thought I had cut the arteries. They spoke to the man who had promised to bleed me, and after telling him what I had done, entreated him to come and see me, to try some remedies on the wounds I had made on my arm and legs. They thought he was clever in surgery, whereas he knew less than they did. This Portuguese valet, called Sangrador, came to my room secretly one evening. He shut all the doors in case any one of his comrades

should see him. He approached me and asked to see my arm, but I showed him the wrong arm. 'Here,' I said to him, 'is the one on which I want to be bled.' The young man was quite astonished, and said he had not been summoned for that, but to see and dress the wounds I had made all over my body. I replied: 'The wounds are in a very good state; the point now is to draw blood from this arm.' He then confessed the orders the fidalgo had given to all his people, and especially to himself, not to enter my room. 'But you are here all the same,' I said, 'and I shall not allow you to leave until you do what I want. I will give you a large reward. Your master will know nothing about it, and I will tell my people to say that it was they who bled me.'

I said so much to him that he consented to oblige me. He prepared everything, and having bound my arm, he gave me four cuts with a lancet, without however drawing a drop of blood. One of my servants, on seeing this, became furiously angry with Sangrador, and showered a thousand insults on him in Portuguese, calling him trash, dodderer, etc. He snatched the lancet from him and pushed him roughly out of my room. He then began to boast that he knew more than this ignoramus, who had never seen anything. He himself (he said) had lived with a French surgeon, both at Surat and Rajapur, had witnessed many fine operations by him, and remembered what he had seen done. Then, taking me by the arm, he said, 'Courage, my dear master, let me bleed you. Only turn your head away.' 'No, no,' I replied, 'I want to watch you.' 'Then I can do nothing,' he answered, 'if you don't do as I wish, your blood won't flow.' I was so anxious that my blood should flow that I obeyed my new master, and turning a little, I laid my head against the shoulder of one of the servants supporting me. He then plunged half the lancet into my arm, and I felt such agony that I thought he had cut an artery. Nevertheless, I felt such a relief at seeing the flow of blood that I undid the ligature a little so as to let the vein empty itself more easily. My man was so delighted at having succeeded at the first attempt that he imagined he was the best surgeon in the world; and while my blood was flowing, he gave an account of all the operations he had seen performed, for which he took the whole credit, as if he had done them himself. 'One day at Surat', he said, 'a Moor broke his arm in firing a cannon. He was brought at once to the French factory, and I was present when the surgeon

amputated his arm. I still well remember all the postures and how I had to hold this Moor during the operation. Another time I was with the same surgeon at the house of a man believed to be dead. He was bled on the shoulders, just as you operated this morning on your left arm and your thighs; but I remember that the surgeon did not proceed like you, for he blew [MS. *souffloit*] while making the cuts and put a lighted candle and round glasses to close the wounds, which you did not do on your arm and legs[1]. This makes me fear that you will be maimed afterwards.' He would have continued to recount a thousand such idiotic stories, to show his knowledge and capacity; but I told him to hold his tongue, as his tales were upsetting me. This bleeding, and the cuppings which I performed, relieved me very much, so I took some conjee, and passed the night without any such accident as had occurred on the two previous ones.

Sunday, 21 [*sic—should be* 19] *February*. I had myself bled twice on the arm in the morning, and on the legs in the evening, but not without great difficulty and the risk of injuring both arms and legs for the rest of my life. For my new surgeon had exhausted his skill in his first effort, which was a lucky shot. He lost all his credit in his other ventures, so I was obliged, though feeble and faint, to take the matter in hand myself through my other servants, who so scarified my arms and legs with lancet cuts that it was a marvel I did not lose them. I perceived, however, that the swelling was less after these bleedings, so I had two more on the legs on the 22nd [? 20th]. This made me so feeble that I cannot bear to speak of it. Yet, though I felt very weak, I was not surprised that the fever grew less, as it no longer had the cause [i.e. excess of blood] which had kept it up; and I further reduced it by refusing for eight days to eat many little delicacies that I would have liked—sometimes one thing, sometimes another, though I must confess I refrained with very great difficulty. For eight or ten days I still had my sight, my memory, and my senses, but so feebly that I did not remember anything that happened to me. But as soon as I felt inclined to talk and observe everything, I was astonished to see that the room had been cleared out. I looked at

[1] The reference to candle and glasses suggests a 'cupping' operation to draw more blood. That the ignoramus took the blowing (or hard breathing) of the surgeon to have a magical effect, is perhaps implied by Carré, as *souffler* also has the meaning of 'seeking the philosopher's stone' or 'making gold'.

the places where my rugs used to be spread, and where my chests and my arms were kept; and not wishing to trust my eyesight, which was still weak, I called one of my servants and asked him if I was not mistaken at seeing none of my belongings in my room. 'Alas! no,' he said sadly, 'you are not mistaken, my dear master, at not seeing your things here.' The tears came to his eyes at the remembrance of what had occurred. I could not imagine what had happened to occasion them and demanded the reason why he wept, and whether all my things had been stolen. 'No, Sir,' he replied, 'nothing has been lost, and if you see me in tears now, it is on account of what I have witnessed in the last ten days. But', he continued, 'is it possible that you do not remember anything?' 'Certainly not,' I replied, 'I cannot even imagine what has happened. Kindly oblige me by letting me know.' Then he began to relate all that had happened since the day I had summoned Abdullah to make my will, and depicted so artlessly all the circumstances, the accidents, and the actions of everyone, that I took some time to recover from the astonishment with which I heard this recital.

He proceeded to say how one night, having left me for dead on my bed, they never were able to understand how, being in this state, they had found me senseless at the foot of a chair near my bed. I then remembered the happy moments of consciousness that night in the course of which I fell out of my bed, in trying to say a prayer on my knees. No one had until then been able to find the reason for this fall, which had much worried them. Finally, so as to omit nothing of all that had occurred, he told me how the fidalgo had taken all my baggage into his room, and had actually come back for my clothes, in which he had found some local money. He admitted ingenuously that he and his companions had already taken a good part of it before the fidalgo returned, but said they had done this, thinking I was dead, and that they had restored it, unknown to me, on the day when (being out of danger) I had made them put back my papers [cf. p. 275] in my coat. He added that the fidalgo was much astonished and vexed at my recovery, showing his annoyance and displeasure at every moment, even to the extent of forbidding the house to my Persian friend, because the latter had sent me some remedies which had cured me; and that Abdullah, realizing the malice and jealousy of this fidalgo, had told my servants to send him news of me daily, and to ask for anything I might need.

About this time the servant, whom I had sent to Golconda, returned alone, having taken twenty-four days on his journey. He brought back the written answers of the two Portuguese priests, who made a thousand civil excuses to the effect that their age and debility did not permit of such a long journey by the worst roads in India and in this excessive heat. He also brought me letters from two Frenchmen, MM. de la Marcandierre and la Rairie, servants of our Company[1], who were with the priests, when my servant arrived at Golconda. They wrote that they were returning from Masulipatam, and that but for their orders to hasten to Surat with some merchandise they would have come to Bijapur to my assistance, having learnt from my servant that I was very ill. However, I was now completely comforted, and on serious reflection as to the danger from which I had still not quite escaped, I praised God for His mercies and especially the Holy Virgin, who had charitably saved me from the jaws of death.

As soon as I was able to talk without fear of a relapse, I did not lack visitors. Our fidalgo had succeeded in getting a position at the court from the Moors. His house was daily full of people, who came to congratulate him and to offer him their service and friendship; but who do you think one of them was? His old friend, the officer of the court of Bijapur, who came to inquire if he had not brought any more young Portugese ladies to put in his seraglio with the other two, who had been so cruelly sold to him before. The Moor announced that these had finally become so tamed to his law and mode of living that there was no difference between them and the women of the country[2]. There was also a troop of renegade Portuguese, who came to assure him

[1] They were from the French factory at Surat, where Carré had probably met them, cf. the reference in vol. II, ch. IV, to their taking merchandise from Masulipatam to Surat.

[2] This is opposed to a long story in Carré's book (II, 375-401) about one of the two Portuguese ladies firmly resisting the Moor prince's efforts to 'tame' her, because she was in love with a young Portuguese gentleman; the latter was assassinated in an attempt to enter her room, and the shock killed the lady. The other one (ibid., 401-2), who was not so opposed to life in the seraglio, was said to be dying from ennui. The story is, however, open to suspicion. The Abbé says he got it from one of the principal officers of the prince, who visited him at Bijapur several times. This could only have been in the week or so before Carré left on 4 March; and as the Journal devotes so much space to this affair, it is strange that it makes no mention of this further story, and instead goes to contradict it.

that they were the happiest people in the world, so as to entice him to join them. One boasted of his fine horses, and his rich clothes and turbans, which cost him nothing, as he was in the suite of a noble, who left everything to his discretion. Another gloried in having embraced the most delightful and easy religion possible, in which debauchery, voluptuous pleasures, and the like, were virtues. A third vaunted his purchase of several women, the most beautiful in the country: in fact everyone of these worthies made the most of their fortune, as well as they could, to allure the fidalgo to the same unhappy position into which they had miserably fallen. But the thing that touched me most was when I learnt that there were also four Frenchmen enrolled in this fraternity of despair. I was told they had visited the fidalgo three or four times during my illness and that he had advised them not to see me when I was so ill, but had promised to send them word when he has ascertained that I wished to see them.

The fidalgo's servants, who were all wretched black Christians, saw that their master was about to renounce our Catholic religion. They came to tell me all that he was doing, and the resolves he was considering with this kind of people, who sought only to drag him into the abyss where they were themselves. Being a little surprised that he had never returned my chests or my belongings, I sent one of my servants to him with my compliments to thank him for the care he had taken in removing my things, and to ask him to send them back, now that by God's grace I began to have a good hope of recovery. After this message the fidalgo came to see me in my room, bringing back all my effects, and tried to make me believe that he was overjoyed to see me out of danger and convalescent. I thanked him courteously, and he then asked if I would like visits from some Frenchmen who were at Bijapur, without telling me that they had changed their religion and condition. I replied that it would give me great pleasure to see people of my own country, from whom I expected to learn many things that would be useful to me in finishing my journey, if, as I hoped, God restored my health for it. The fidalgo, who was not aware that I knew all about these Frenchmen, wished to prevent any suspicion I might have in seeing them dressed as Moors. He, therefore, told me that they wore turbans, in order to facilitate certain business that they had in this country.

The next day the fidalgo did not fail to send word accordingly

to these gentlemen. Two of them came in the morning, very smart with a Moor outfit, namely a following of peons, turbans on their heads, and arms on their persons. All this became them so well that it almost seemed as if they were born to wear Mussulman trappings. I received their first compliments with the same coldness wherewith I awaited them. They did not fail to let me know that they had come from France in the Viceroy's squadron. They gave me some reasons—scum that they were—to hide their former cowardice in leaving the service of their nation at St. Thomé. They related that they had come by land to Bijapur, where they had stayed, having found worthy Moor officers, who had taken them into their service. They said they were very contented, with good pay, horses, and servants to themselves. 'But,' said I to them, 'this Moor dress and these turbans do not become you. It seems to me that a French coat and hat would suit you very much better.' 'That is true,' they replied, 'but we can find no hats here, nor any tailor, who could make our clothes. Moreover, the people we serve are happier to see us in these clothes than in ours, for which they have a dislike.' 'But,' I said, 'the Moors have a still greater aversion to our Catholic religion than to our French clothes. They would be more pleased to see those who serve them following their religion than wearing their clothes, which leads me to believe that you have changed your religion with your costume.' 'It is very true,' they replied, a little startled, 'that they promised great rewards if we changed it and became Muhammadans. But, thank God, we are not so vile. We prefer to live in a moderate way, as we are doing, so as to keep our faith.' 'What!' I cried, amazed, 'is it possible that you are still Christians? I am extremely glad, for I shall always remember you two as a great marvel I have seen in India. Yes, I shall publish all over France, if by the grace of God my health is restored, that two brave Angevin gentlemen (for you said before you were of noble blood) left France in His Majesty's squadron, enrolled for India, where they intended to work for the glory and benefit of our Catholic Church, and that, for the better accomplishment of this splendid aim, they took service with a Muhammadan officer at the Bijapur court, where they wore turbans and Moor clothes, so that after learning the language and customs of the country, they might more easily convert the heathens and infidels to our Catholic religion.'

These two gentlemen did not know how to take my discourse, and dared not show their anger. They talked of other things, amongst which I noticed that they tried adroitly to discover my own plans and whether I had letters or important business. I had immense pleasure in hearing them thus conversing for a quarter of an hour, in a state of great perplexity over how to accomplish their purpose. I drew them out, however, in a manner which they did not expect, and had them at my mercy, without their knowledge. 'Apropos of this, Sirs,' I said, 'I beg you will help me out of a difficulty, in which I find myself. How long did it take you to come here from St. Thomé?' After a little reflection they replied that it had taken forty-five days. 'But,' I said, 'did you not stop on the journey?' 'Very little,' they replied, 'as we were too afraid of being arrested on the road. But don't let that worry you: we will give you all information before you start, and even people as guides, if you wish.' 'But, Sirs,' I said, 'you don't understand what I mean. What I wish to know is how long it would take for a pattamar [runner] to go to St. Thomé, because thirty-six days ago, when I was so ill and without hope of continuing my journey, I sent two pattamars from here to St. Thomé with some papers and important letters, which I had for our Viceroy. I await the reply with great impatience, so that I may return to Surat as soon as my strength permits me to undertake so fatiguing a journey.' 'What!' they said, very much surprised, 'are you not going to St. Thomé?' 'Certainly not,' I replied, 'why should I go there, having nothing more to do? To be taken by Moors? To be arrested at Golconda with a crowd of our French there, whom they keep in cells? Why should I fling myself into the middle of an enemy army, disbanded on all sides, and so enraged against the French that they rejoice openly when they catch one? What do you say, Sirs? Do you advise me to go and throw myself down this clear precipice without any necessity for so doing?' My two gentlemen then acted as I expected, and did not trouble themselves any more about my affairs. They gave me a description of the ruses which they had had to employ, the troubles that befell them, the places where they had run great risks, and the manner in which they had avoided them. In short they told me all that I wished to know, and could do nothing more for me. I had extracted from them what I was anxious to learn without their knowing it. After having stayed about half an hour they

retired to our fidalgo's room, where they were for another hour. A young servant of the fidalgo, whom I had promised to take with me, was there, and listened to their talk, as he used to do to all the conversations of his master, in order to report them to me afterwards. He came to tell me that these two Frenchmen were very inquisitive with his master, as to whether during my illness I had not told him anything about my papers or my affairs. To this the fidalgo replied that I had never communicated the least thing about my plans or my business; and that as for letters and important papers, he did not believe I had any, since with this object he had searched all my chests and my belongings, without finding anything but some books in Latin, which he did not understand. The warning thus received from this young lad confirmed me in the impression I had formed of these two French rascals, who had not the hardihood to visit me a second time.

That same afternoon, about four o'clock, the two other Frenchmen, while visiting the fidalgo, sent to ask if I would see them, to which I willingly consented. They did not come with the same assurance and pride as the other pair, for I remarked that at first, with their Moor clothes on them, they seemed ashamed to say they were French. They assured me that they had been very unhappy about me, as when they called two or three times to ask after my health, they were always told I did not wish to see anyone from outside, and even once that I was dead. 'I am much astonished,' I said to them, 'at what you tell me, as I never gave such orders during my illness; but even if you had seen me, what consolation or help could I have hoped from you, such base deserters from our Catholic religion? I should have suffered only more torments and pain at seeing you, for I cannot conceal from you that I no longer consider you as French, but as monsters who, not content with basely leaving the service of your king, the greatest monarch in the world to-day, have also betrayed your faith, to follow, like slaves, the most infamous sect in the universe. And, as if it was not enough to ruin yourselves, you have induced others to follow your vile example. I saw two other Frenchmen from Anjou here this morning: you know them well. They told me that it was you who had debauched them, and showed them the way to become Muhammadans like yourselves.'

The two wretched young men took this in the manner I hoped

for. They listened to me without a word, but I noticed that one of them grew very red. He approached my bed and said in a rage, 'What! these rascals told you that. Ah! villains and traitors that they are! Have they had the effrontery to accuse and blame us for the misfortune into which they have dragged us?' Therefore, seeing that he was becoming furious and was swearing rabidly, I begged him to be calm, and told them that they should not get angry at what I said to them, but that it was only the grief I felt in seeing them in such misery that had made me speak in this way. 'No, no, Sir,' he replied, 'we are not swearing at you: we would be wrong to complain of your action. We cannot expect less from an honest man like yourself after the sin we have committed; but, Sir, I cannot stand the insolence of those two perfidious traitors.' 'Well,' I said, 'sit near my bed and tell me everything, so that I can judge who is most in the wrong, the others or you. But I must beg you not to swear any more, for as you are now a man of the turban, it seems to me that you ought to swear only by Muhammad, whom you greatly insult by swearing in the French way.'

His friend said quite seriously that I was right. He calmed down a little and, moderating his anger, told me the history of their misfortune, to the following effect. 'See, Sir,' he said to me, 'whether we have debauched the others, as they wished you to believe. We, my comrade and I, were at St. Thomé in the king's service and thought of nothing else, when those two others, whom you saw this morning, asked us if we would join a party to go to Madras for a couple of days' diversion. On our agreeing to go with them for this little outing, they told us to take our arms, because of the Moors we might meet on the roads; and we went with them without any suspicion of their design. They took us to an English married officer's house, where, in amusing ourselves for three days, we spent all our money. One of the Angevins then began to curse the Viceroy desperately, and declared he would never return to St. Thomé. His comrade said the same thing, and they resolved to go to Goa or some other Portuguese town in search of fortune. They held forth so well, and raised so many fine expectations, that at last we resolved to join them and follow their lot. We, therefore, sold our arms, except some pistols, which we could hide in our clothes. Having made the acquaintance of a miserable Portuguese who was to act as guide and

interpreter on the road[1], we disguised ourselves in Moor clothes, and ran a great risk of being taken on the very first day of our march. We had not gone more than two leagues from Madras when we found some spies in a village through which we wished to pass. They were posted there by the Dutch of Paillecatte [Pulicat] to arrest all the French that were fleeing from St. Thomé and to conduct them to Pulicat, where they were made to take service with the Dutch Company. These people questioned us closely and, finding that we were bewildered and did not know any language but our own, they stopped us and told us that we could not pass farther, and that we were certainly French. Here our Portuguese guide showed his worth. He began to swear like a trooper at them, saying they were mistaken and that we were all Portuguese, who were going to Goa, having lost the little we possessed outside St. Thomé, for after these devils of Frenchmen had become masters of that town and all its dependencies, no Portuguese or Moor was allowed to stay there. "That's all very well," retorted these spies, "if you are really Portuguese as you state, you will not be stopped, but nevertheless you must come to Pulicat to explain and to get a passport from the Dutch commander, who will render you all possible help and courtesy, as he is very friendly with the Portuguese." Our guide, much embarrassed, told us of their intentions, which upset us very much; and seeing that it was not wise to make any fuss or trouble in this place, where we were not the masters, we informed them that we had intended to pass by Pulicat in order to call on the Dutch commander, so we would go there willingly, which quite satisfied them. As we had not given them time to arrange an escort, and as they thought we had no arms, they unsuspectingly sent only two men with us. They thought we must be Portuguese, when they saw us march off with so much resolution. About half a league from the village we turned towards our two guards, and put our pistols to their throats. We took their sabres and daggers[2],

[1] In his book (II, 223) Carré describes him as 'un Portugais nègre', i.e. an Indo-Portuguese.

[2] MS. *leurs sabres at leur cantary*. The last word is evidently Hind. *katār*, a dagger, usually with a broad and straight blade, or *katāri*, a small dagger of the same kind, illustrations of which are given by Egerton, *Indian and Oriental Armour*, plates ix and x. Ovington (p. 141) calls it a 'catarry'. For further information see Irvine, *Arms of the Indian Moghuls*, pp. 85-86; *Hobson-Jobson*, s.v. 'kuttaur'.

which are the usual Moor arms; and gave them a beating as a reward for their trouble in escorting us. As soon as we released them, they ran like hares pursued by a pack of hounds, being very thankful to escape from us so cheaply.

'After this, finding ourselves free in the middle of the country, our Portuguese, who well knew its by-ways, led us across two rivers, which took us still farther away from Pulicat. But hardly had we escaped this danger when we fell into a still greater one. We had wandered so far out of our way that we came in sight of a Moor camp. We saw some horsemen, who were riding about the country, and looked like coming towards us. It was urgently necessary for us to retrace our steps, and we quickly made for a little wood. We hid ourselves in the thickest part, where we spent the rest of the day in great discomfort. At night we did not know in which direction to go, and I swear to you, my dear sir, that twenty times over I wished myself back at St. Thomé. I also made many reflections on our enterprise, which did not promise well, nor could I imagine any good result from it. On the one hand were our sworn enemies, the Moors, who represented death, tortures, prison, or a dreadful captivity; on the other were the Dutch, who required European recruits in this oriental country. I saw no future among them except twenty years of service in one of their fortresses, or on some island, where they usually put foreign Europeans, as they trust only their own nation, and sometimes not even those, to serve in their towns, fortresses, and other places where one can enjoy a little liberty. Even if we did escape these two dangers, we had still to cross the whole of the Golconda kingdom, which swarmed with soldiers on every side, breathing blood and slaughter against the French.

'Meanwhile we were compelled to leave our shelter in this wood, as we were as hungry as wolves. We listened hard, stopping every moment, at the slightest sound, and marched all night in terror, as we expected to be attacked by Moor troops. We thus passed the first days, daring to move only at night, while hunger, fear and anxiety kept us company. At last, after six days on the road, considering it safe to travel in the day-time, we met some Hindu merchants, who were going to Golconda. They had about twenty pack bullocks, which were returning unladen, for the oxen in this country are employed, instead of the horses and mules usual in France, to carry merchandise and other loads. So

we arranged with these Hindus to give us each a bullock to carry us to Golconda, which was a great relief to us, on account of the intense heat in this dry and arid country-side. In several places we met many troops of cavalry and infantry. Some were returning home after being disbanded; others, who plundered the villages and places through which they passed, said they were going to the siege of St. Thomé. We arranged things so well with our Hindu merchants that we passed as traders, who were going to sell our merchandise with our companions; and if at any time someone engaged us in conversation, our Portuguese guide who knew the country languages well, answered everything, while we pretended to be very busy over our bullocks. in giving them forage or mending their harness.

'We thus arrived at Golconda, and during our three days' stay there we saw such a crowd of all kinds of people that we were amazed. The streets were thronged with an infinite multitude of traders, who make this town so rich and flourishing. The place was full of armed elephants, and smart cavaliers, who were reviewing the troops that were coming from every side, and getting them into order before sending them to the siege of St. Thomé. In the mornings we saw princes and nobles, and all the grandees of the court, superbly dressed and mounted, some on elephants, and others on valuable horses, and some seated in their palanquins, on which gold and silver, precious stones and rich trappings, were so resplendent that you could hardly look at them without being dazzled, just as if you gazed at the sun at high noon. In fine everything was so rich and magnificent that we would have been delighted to find any employment that would keep us in this superb and wealthy town. We were all the more eager, as our Portuguese guide, who found many acquaintances in the place, pointed out to us some English and several Portuguese, smart, well mounted, and followed by fine troops of peons. These were in the service of grandees at the court, who gloried in having Europeans in their employ.

'After three days spent very pleasantly in seeing all these things, we were warned that we had better not stay any longer in the place, as once they found out that we were French, we should be lost entirely and without resource. We were told that a few days previously, two had been executed in public, and that there were also many in the cells, in great misery and with no prospect of

any improvement. This news made us anxious to decamp as soon as possible from so dangerous a place; and since this town is a centre of all the trade from the Bengal, Coromandel and Malabar coasts, as well as of all the neighbouring kingdoms, we had no difficulty in finding companions with mounts, who were returning, such as we had so fortunately met on our way here. We left Golconda with a great crowd of all sorts of people, who were going to Bijapur, and other towns and places that were on our road to Goa, our final goal. As soon as we had left Golconda territory, we did not fear showing ourselves to be French, so that if anyone refused to do what we wanted or wished to speak to us on the road, we asserted ourselves quite differently from our manner in the past. After fifteen days' travel, in which we suffered much from the intolerable heat, we at last arrived at this town of Bijapur, where we wished to stay a few days to see things. We found the court magnificent, the town well peopled, the king's and princes' palaces very sumptuous, and the natives very courteous and friendly to strangers. We were surprised to see many Portuguese, who wore the turban, advancing to great grandeur and making a good position for themselves in the retinues of nobles at the court. Our Portuguese guide, who like ourselves, did not know where to turn as we had spent the little we had in the long journey, made the acquaintance of some of his compatriots, who took him to their houses and lent him some money. They showered so many caresses on him, and showed such friendship that he had no repugnance in following their example. Once resolved on this, he very quickly found a master who promised marvels, as soon as he had taken the turban. He was just on the point of carrying out his intention, when he came to us, to tell of his good luck, and advised us not to continue our journey, as we could find better fortune in this town than in any other place to which we might go. My comrade, whom you see here, replied that the Portuguese might leave us and live in this place, if he wanted, but as for himself and me, we wished to continue our journey to Goa or some other Portuguese town since we could not resolve to look for livelihood in a town and among people where there was not a Christian. "But," said our two companions, "who is going to give us money for the journey to Goa or any other Portuguese town? You can go on, but as for us, we have decided to stay here, if we can find employment." That very day

they went with our Portuguese friend to interview a rich cavalier; he showed them every kindness, gave them money, and promised to place them with some person of high degree, who would be delighted to employ them in his suite, being anxious to have Frenchmen. On their return in the evening they recounted marvels and made us believe that we were going to be the happiest people in the world, and that we ought not to risk losing the chance of a sure fortune here by looking for an uncertain one elsewhere.

'Next day we all four went to this Moor cavalier, who was a rich bourgeois [*sic*] in the town. He gave us each a horse, and took us to a magnificent house outside the town, where we found many nobles and persons of quality. They came there to amuse themselves and to taste of those sweet pleasures of life which are the ordinary resources of such people. They had been warned of our arrival and received us with every mark of friendship and goodwill. They seated us on rich carpets and made us relate a thousand things about our own country, which they were delighted to learn. After a good hour's conversation, they demanded whether we intended to take service with them and promised to make us the happiest people in the world, as money, horses, and pleasure would never be lacking. In fine there was no time to draw back: we were already on the edge of a precipice, and though we still retained some sparks of honour and remorse, that was not enough to induce us to turn away. We were charmed by the hope of all the fine things they promised us, so that we replied to these nobles that we were quite satisfied and would not leave them, being resolved to pass the rest of our lives in their service. The Moors were very pleased to hear us speak so firmly and embraced us, giving a thousand assurances of friendship, protection, and help in all we might need.

'Afterwards we were distributed among these nobles, who at once made us don coats, belts, and turbans, and rich ornaments, such as they wore themselves. After this an old man in the middle of the crowd rose and, having embraced us, one after the other, led us into a little mosque at the end of the large garden of this house. All the gentlemen followed us. I confess here, my dear sir, that I could not prevent myself trembling when I saw him prepare the instruments that were to separate us from our religion, and make us embrace an infamous one that I knew was worthless.

I felt at the same time remorse and horror at the action I was about to take. The Moor noble, to whom I was destined, seeing my repugnance, heaped caresses on me and made splendid promises. And yet I do not think I should have been able to take this fatal step, had not the two others, after calling us craven cowards, gone through all the necessary ceremonies before us, with a firmness and assurance which seemed quite to ignore the deformity [*sic*] of the religion we were being made to embrace[1]. As soon as they had finished, the other two came to us with a resolution which surprised me, and told us that there must be no more hesitation. They began to swear by Muhammad that we must follow their example, either voluntarily or by force; and they said that, as we had already donned the outward signs of Muhammadanism, we could not back out from finishing the business we had begun. Consequently the necessity in which we were, combined with force, made us take the fatal step; they all saw, however, from our repugnance, that we were not doing this of our own free will, like our other two comrades. Finally everything being over, we left the mosque and returned to the divan, where we had first met these gentlemen. It was an agreeable, delightful spot, surrounded by spreading trees, which gave coolness by their shade, extending over a large tank, full of clear water about a man's height in depth. It was decorated inside and out with fine marble, and the view from this place was very pleasant, with a beautiful prospect of large alleys of fruit-trees, and a wonderful mixture of flowers which scented the whole garden.

'They began at once to let us taste the fruits and privileges of our new religion. We stayed there the rest of the day with feastings and rejoicings; and in the evening a great number of musicians came, with two or three troops of courtesans, richly dressed and wearing their finest jewels. They showed us that they had as much sweetness and intelligence as they had charms and beauty of body. We were told that we could use them as we wished, being free henceforth to keep and see women as much as we liked.' 'So,' I said to him, interrupting his story, 'these delights and pleasures made you forget your former Christian law. You thought that day you had reached the summit of felicity.' 'Certainly not,' he

[1] This almost certainly refers to the rite of circumcision, which (though not mentioned in the Koran and a pre-Islamic practice among Arabs) is popularly regarded as the essential part of initiation into Islam.

replied, 'far from that. I am not able to enjoy any of these things, nor the life I lead now. I have always a vague something [MS. *je ne scay quoi*] before my eyes, which robs me of all repose and prevents me from doing anything with any pleasure or satisfaction. I have, therefore, wished to give you this long story of our adventures to show you that what those men told you this morning was not true. We did not ruin and debauch them; but it was they who dragged us down with themselves into the abyss, in which we now are.' 'But,' I replied, 'can no one rescue you? If you have so much dislike to this life as you say you do, you can return to your first condition freely and without fear. I will help you with all my power and will give you enough to go to Surat, and also a writing to each, which will assure you of a good reception from the directors of the Company.'

If they had still a spark of honour, or any wish to leave this miserable condition, they could not find a more favourable chance of so doing than the one I now offered them. But the sinner does not often abandon his vice, once he begins to practise it, and I soon saw that this repugnance and disgust that they feigned before me was only hypocrisy. They tried to persuade me that it was quite impossible to follow my suggestion, and that they would even risk their lives and mine if there was the slightest suspicion that they wished to recant. After this long conversation they offered me their services, and said that, if I liked, they would bring me some Moor acquaintances who knew something of medicine, as I might be relieved by certain simples, of which they have great experience in this country. I thanked them curtly and told them that I would never take any remedies from such people, as I knew more than they did—the latter being only fakirs and generally miserable magicians, who never do anything without diabolical contrivances and sorcery. I also made them understand that I would never accept any service from them.

After this first visit I never saw them again, nor the other two who came in the morning[1]. All the same I did not lack other visits

[1] In his book (II, 360, 363–68) Carré ends his account differently, saying that the Frenchman, who had told him the long story in the text, duped him by pretending a desire to recant, in order to extract money from him, in which he succeeded. Carré, thinking him to be sincere, arranged to help him to escape to Surat, and gave him money for the journey; but the renegade continued his dissolute life at Bijapur. Such additions are, however, open to suspicion. The

of the same type. Our house was always filled either with Moors or with Portuguese renegades. They worked day and night like devils around our fidalgo, to whom they suggested a thousand agreeable and charming things of this world, in order to drag him down the road to perdition, on which they were themselves. Sometimes they would take him with great pomp to see the magnificence of their princes and nobles; sometimes on visits to palaces and places of pleasure and recreation; or on hunting parties. But what delighted the fidalgo the most, and nearly made me ill again, was when these people brought to our house troops of courtesans, magicians, and players of instruments, who stayed sometimes two or three days without leaving it, committing the most infamous and disgraceful acts. Most of the fidalgo's servants were horrified at this and came to see me in my room, much ashamed, to tell me of the life led by their master, with which I was even more vexed and displeased than they were. But alas! what could I do in my pitiable state? I had become a living skeleton, and had only the use of my tongue and my eyes. I consoled these poor Christians as best I could, and advised them to retire and come into my room with my servants during these infamous debauches. I also told them that, if God gave me a little strength and health to resume my journey, I would try to rescue them from the path to perdition with such a master. He was so blinded that he had no consideration for his religion, and without caring at all for the holy time of Lent, in which we now were, he did not scruple to live like the Moors.

One day, when our fidalgo was in one of his ordinary debaucheries, he took a fancy to pay me a visit, but it was in a way that nearly cost me my life. He came at first alone with two of his Mussulman compatriots, who said they were the cleverest doctors in the country, and tried to make me take some remedies which would soon set me on my legs again; but I repelled them, telling them at once that I could very well do without their remedies and their visit. They replied that, even if I did not want

story of four French renegades in the book (II, 194–369), though obviously based on the Journal account, shows clear signs of having been written up into a more trenchant form, with additions mainly to increase its sensational effect. This may have been done by another hand than Carré's; but whether or not it had his authority, the Journal account is more authentic, as the primary record of the matter.

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their medicines, I might at least rejoice a little and participate in their feasts and recreations, as it would draw me out of the sad and melancholy state in which they saw me. Not knowing their intention, nor suspecting what they wanted to do, I did not deign to reply and let them talk, in the belief that they were bantering as such revellers are apt to do. But my surprise was so great that I became almost speechless and senseless when I saw a dozen females, dressed like goddesses, enter my room and sit down on my carpets, which they spread near my bed. I at once called the fidalgo near me, and implored him to go away with his troops and leave me in peace. I was so weak that I could hardly speak, but my prayers and my sick condition had no effect. I had to endure the songs of these beauties for a whole quarter of an hour, which seemed a century to me. But this was only the prelude, for the musicians, who had placed themselves in a corner of the room by order of these gentlemen debauchees, began their dances and follies with such a horrible noise that, not being able to speak or impose silence on them, I fainted, and it was a quarter of an hour before anyone perceived it, so intent were they all on watching the beautiful dancers. Finally, one of my servants, on coming near me, saw that my eyes were shut and I was lying torpid. He cried out in a horrified way that I was dead, and throwing himself on my pistols that were hanging near my bed, he would have fired into the middle of the musicians, if they had not promptly left the room at his cry of horror.

Afterwards, the ladies, who were not accustomed to serenade such an immobile and feeble person as I was then, also did not require to be pressed to leave. They went at once to the fidalgo's apartment, which was more in their style. The fidalgo was the last to leave, with some of his dissolute friends. They quickly sent for wine and sprinkled it on my face. They also made me swallow half a glass, which revived me a little[1], but in such a way that for some time I imagined I still heard the sound of the music, the voices, and the noise. And what was the most surprising thing in this affair was that my fever, to which I had said good-bye for the last six days, wishing to join the party, returned to my room with this mad crowd, and was the only one who did not wish to

[1] For the assertion in Carré's book that the fidalgo took advantage of this opportunity to try to poison him, see n. 1 at p. 304 *post*; but this is an addition of a sensational kind, as suspect as those referred to at pp. 299–300 n. *ante*.

leave without being paid. It returned with such fury that I saw the hour when I would have to depart with it, so to please it I had two more bleedings and a suitable diet for some days, after which it went away at last, but so slowly that I thought it would be domiciled in my poor body for ever[1].

After this last performance of our fidalgo I began to suspect his motives, which made me resolve to leave his house somehow or other, as soon as I could. Though my Persian did not come to see me any more on account of the fidalgo, he never ceased sending some one every day with comforts and light food, which set me up a little. He also sent to tell me that he was very anxious to take me to his own house as soon as I was able to stand the open air. I was even more anxious than he was after this last insult. As early as I felt strong enough for it, I ordered my people to put my equipage into order so that I could escape from this den. On the return of my memory, I had made them open all my chests, and I found the following articles missing: a Turkish sabre, ornamented with silver gilt enamel, in curious goldsmith's work; a little purse containing some gold rupees [mohurs][2]; and two watches [*sic* ?time-pieces], one an alarum, and the other a clock. This obliged me to call all my people and ask them if they knew what had become of these things. They replied that no one had touched my belongings with the exception of the Portuguese fidalgo, who had taken everything into his room, believing me dead. I immediately sent for two of my servants whom I could trust, and asked them if they had any news of my sabre and watches. They assured me that the fidalgo had all these things in

[1] Lt.-Col. E. F. Gordon Tucker, I.M.S. (Retd.), M.A., B.Sc., M.B., B.S., M.R.C.P. (London), informs us, after reading the whole account of it, that Carré's illness was a malignant malarial fever—the pernicious form lasting three weeks or more according to the nature of the treatment obtained, and, where there is none, running on for several weeks with intermissions. It commenced with the usual rigors, gastric symptoms, and the algid stage, followed by paroxysms of fever lasting thirty-five days. Absence of suitable nourishment and progressive anaemia caused failure of the heart and spreading dropsy. The latter was relieved by crude methods of incisions and punctures, and by stimulant mixtures; and finally, after a period of debility, there was a slow return to health.

[2] The MS. has a marginal note that '1 gold rupee is worth 7½ écus', i.e. according to Carré's valuation of Rs.2 to an écu (p. 227 *ante*), a mohur was worth Rs.15. Tavernier (*Travels*, I, 15, 330) puts the latter at Rs.14, but its value varied. Thus in 1676 it fell from Rs.15 to Rs.12 or 11 (*E.F.*, I, 267).

his possession, but treated them as his own, saying I had given them to him. He had even shown them to a Moor noble as great curiosities, and had promised him one as a present.

One afternoon, finding myself stronger than usual, I sent to the fidalgo to ask him to come and see me, as I had something of importance to communicate. This brought him round at once, and after having talked of indifferent matters I told him that he had forgotten to send back some of my belongings, which were no longer in my chests. On my specifying them, he pretended great astonishment and said that I had not yet properly regained my memory after my illness, as I had forgotten that I had presented him with the very things for which I now asked. I replied that, ill as I was, I thought my memory was better than his. 'For, if you will kindly send for the will [one copy of] which I gave you, and the original of which you abstracted from my chests with these other belongings, I will show you that I gave you only one watch and my sabre, and the other watch to my Persian friend, without mentioning the forty gold rupees destined for other purposes, which you have also retained. But all this was only in the event of my death, so that as God and the Holy Virgin have preserved my life, it seems to me that you can have no claim or right to any of these things which belong to me.' 'Ah!' he said, 'but I really thought you had given them all to me, and with this notion I promised to make a present from them to a person of high quality at the court.' 'Are you joking?' I said, 'I cannot believe you are a man who would promise things that do not belong to you, and you will oblige me by sending back everything by this evening. You have some gold chains and a quantity of precious stones that you once showed me; those will be much more suitable for presents than these trifles which I need.' The fidalgo, stung to the quick and not daring to refuse me, because my Persian, who was the head of the quarter of the town in which we were, would in that case force him to return them, then bethought him of still lower baseness. He reproached me, like the scoundrel that he was, for the inconvenience I had caused him by my being in his house, and pretended that he ought to have at least one of my watches on that account. 'Really,' I replied, 'I would not have expected a reproach like that from a fidalgo. You are alone to blame, because you came of your own accord to the house where I lay ill and brought me here, when I was at

the point of death. You also prevented my going to the house of my worthy Persian friend; and even though he is a Mussulman, I would much rather have received from him the kindness and help that you, a Christian fidalgo, have not given me. But since you ask for some return for the time I have stayed in your house, I am compelled by your discourtesy to tell you this, namely that you ought to consider yourself well paid, and more than satisfied, by the money which was in my clothes when you took them away, thinking I was dead. You have not given it back, and I should be ashamed to mention it, had I not been obliged to do so by your conduct. Besides this, far from considering myself your debtor for the favour you think you did me in having me to stay in your house, I really believe you brought me here to let me die there, so that you could have my belongings as spoils[1]; but God, Who is good and just, did not permit you to accomplish your aims.'

During this conversation, which I foresaw would be of this nature, I had sent one of my servants to my Persian, begging him to come at once with some friends and to bring the will which I had made him write in Persian; so that Khwaja Abdullah, being warned by my servant of the reason which obliged me to send for him, left at once with four mounted officers and a large following of peons. They arrived just as I had finished my conversation with the fidalgo, who had not yet decided to agree to what I asked. My servant entered the room just as Dom Pedro was leaving it, and said before him that Khwaja Abdullah and some horsemen had just dismounted in the courtyard and wished to see me. 'Really,' I said in front of the fidalgo, 'I am delighted to hear it, as I have not seen this good friend for some time.' The Portuguese, who was in a furious rage with me, wished to leave, but as

[1] Carré goes farther than this in his book (II, 185, 188–89), and accuses Dom Pedro of attempting to poison him by putting a powder, 'of which one does not drink twice', into a goblet of wine in the presence of all the courtesans, etc., that he had brought to his room! This he gave to a slave to hand to Carré, who, feeling himself faint from the noise and heat, had asked for something to refresh him, and who (he says) was the only person in the room not to see the fidalgo's action. One of Carré's servants saved him, however, by taking the goblet from the slave, as if to give it to Carré, and then purposely making a false step and letting it fall to the ground. Dom Pedro then fell into a rage, beat his slave and Carré's servant, and retired very put out at the failure of his attempt to poison him.

the Persians were entering the room, he was obliged to remain and greet them. He made them sit on carpets round my bed, and my Persian expressed great joy at my restoration to life with a good hope of complete recovery. He added in his own tongue, which the Portuguese did not understand, that it was the incivility and want of courtesy of the fidalgo that had prevented his visiting me, as he had been refused admission by him two or three times. At this I was delighted, as it gave me the material I required to open the topic. I at once asked him to read aloud in front of his officers the will which I had made in his presence, to see if it contained anything making me indebted in any way to this fidalgo, who had taken forty gold rupees, two watches, and a valuable sabre, out of my chests during my illness. These (I said) he was unwilling to return, imagining, and wanting to make me believe that I had given them to him as a present. Thereupon Khwaja Abdullah, took out the paper he had with him, and read its contents; these specified the amount of my money, my belongings, and my arms, and to whom they were left. The fidalgo was then asked to produce the original will in Portuguese, which he had removed from my chests. He raised every objection, saying that it was mixed up with other things somewhere in his boxes and that it would be difficult to find it immediately, as it was now getting dark, so he would look for it the next day. 'It is not so much a question of this paper,' I said, 'which is worth nothing now, but of the other things which are missing. You can easily find them, because you have taken great care of them.' I also told him that, once I had these things in my hands, I would show I was actuated not so much by the desire to have them again as by the way in which he wished to deprive me of them. Our fidalgo, seeing that it was no use haggling any more, sent for my sabre and a little case, from which he most unwillingly took the other things, and gave them back to me[1]. He said he was very glad this honourable company was present, and saw that he had returned all my things.

My intention was to give him one of the watches, as he had promised it to one of his friends, but when I realized that he had said nothing about the money he had taken from my clothes, I lost the wish to show him any courtesy. And as I wanted to stay no

[1] In his book (II, 190) Carré says that the fidalgo did not return one of the watches, saying he had given it to the most beautiful of the courtesans whom he had brought to Carré's room.

longer in his house, I reproached him before the whole company for the want of consideration he had shown me throughout my illness by his debaucheries, his infamous conduct, and the continual disturbances he had made, especially his last action in taking all his rowdies into my room at a time, when I was nearly unconscious, and so bringing me within an ace of death. Finally, knowing that this man was still capable of doing me an evil turn, I implored my Persian friend to leave some of his people to pass the night in my room with my own servants, in the hope that the next day God would give me strength enough to be carried to his house. The Persian was so pleased at this that he offered to stay himself, or to leave some of the friends who had come with him, for greater safety. I thanked him most affectionately, and told him that two of his peons would be enough in addition to my own servants; moreover I felt sure the fidalgo would attempt nothing against me, without his people, who were devoted to me, warning me beforehand. The Persian then returned, delighted at my resolve to go to stay with him. He left four of his own men, who stayed the rest of the night with their arms at hand. The fidalgo was in despair at this and was villain enough to say in front of his servants that, if he had known I would offer him such an affront, he would have forestalled it by taking steps to render me incapable of ever annoying him, and so on.

His servants were so indignant at this as well as at his way of living and continual debauchery that, when they heard I was quitting the house, most of them came and implored me so earnestly not to leave them at the mercy of this man, who was going to ruin them all, as well as himself, that my compassion was aroused. They stood weeping round my bed, and said that I alone could rescue them from this place, where they would certainly be obliged to leave our Catholic religion; their only recourse would be to renegades and Muhammadans, who believe that they render a great service to God and gain eternal rewards, if they seduce a poor Christian by any means into following their infamous law. I was full of goodwill towards these poor young people, and would have given the little blood I had left in my body to rescue them from the evident peril in which they were; but it was a delicate undertaking that required precautions. I was not so simple as to show them openly that I wished to take them with me, and save them from the danger in which they were, for

by so doing I would only throw myself down another precipice, which might ruin both them and myself. I merely gave them some hope that I would try to help them as much as I could, and advised them to come and see me frequently in the Persian's house, to which I was going. As soon as I felt that God was giving me back a little health and strength, I intended taking measures to help them, without ever letting anyone, not even my own servants, know what I thought of doing. As I was not yet able to sleep much, and was very glad to have people round me, I passed the night listening to the lamentations of these poor lost souls, who had no greater happiness than to be with me, whenever they could steal away. It is truly no small consolation in these heathen countries to a poor Christian, who has some esteem for his religion, to be able to meet a person to whom he can safely confide matters of conscience. Ah! it is only experience that can say how great is this pleasure. And it is only those who have found themselves in want of this that can weigh and appreciate the inward joy of a Christian soul in finding consolation in these forlorn countries. How often at sea, in the East, in Persia, in the terrible Arabian deserts, among the Turks and barbarians: alas! without going back to these past dangers, how often in this town of Bijapur during my illness, have I found myself in a great spiritual distress—the most poignant in the world—from being deprived of this sweet consolation! Such was certainly the reason for my resolve to try to help these poor young people somehow or other, in view of the zeal and affection they had for our Holy Religion.

This was the last day of the month of February[1].

Wednesday, 1 *March.* My friend, Khwaja Abdullah, came early next morning with a great number of people to take away my baggage, which he sent to his house. He then brought a magnificent palanquin, which was closed on all sides, so that I should not be inconvenienced by exposure to the open air. I felt such great joy and relief at being delivered from the anxiety and mental torments I had experienced while with this Portuguese, that my health showed a marked improvement.

The court and the affairs of the Bijapur kingdom were, at this time, in a flourishing state. An ambassador from the Great Mughal had just arrived. He seemed more important than any of the princes of the court, as his suite and equipage were the

[1] This shows that the entry of 19 February, starting at p. 285, covers ten days.

most sumptuous that had ever been seen here. This obliged the vizirs and nobles of the kingdom to make the best show they could at Bijapur for the reception of the ambassador with all possible magnificence and *éclat*. After some days of rejoicings and fêtes, the ambassador was conducted to the Hall of Audience, where the young King of Bijapur was already seated on his throne. Khawass Khan sat in the most eminent position near him, and below the Khan were all the princes and nobles of the court. The ambassador made a forcible speech on the subject of his visit. After complimenting the young king, he highly praised Khawass Khan and congratulated the princes, the grandees, and nobility on the happiness, union, and peace that prevailed among them, and on the admirable statesmanship that contributed so largely to the prosperity of the kingdom. He then told them that the Great Mughal, his master and the sovereign of all India, had sent him to convey his felicitations on the fine and illustrious government of this state, and as their kingdom was so powerful and rich, to ask for their co-operation, so as to increase their glory, which should always be the principal aim of the princes and nobles. It was fortunate that they could now justly undertake an unavoidable war at a time when there were no internal troubles. It was shameful to see the daily successes of Prince Shivaji, who, from being a simple minister of state in this same kingdom of Bijapur[1], had risen to-day to such high fortune and grandeur that all the other Indian powers trembled before him. He had become master of the best part of this kingdom, namely its coasts and maritime frontiers. He had pillaged and sacked the richest towns of his king, the Mughal; he had taken the strongest places of the country; and no rivers, mountains, or forts, had yet been able to stem the progress of his enterprises and plans. Finally, if these ravages and continual successes were not opposed, he would become the most powerful king in the Orient. It was necessary, therefore, for them to provide the force of 14,000 horse and 10,000 foot, demanded by his master, the Great Mughal, in order to make a determined attack on the coastal towns and other places usurped by him, while the army of the Mughal would march against Shivaji from another side. To finance this war, they could use the amount of

[1] Shivaji was never a minister of state in the Bijapur kingdom. His father, Shahji, entered its service in 1636 and was governor of the Bijapur Carnatic when Shivaji rebelled against the kingdom in 1646 (*C.H.I.*, IV, 267–68).

the annual tribute, a considerable sum which they were obliged to pay the Mughal[1]

After the audience Khawass Khan summoned the princes and nobles several times to discuss this demand. They held many councils, and found the ambassador's proposals to their advantage. They decided on war and appointed many generals and officers, who were at once sent on every side to raise levies of soldiers as soon as possible[2], so that in next to no time the town of Bijapur was in a tremendous uproar. The place was not large enough to train the cavalry which arrived from all parts. One heard nothing in the streets but the noise of drums and trumpets, and the shouts of these martial heroes. Each vizir and general armed his elephants in such a way as to make an appalling noise. They had war-machines on their backs with chains and other iron instruments, which are used in battle by these formidable animals at the will of those who ride them[3]. The rich trappings of gold,

[1] Tribute had occasionally been levied by the Mughal emperor from Bijapur, e.g. in 1593 and 1620 (*C.H.I.*, IV, 140, 169); but, unlike the neighbouring kingdom of Golconda, it had not in 1672 become a tributary of the Mughal empire, and attempts by Aurangzeb in 1656-57 and 1666 to make it such met with failure (ibid., 208, 210, 254-55; Sarkar, *Aurangzib*, 43, 241, 244-45). Carré's book (II, 70-76) gives a similar account of the embassy from the Mughal emperor which is clearly based on this part of the Journal; but the ambassador's speech has been entirely rewritten, considerably extended, and elaborated into a more powerful argument for aid from the Bijapur State against Shivaji; it also increases the emperor's demand to one for 15,000 horse and 20,000 foot. It supplies a glaring instance of the unreliability of deviations in the book from the Journal, as mentioned in notes at pp. 299–300, 301, 304 *ante*.

[2] The Bijapur State took up arms against Shivaji in 1673, but this seems to have been mainly due to the latter's incursions into its territories, such as his capture of the fort of Panhala on 6 March 1673 (Sarkar, *Shivaji*, 199, 200; *C.H.I.*, IV, 273; Grant Duff, I, 212-13). The Mughal emperor also seems to have decided to take advantage of disorders in the Bijapur kingdom and ordered his general, Bahadur Khan, to invade it, rather than to enter into any alliance with Bijapur to attack Shivaji (Sarkar, *Aurangzib*, 226, 249). On the other hand, Sarkar's larger history of Aurangzeb says (IV, 138) that in January 1673 the Bijapur government tried to propitiate the emperor by offering him presents of four lakhs of rupees as a sort of succession-fee. Evidently there were negotiations, and this supports the statement of Carré, who was there about that time, that a Mughal ambassador came to Bijapur, though he may have been misinformed about the result of the embassy.

[3] As to armour, including iron plates and chains, being used on elephants in the Mughal army, see Irvine, *Army of the Indian Moghuls*, 176, and *Ain-i-Akbari*, tr. Blochmann, I, 128-29.

silver, and precious stones, displayed on harness, arms and other equipment, seemed more in keeping with some great fête, tournament, or public procession than with a war.

Prince Shivaji did not lack information from his secret intelligence, which he had all over India. He made little of all these preparations and plans against him, and like a second Alexander[1], told his soldiers that the more his enemies had of luxury, splendid appointments, and gorgeous trappings, the less mettle and courage they would have; and that he preferred to see his men covered with iron and steel, which are the true ornaments of every soldier. Moreover, he had so many ruses and tricks that his enemies had great difficulty in avoiding them. His plans were never known and, when he was thought to be in one place with all his forces, he surprised everyone by a venture quite the opposite to the one expected. He had for some months been at the gates of Surat, whence most people had fled [see p. 142]. It was considered certain that from there he would make for Ahmadabad, one of the richest and most powerful Mughal towns; and at a time when the assurance of his march thither was causing great alarm in those places, everyone was amazed to hear he was at the gates of Golconda, where he summoned the king to send him two millions of pagodas, or else to come out and fight in order to prevent his victorious entry into the capital and its delivery to his army for pillage. The King of Golconda was so terror-struck that he at once sent the sum of money demanded. He was in no state even to defend his royal town, where only merchants and court gallants were available, all his forces being engaged in the siege of St. Thomé against the French[2]. The latter fact was well known all over the East, and gave Prince Shivaji the opportunity of making this *coup d'état*. He was advised to take this course on

[1] Carré may have had in mind a remark attributed to Alexander in *Plutarch's Lives* (tr. A. H. Clough, II, 500) that 'the end and perfection of our victories is to avoid the vices and infirmities of those we subdue'. For his victories he relied more on the skilful use of small bodies of highly trained cavalry than on the elephants, chariots, etc., used by the Indian kings (V. Smith, *Early History of India*, 4th ed., 154).

[2] Shivaji did not take his army to Golconda in 1672 or 1673, but in 1677. Probably Carré's story was based on a secret visit which Shivaji is said to have made to Golconda in 1672; he then succeeded in extracting a large contribution from the new king, Abul Hasan, which he conveyed to Raigarh (*C.H.I.*, IV. 274; Grant Duff, I, 209; Khafi Khan in *E.H.I.*, VII, 287).

account of the help it would give the French, with whom he was very friendly, for by reducing the finances of the king he would deprive him of the principal means of continuing his war against them.

After this exploit Shivaji, despising all the expeditions and armies that were being prepared against him, withdrew to his own country, and, as a diversion, visited all his places and fortresses where provisions and munitions of war were kept. Most of them were so strong, steep and inaccessible that only a faithful governor and a small garrison were needed to defend them against the most powerful Eastern forces. Shivaji thought so little of the Bijapur State's warlike preparations against him that he left at once with a flying camp and conquered some frontier posts of that kingdom, which are so near Goa that only a river separates them[1]. The Portuguese are very uneasy at finding themselves neighbours of this powerful and redoubtable prince, who presses them so closely on every side that they can hardly leave their towns without entering his territories; and Shivaji thus threatens to complete their abasement.

The next day [2 March], when I was with my Persian, the fidalgo's servants came to see me. They were in despair and implored me for the love of God to let them leave with me, as their master had made his final decision and had agreed with the Moors to apportion them all his servants to be made Muhammadans; he was to receive a post at the court and they would give him, in exchange, an equal number of Moor peons and Hindu servants. I asked them when their master would carry out this agreement. They replied it would be in eight days, when he would take over his charge and expected to be lodged near the king's palace. This made me expedite my departure; but, not wishing to reveal my design to save these poor Christians, I told them to keep quiet and leave me to act, and above all to do exactly what I told them. In sending them back to their master I said, 'Go to your house and tell such of the others as are most devoted to their master of your having learnt that I have sent two of my servants to Goa with letters, and that I intend to go there in a few days, hoping to start

[1] Carré probably refers to a raid made into Kanara by Shivaji's forces early in 1673, when several forts were captured and various towns, including Hubli, were plundered (Sarkar, *Shivaji*, 245-46; *E.F.*, I, 317). He also began the siege of the fortress of Phonda, near Goa, in 1673 (Grant Duff, I, 214; *C.H.I.*, IV, 275).

as soon as I feel a little stronger. One of you must not fail to come to-morrow to tell me what your master says about this.'

They then left and complied so well that the fidalgo, hearing something of this, sent at once for these servants to learn how they had come to hear this news. They said they had met one of my Persian's people in the town, who had assured them of it. The fidalgo then ordered them to do all they could to bribe one of the Persian's servants, and if possible, to make him disclose the date of my departure. He had made a plot against me, which he did not wish to fail; but I knew so well the weak-minded state to which his vices had reduced him that I felt sure he would not hesitate to confide, as usual, to his servants any evil design he might have against me, before I left Bijapur. It was on this expectation that I must fully rely. Next day [3 March] in the early morning, I did not fail to see his servants, who repeated word for word all the conversation they had had with their master about me. I immediately summoned a Hindu peon, whom my Persian had assigned to me and who (he assured me) was both faithful and intelligent. I confided to him that I wished to take these Portuguese servants away with me, and instructed him how he should act in the matter. I told him to accompany the servants back to their master's house, where they were to tell the fidalgo that one of the Persian's people had come with them, and was perfectly willing to serve him in every way. The fidalgo showed extreme delight, and had the man at once called into his room, with two of his own servants. After giving this peon a piece of silver, which I had recommended him not to refuse, the fidalgo made him the most splendid promises, and said he would take him into his service on greater wages than the others, if he would only do what was desired of him. This he promised, and swore by Ram Ram[1] that there was no Hindu in all Bijapur better fitted than himself to undertake affairs of this sort, which required skill and cunning. The fidalgo then stated that his principal object was to ascertain the route I was taking and the date of my departure. 'See, Sir,' said my peon to the fidalgo, 'how fortunately I have come, as I can satisfy you in all you wish to know. If I had waited till this evening, and if your servants had not pressed me to come, you would have heard nothing, because of all Abdullah's servants

[1] I.e. by the Hindu god Rama. Cf. Tavernier, *Travels*, I, 210, where *Ram Ram* is used as equivalent to God, God.

I am the only one who knows all this sick Frenchman's affairs. He relies so entirely on me for his arrangements that to-day he confided to me a thing which he wants to conceal even from his own servants. But, Senhor, I do not think I ought to disclose this just at present.' He pretended hesitation and timidity, in order to extract another piece of silver from the fidalgo. He succeeded to perfection, for our fidalgo was all eyes and ears at what he had just begun to declare and greased his palm again, begging him to tell all he knew as quickly as possible. 'You ought, then, to know, Senhor,' continued the peon, 'that this sick Frenchman has resolved to be carried to a pleasure garden a little outside the town on the road to Goa, as he wishes to stay there some days to rest away from the noise of the town. From there he will go to Surat, which he wants to reach as soon as he can. As I am the person in whom he has most confidence, he has ordered me to go this evening to the garden with some of his belongings and prepare everything; and as it may be a day or two before he is well enough to be carried there, I suggest that some of your servants come with me to see where the place is.' The fidalgo approved of this, whereupon those servants who had brought this man and were present then, asked permission to go with him to the garden. To that the fidalgo agreed. Yes,' replied my peon, 'but you must wait here till this evening, when I will call for you in passing, as this Frenchman will neither see nor speak to anyone out of your household.'

While my peon was thus playing his part at the fidalgo's, I on my side was working at a thing which so surprised my Persian that I had immense difficulty in getting his consent to what I proposed. I had been only three days with him, but already I felt much better and believed I would be strong enough to undertake the fatigue of a journey. What urged me to it still more was the great repugnance I felt in staying in this city of Bijapur, as I believed I would never recover my health while I was there. I had a strong idea that, once I had country air, I would regain my strength, so I resolved that day to leave, not in order to return to Surat, as they had told the fidalgo, but to finish my journey to St. Thomé. At first, when I asked the Persian to get me coolies to carry my palanquin and baggage, he laughed at me, and said he would do nothing of the sort; but, when I told him the story of the fidalgo, and of his servants whom I wanted to take with me,

he agreed to all I asked of him. [As he was a Muhammadan], however, I did not tell him that I was taking them away on account of our religion. He found twelve strong men to carry all my things, and gave me four [? forty, cf. vol. 2, p. 1] of his peons to look after me on the journey, though I did not need them. He recommended me strongly that once I was in Golconda territory, I should not appear as a Frank in any way, but as a Persian merchant going to Golconda on business.

All this being settled, I sent to the bazar for ten sets of country costumes of the commonest possible kind for the Christian servants that I hoped to take with me, so that they might appear to be local peons, such as were ordinarily employed by traders. I also had a thick cloth cover made to screen all my palanquin. This would protect me from the great heat of the sun, which was the thing I most dreaded in my present state.

Everything being thus ready, I kept my servants indoors and allowed no one to go out, with the exception of the man instructed to go to the fidalgo's to bring the six Christian servants, whom I had decided to take with me. They were very fortunate, as that evening their master, after some debauch, was not in a state to know what was going on in his house; so that, when my man went there about seven o'clock, he found everything in disorder and most of the fidalgo's servants buried in a drunken sleep. The six Christians, however, were on the alert, waiting with impatience to go to the garden to which they expected to be taken, as they did not yet know the way in which I proposed to save them. 'Come along,' said my peon, 'take your arms and come with me to my master, as he wishes to speak to you before we go to the garden.' These poor young people, who only felt happy when with me, accordingly soon arrived at the house, and were amazed to find my palanquin, my baggage, and my servants, ready for the road. I saw they were all dumbfounded when they entered my room, so I said to them, 'Why are you so astonished, my children? Do you regret leaving your fidalgo now that we must go to find a place where you can live in safety and with liberty to practise your religion?' 'Ah! Sir,' they cried, 'what are you saying? You know with what tears and prayers we have begged you to deliver us from the peril in which we were almost lost.' 'Tut, tut,' I replied, 'this is no time to argue. You must prepare to start at once.'

I then distributed the Moor clothes that I had bought among them and to four of my own Christian servants. They dressed themselves with as much pleasure as a young bride shows in her wedding-dress. For myself I did not need any other disguise than the one I had on, since I was to lie in my palanquin, which is a sort of portable bed, and I would be covered by a long padded robe, which served me as a coat. I also had a silk sash and a long turban-cloth[1], which I bound round my head to protect me from the great heat of the sun. Before leaving I thanked my Persian a thousand times, and gave him a present in recognition of all my obligations to him. I then placed myself in my palanquin feeling that I had never before run such risk of losing my life. I had not yet taken anything but conjee, which is the only food they give to the sick in this country, and which, being only ground rice and water, cannot be a very strengthening diet. I could hardly sit up, and my sight was so feeble that everything seemed cloudy. It was almost intolerable, but I had the consolation that I was doing this from a charitable desire to save these poor people from the dire peril they ran of being forced to abandon our religion. I had faith that God and the Holy Virgin would not desert me, and would give me strength to accomplish this Christian work. Besides, I had such a strong presentiment I would recover my health in the country that I could not endure any delay.

[1] MS. *cesse*. This probably represents Pers. *shash*, a turban-sash, from which, or the same word in Arabic, 'sash' is derived (*O.E.D.*). The latter is used as the translation of MS. *cinture* here and elsewhere.

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